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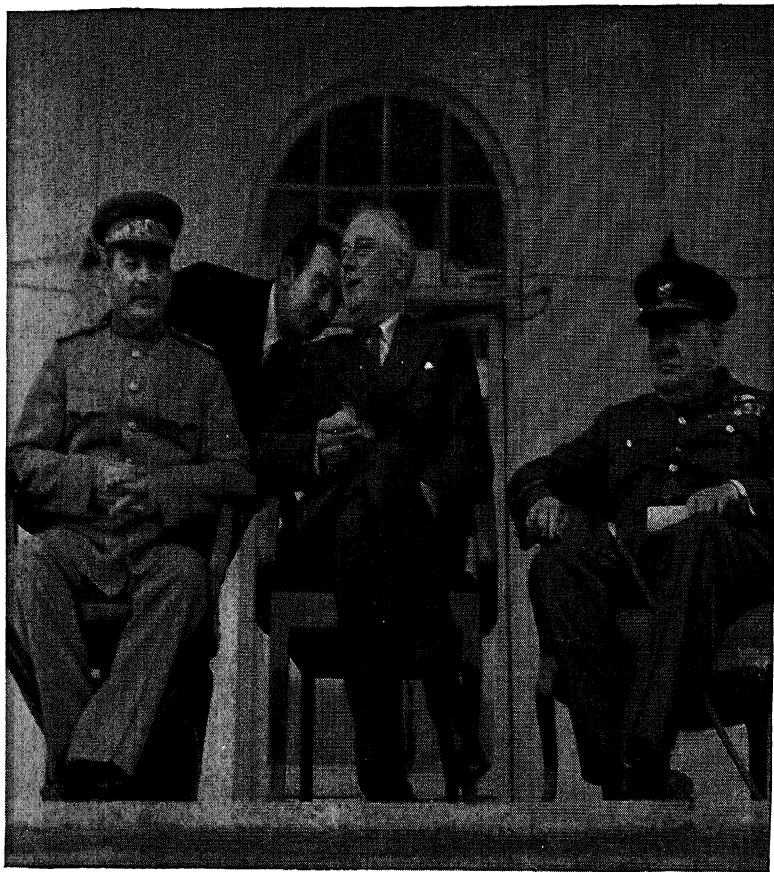
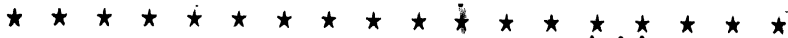


Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps
STALIN, REILLY, ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL



REILLY

OF THE WHITE HOUSE

By
MICHAEL F. REILLY
As Told To
WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, NEW YORK

1947



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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 21, 1942

Dear Mike:

Ever since my return to Washington, I have been meaning to write you this personal note to tell you what a magnificent job you did in making the arrangements for my western trip. Everything clicked beautifully and I did not hear a complaint from any one along the line. I know it was a most difficult job to do because of the secrecy but I must say you had a technique which worked beyond any of our hopes. I don't know how you did it.

I realize the difficulties you faced and the enormous amount of detail connected with such a trip and that is the reason I want you to know how deeply I appreciate all that you did to make it a very comfortable and happy trip.

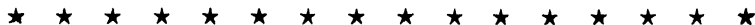
With my warm regards.

Always sincerely yours,



Michael F. Reilly, Esq.,
United States Secret Service,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

REILLY
of the White House



A Quiet Sunday

ONE OF THE things I loved most about the White House was the way it reverted to type when given half a chance. Six days a week it was just a bustling modern office building with sleeping arrangements attached. But on the seventh day the sound and fury were gone and 1600 Pennsylvania became once again a graceful home, in the best Southern tradition. Voices were lowered, ushers walked instead of scurrying, politicians acted like guests and gentlemen.

It was on such a peaceful Sunday that I sat in Chief Usher Wilson Searles' office, a cubbyhole at the main entrance to the Mansion. In the next room FDR was lunching with his Secretary of Navy, Frank Knox. Searles and I were discussing fishing, and a bored young man draped in the gaudy golden loops of a Secretary of Navy's aide yawned, listened to us, and yawned some more. Searles' phone rang and he answered it with, "Searles, White House Usher's Office." In a moment he passed the phone on to the aide, saying, "It's the Navy Department calling you."

Knox's young man took the phone. Being an old Secret Service man, I kept just a little bit of my ear open for the conversation. It was not only a rude gesture, but completely unnecessary, for the officer's gold braid began to flap as he yelled into the receiver:

"My God, you don't mean Pearl Harbor's been *bombed*?"

The aide listened for a second and then hung up, completely missing the telephone cradle twice before he could get the instrument in place. "I've got to see the Secretary at once," he told me, and I merely pointed to the room where FDR and Knox were lunching.

The aide took off in a full gallop for the room, pulling himself up after a step to turn to me and say: "Mike, please don't say anything about this."

I told him I thought it would be a pretty tough job keeping the bombing of Pearl Harbor a state secret and started telling a few people about it right away. I went to the White House switchboard and told the girl: "Start calling in all the Secret Service men who are off duty. Don't tell 'em why, just call 'em in. All the White House police, too. And get me Starling, Wilson, and Morgenthau." Starling was my boss, Wilson was Starling's boss, and Morgenthau was Wilson's boss.

I dialed Ed Kelly, Washington's Chief of Police, to tip him off and to ask him to send sixteen uniformed police over to the White House immediately and not to bother telling them why.

Colonel Ed Starling, the Chief of the Detail, had gone off for a ride in the country with his wife, a luxury he allowed himself about three times a year: Frank J. Wilson, Chief of the United States Secret Service, and proud custodian of about four gallons of one degree above freezing water in his veins, wanted to know what I was doing about things and didn't seem overly impressed by my answers; and Henry Morgenthau, the Secretary of the Treasury and the big boss of the Secret Service, screamed as though stabbed, ordered me to double the guard immediately, hung up, called back in ten seconds and ordered me to quadruple the guard and issue machine guns all around.

In the midst of my phoning the buzzer sounded, warning us that the President was on his way to his office. As he was wheeled by I had time for only a quick glimpse. His chin stuck out about two feet in front of his knees and he was the maddest Dutchman I—or anybody—ever saw.

The White House began to fill with key secretaries, presidential assistants, and Secret Service men. Most of them had been summoned by telephone. The naval aide's hopes for keeping the bombing of Pearl Harbor a secret disappeared as the news started leaking hysterically out of radios from coast to coast. Crowds began gathering outside the White House, but they were no problem as we had had sufficient warning to double the uniformed guard all around. It was never necessary to quadruple it, nor did we get around to issuing machine guns. However, in time we did set a couple of Army machine gun crews atop the White House and moved antiaircraft batteries into position all around it.

The White House staff was excited, but probably no more so than any normal group of competent Americans who had work to do in the midst of the shock of December 7, 1941. As members of the Detail drifted in I assigned them what I hoped were strategic posts all over the White House and its spacious grounds. Men from Secret Service District 5 (that's Washington) were put on duty, and a couple of military police detachments arrived on the double from Fort Myer, across the Potomac. We were ready for anything. That is, we were ready for anything if we had the slightest idea of what to expect.

The White House correspondents, my friends of many gay and carefree off-duty hours, started filling the press room. Immediately we resumed our normal working hour relationship

of archenemies. No longer gay companions, they were beady-eyed ferrets, gifted to a man with a second sense and Superman's X-ray eyes. Gently and suavely, I hope, I kept them in their smoke-filled pen, while they solicitously questioned me concerning a couple of hangovers about which I possessed rather painful personal knowledge. I assured them I was feeling quite well, thank you, and that I didn't know anything that they didn't know. About then the President's very canny press secretary, Steve Early, stepped fearlessly into the middle of the cage, and in no time the roaring beasts were quiet.

Morgenthau arrived and had me run through all the protective measures I had instituted. As I reeled them off the Secretary kept peering through the White House windows in search of enemy aircraft. I must admit his fears are considerably more amusing now than they were on December 7.

On December 8, Frank Wilson called me to his office and told me that Morgenthau had just signed an order promoting me from Assistant Supervising Secret Service Agent at the White House to Supervising Agent. It was felt that my youth and six years' experience with the President would make for better leadership than the elderly Colonel Starling could provide. That was a flattering opinion which I did not share, and I am afraid there were a few harsh words between Wilson and Reilly. I proposed that Starling, always a fair and honest boss, should remain as co-Supervising Agent. I wanted his advice and help. Wilson doubted that the Colonel would accept that arrangement. I said I thought I could take care of that, and I did. At first Starling, deeply and justifiably hurt, would have no part of the deal, but I finally talked him into it. He stayed with me for eighteen months, until his health forced his retirement in

1943, and he was always a completely reliable source of aid and comfort to an Irishman who sometimes had more muscle than brain. Starling and I had never been anything but business acquaintances, so I must always feel very sentimental and grateful about the old gent.



The Supreme Court's Loss

I HAD ALWAYS thought that when a man reached his thirty-second year he had left his youth far behind him, but on December 8, 1941, I found myself wondering about all those things I had heard regarding sending boys on men's errands. At thirty-three I found myself completely responsible for the safety of Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom I believed to be a high priority target for Nazis, Japs, Italians, and even for some Americans. Most of the latter were mentally unsound, of course, but that made them more dangerous than the Axis fanatic or the rare Yankee traitor.

I was normal enough to be very proud of this job, young enough to be reasonably confident, and smart enough to realize fully the dreadful responsibility I had accepted. I could outwit a regiment of Axis assassins and it would mean nothing if the President's special train ran through a switch or hit a split rail. A poisoned hot dog was just as much my responsibility as a time bomb in the White House. It was something to give a man of thirty-two cold shivers in the daytime and nightmares in bed. It did both.

If I wanted to lay the blame for my predicament on anyone—and, of course, I didn't—it could be dropped right in the lap of a talkative taxi driver who picked me up one rainy afternoon in 1932. I was a good right end and a mediocre law student at

George Washington University at the time, and I was also slightly underfed, a common problem of the period. I had been offered a job in the Farm Credit Administration, which meant the end of scanty meals, and the end of my law ambitions, too. After my interview at Farm Credit I had to splurge on a twenty-cent taxi ride to avoid missing an important class at George Washington. I sat back in the cab to wrestle with the problem of taking the job or not when I realized the driver had said something. It turned out to be a question:

"Do you go to George Washington?"

I told him I did. "Studying law?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Swell law school up there."

"Sure is."

"I went there," he said.

"You did? When?"

"Last year. Graduated head of the law class."

"You did, eh. Boy, that's pretty good!" The subject was dropped as I resumed my dreary thoughts. Suddenly I yelled at the driver, "You finished at the head of the law class?"

"That's right."

"Would you mind taking me right back to the Farm Credit Administration Building? Quick."

Farm Credit's offer was still good, and in no time at all I had myself warmly wrapped up in government red tape and edible meals. American jurisprudence would have to carry on the struggle as best it could without Michael Francis Reilly.

In 1933 Senator Kenneth McKellar, of Tennessee, preferred charges against a Farm Credit lending agency administrator in Tennessee. He was explicit and vociferous in his accusations,

and I was sent to Tennessee to investigate the "culprit." It was my first investigative job and I worked hard and thoroughly, but all I could prove was that the man McKellar accused of so many black crimes was guilty only of being a registered Republican. In those unhappy days that did come dangerously close to lawbreaking, but the man was a fine administrator and he was kept on the job.

I got a good lesson in the strange workings of politics on this Tennessee case. In the course of my investigating I began to suspect that perhaps the Senator had started this row without discussing it with his patron, Ed Crump, the boss of Memphis and most of Tennessee. It turned out that McKellar hadn't. Crump vowed as how the administrator under question was all right if you were the type who could forgive Republicanism in a man. When that information was relayed to McKellar, the Senator withdrew his charges and promptly started a political feud that was to last for thirteen years. Not against the administrator, and certainly not against his master, "Boss" Crump. Not even against poor little Reilly. But against the Farm Credit administrator's big boss, Henry Morgenthau, Jr. I confess to no blind admiration for Henry the Morgue, but he was honest; far too honest to follow political custom and fire a capable government employee on orders from Capitol Hill.

I was given a permanent assignment as an investigator after the Tennessee affair and conducted investigations in all forty-eight states, checking on irregularities within the various lending agencies of the Farm Credit Administration.

In 1934 I transferred to the Interior Department's Division of Investigations, where I supervised investigations that resulted in indictments against some of our proudest oil and gasoline

peddlers who were playing fast and loose with the Connally Hot Oil Act.

I was doing a little private investigating at the time, relevant to the possibility of building up a case that would convince Miss Roby Priddy that being secretary to Senator Samuel M. Shortridge, of California, was not all that life offered. It also offered Reilly, the pride of Anaconda, Montana. Miss Priddy succumbed to my Irish charm in February of 1935. Immediately after the marriage ceremony I began looking around for some sort of a job that less closely resembled that of a rookie Pullman porter.

But the basic requirement of such a job must be that it be of an investigative nature. I had become attached to that peculiar form of endeavor, and I find that I still am. The Secret Service seemed a good choice. I would be assigned to a district somewhere in the United States, and the extent of my travel would be an occasional few days not more than overnight from home.

I transferred to Secret Service in June of 1935 and was happy to find myself assigned to my home state, Montana. I was soon very unhappy, however, to find that I was perpetually pinching some young man with whom I had played football or basketball only a few years before. It is no fun arresting anybody, particularly a friend. The temptation to give him a clout in the mouth and let him go is too strong for the likes of me, so I began working on a transfer.

I got it, and before the year was out I was assigned to Secret Service District 16, the White House. That was perfect—back in Washington where I could expect little travel. That expectation was never to be realized, thanks to a global war and a fast-moving President.

The White House assignment is the glamour job of the Secret

Service, but it is not its only work. The Secret Service is a branch of the United States Treasury Department, and in fifteen of the sixteen districts throughout the nation Secret Service men quietly spend their days making counterfeiting the unprofitable venture it is in this country. Every man on the White House Detail has put in some time in the field, and most return to it when they have done a tour at the Mansion or when a new administration comes in.

Secret Service men carry a twin cross. They are irritated to the point of uncouth language when somebody says, "Oh, yes, Secret Service. You guard the President." Most of them do not and a great many don't want to. They are irritated to the point of mayhem, however, with, "Oh, so you're a G-man." J. Edgar Hoover's highly publicized Federal Bureau of Investigation produces the glittering "G-man." Both do similar work, but the "G-men" are better paid. Entrance standards for each group vary. A college diploma is essential if you would be in the FBI, which makes it a bit more select than the Service. On the other hand, none of Hoover's boys has to worry about the horrors of a Civil Service examination.

The Secret Service did not take over Presidential protection until 1902—a somewhat ironic fact, as the organization was founded by Abraham Lincoln, the first American Chief Executive to die from an assassin's gun. In July of 1864, Lincoln ordered a group of men drawn from the Army Provost Marshal's Office and assigned to the Treasury Department to protect the bonds and currency of the United States from the talented pens of gentry who found it easier to print such valuable papers than to earn them by honest toil. This new Treasury unit was called the Secret Service. It is hinted, but never admitted, that this first

Secret Service group was concerned more with spying than with forgery.

For a long time the Secret Service was Uncle Sam's general house dick. Whenever a government agency felt the need for trained investigators it borrowed Secret Service men from the Treasury Department.

In 1901, President William McKinley was murdered in cold blood at the Pan-American Exposition grounds in Buffalo by Leon Czolgosz, an anarchist. McKinley was the third American President to fall before an assassin in thirty-six years. With McKinley's lingering and painful death it dawned on Congress that there were crazy people, anarchists, and political enemies who were quite willing to exchange their own lives for the lives of presidents of the United States. Congress therefore started setting up machinery to forestall that unequal bargain.

It was suggested at first that protecting the Chief Executive was a job for the Army, but the traditional American distaste for the military acquisition of power killed that idea. Congress then passed a bill which turned the job of protecting the President over to the Secret Service.

The congressional bill stated that the Secret Service would guard the President at all times, everywhere, but would not be responsible or answerable to the Chief Executive. The bill further said that the Secretary of the Treasury, as boss of the Secret Service, was responsible to Congress for any mishaps in connection with presidential protection. Politely that meant that the President was to be guarded at all times, whether he wanted such protection or not.

Incidentally, every schoolboy knows that the White House Secret Service boss can order the President of the United States

not to go here or there if he chooses. Every White House Secret Service boss knows that if he orders a president to do *anything* the agent will very shortly be giving the bank teller at No People, South Dakota, a lecture on how to tell the counterfeit two-dollar bill from the true one.

However, presidents usually accept the laws of the land and follow Secret Service advice with little or no question. If they refuse to heed the agent's request he has the choice of resigning or assuming full responsibility for his boss's safety, even though his training and judgment tell him he is violating his oath. I figured that my job was to get FDR pretty nearly any place he wanted to go, but I was determined that I would resign if my stubborn Boss ever flatly overruled me. We went to a lot of strange places, and only once did I ever have to intimate that I would quit rather than sanction a trip. Of that, more, a few thousand words and a few thousand miles, later.

Five men reported to the White House in 1902 under the direction of Principal Operative Joe Murphy to guard McKinley's successor, Theodore Roosevelt.

Joe Murphy was the greatest of all White House men. He guarded every president from Teddy to Franklin Roosevelt, and though both Roosevelts were, in time, to be the targets of assassins' bullets, it was while they were out of Joe's charge. Teddy was the toughest of all presidents to guard, according to Murphy. TR was addicted to fifteen-mile hikes through the icy reaches of Rock Creek Park or the deep swamps south of the White House, and then as now, where the President went the Detail went.



Protecting the Boss

IN 1935 when I was assigned as an agent at the White House the Detail had almost doubled from the original five to nine men regularly assigned to FDR.

Guarding any president is difficult. Guarding Franklin D. Roosevelt, a cripple, was a little tougher. He refused to allow his infirmities or their pain to keep him from going anywhere he felt he should travel.

Roughly, the job of protecting the President is divided into three techniques. The first is when he is in the White House; the second is when he is in transit; and the third is when he is in his own or somebody else's home or in a hotel.

The big bugaboo of presidential protection is assassination. Traditionally American presidents are shot, but they could be bombed, poisoned, stabbed, or murdered in a train wreck. Our job was to prevent any of these and in addition to prevent death or injury from anything that is theoretically controllable by man. In other words fire, drowning, auto accidents, or plane crashes.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was completely fearless except about one thing—fire. He was a helpless cripple, incapable of walking unaided a single foot, so his fear of fire is understandable. His fear was nothing, though, compared to ours. The White House

is beautiful, it's historic, and all our hearts beat a little faster when we see it. It is also the biggest firetrap in America, bar none. We arranged that in case fire broke out anywhere in the Mansion two agents would go upstairs to his room immediately, enter without knocking and carry him down the main staircase. No elevators. They have a habit of stalling in fires. We also bought a couple of canvas fire chutes that could be dropped from his room to the ground in case the stairways were aflame. These fire chutes went wherever the Boss went.

FDR's passionate fondness for exotic fish and game accentuated the perpetual problem of poisoned food. A steady stream of frozen fish, birds, and venison flowed to the White House from all over the world. In some instances the food was sent by Roosevelt's personal friends, more often by perfect strangers who we hoped were admirers. We sent everything to a special laboratory run by the Department of Agriculture, where it was carefully analyzed. We found hundreds of instances of spoiled food, but only once did we come across anything that contained poison. It was inserted in a fish that had been sent up from Cuba. We knew the sender to be above suspicion, so it was obvious that someone along the package's route of travel had seen the address and decided to attempt to poison the President. FDR had two friends who constantly mailed him the foods he enjoyed and we asked that they send them direct to the Agriculture Department laboratory, thereby killing two birds with one parcel post order. The birds or fish could be tested and nobody who handled them in the mail would know they were destined for FDR's table.

The method of buying food for White House use was simple,

A few merchants supplied everything, and nothing was ever bought by phone. A White House car would drive up to the butcher's, for instance, and the meat would be selected just as any ordinary citizen selected his meats. The meat was wrapped and handed to the agent, who delivered it to the White House kitchen.

Our perpetual worry about poisoned food resulted in a good-natured running battle between FDR and the Secret Service. He objected strenuously to sending choice oysters or pheasants to a laboratory. To save him the bother of objecting and us the embarrassment of listening, we would often just destroy—or consume—questionable food gifts without telling him. The donor would appear at the White House a few weeks later and timidly ask FDR if he had enjoyed the oysters or pheasants. The Boss never bothered explaining; he'd call me and make me explain it all to the poor man.

We set up a laboratory near the White House grounds to X-ray every package that came to the Mansion. One time the X-ray showed a solid black mass interwoven with wires. It was a large package and right through its middle ran a mysterious something that showed up like a stick on the X-ray plates. I looked over the pictures and decided the package was not to be opened in the White House.

The package had come from England in a diplomatic pouch, and nobody at the English Embassy in Washington or the American Embassy in London could give us any dope on it. I called in a couple of the Washington Police Department's bomb experts and they were as baffled as we were.

"Let's take it out into the country and open it," I suggested.

"We'll tie a rope around the strings that bind the package, pull it up a few feet off the ground, and yank the rope. That should break open the package."

"I don't hear any mechanism in it," said a bomb expert, "but let's do it quickly."

So we went careening out into the country, not too happy about our package or our errand. When we found a likely spot we dug ourselves a deep foxhole, threw the rope over the limb of a tree, and tied one end of the rope to the mysterious bundle. We retired to our foxhole, taking one end of the rope with us. Slowly I pulled the package off the ground—up to a height of maybe six or eight feet.

"I'm going to yank it," I yelled. "Duck!" I pulled the cord and we all buried our heads in the ground. We heard a dull thud and nothing more, but we kept our faces deep in the dirt for several seconds. Then slowly, cautiously, we crept up to the ruins of our package. There it lay, smashed into a thousand pieces. The X-ray's wires were simply strings; the mysterious stick was nothing but a hole in the center of the black mass. And the black mass consisted of a dozen records. Winston Churchill had sent recordings of his own favorite speeches to Mr. Roosevelt. I told FDR of his loss and he resigned himself to it rather easily.

Another time a postal clerk in New York picked a White House-bound package off a mail chute in the post office, listened to it, and heard a distinct clicking sound. He called the New York bomb squad, which soaked it in oil and opened it. It was a bomb, all right. A deadly thing. The alert postal clerk was thanked and congratulated and shortly thereafter fired. He had sent the bomb himself so that he could discover it and acquire the aura of a local hero.

The White House Detail and the nation's crackpots keep up a running battle. These crackpots are in many instances sad objects who wander pitifully up to the White House gate with a message from God or George Washington. For almost forty years kindly Jim Sloan dealt with them, sending them on their way or to a hospital or calling their folks to come and get them and take them on home. We've all had to deal with them at one time or another, and it was no fun. In fact I think every man on the Detail will agree that handling these unfortunates is the toughest part of the job.

Unfortunately, some of these insane are dangerous people. They want to kill, they have killed American presidents, and no Secret Service man today is willing to admit that they may not again someday put a bullet or a knife into a Chief Executive. For that reason the Secret Service keeps a running file on every known insane person in the United States who has at any time indicated a desire to harm a president. When such people escape or are released, asylum authorities inform the Secret Service immediately—if they remember to.

While I was chief of the White House Detail forty thousand letters were received at the Mansion every month. Five thousand of them were threatening letters, ranging from people who wanted to punch the Boss in the nose to people who swore to shoot him dead on sight. Every one of these was investigated by Secret Service field men in the fifteen districts throughout the United States. I set up a very elaborate and, I suspect, expensive operation for checking this violent fan mail. My reasons go back to the history of assassinations in the United States. Every man who shot and killed a president was known by dozens of people to be a bitter enemy of the man he was to murder.

Our extensive file, the result of asylum co-operation and field investigations, enabled us to distribute pictures to agents making trips with the President. If we were going, let us say, to Columbus, Ohio, the men on the train would get photos of all the known dangerous citizens of that town. They were expected to learn the faces well enough to pick them out of a crowd.

At the same time Secret Service men from all over the Middle West would converge on Columbus a few days before FDR's arrival and visit the families of known insane presidential haters. They'd ask the families to keep the unfortunate man off the streets while the President was in town. The co-operation, of course, was always superb, but when a family failed or admitted being incapable of controlling the madman an agent would be detailed to follow him at all times. Threatening the life of the President is a criminal offense, so in hundreds of cases it would have been simple to swear out warrants. We very rarely did, and then only in instances where the gentleman in question was a real pinwheel.

Covering big cities was tough, because they house an awful lot of insane. However, the local police invariably helped and we'd bring in our own small force from all over the country. New York, Chicago, and other big cities had an awful lot of customers, but Los Angeles had more nuts per acre than any city in the land.

Banquets always presented an interesting series of possibilities of harm coming to the Boss. He was usually known to be scheduled to appear at a certain function, and the place where he would be seated was generally common knowledge. Innumerable doors and exits were a severe protection problem, as was fire.

The most commonly used banquet hall for presidential appearances was in the Hotel Willard, on its top floor, the twelfth. This, of course, constituted an additional fire hazard.

None of the Washington banquet halls had been planned with any thought of protecting a president. When a new hotel, the Statler, was built in Washington during the war we conferred with the architect and he incorporated our ideas into the construction of a room which would be ideal for presidential protection. This hotel has since been used almost exclusively for the large dinners attended by either FDR or President Truman, and I daresay it will continue to attract such august patronage until another specially planned hotel is built in the capital.

The room, known as the Presidential Ball Room, has one solid wall which is directly behind the place where a president would be seated. It is on the hotel's second floor and is easily isolated from the rest of the big building. It has no windows and only enough exits to assure perfect fire safety. A special elevator whisks the President from the street direct to the hall, eliminating the usual parade through the hotel lobby. If a president is ever shot in that room, the Secret Service will have the consolation that comes from the knowledge that the deed was done by an invited guest or a well-investigated waiter. Or a Secret Service man.

Waiters were always a problem. In late 1940 we began most thorough investigations of all who cooked or served food to Roosevelt when he was attending banquets. We found twenty-four Italian and German citizens and one American murderer on the staff of one popular scene of presidential banquets in Washington.

I'm afraid we Secret Service men did Eros and/or Cupid no

favours. We always ran thorough checks on the occupants of rooms in hotels the Boss was to visit. If we found that John Jones, of Waterbury, Conn., was registered with his wife we would have an agent check Waterbury. Very often the answer would come back, "Jones known to be in Washington on business. Mrs. Jones now in Waterbury." We would pay Mr. Jones a visit and tell him that we were making a preliminary investigation. The big one would come the next day. Mr. Jones would promptly check out. Obviously we had no interest in Mr. Jones' morals, but through the ages it has not been uncommon for light ladies or erring wives to attract an unseemly amount of gunfire.

I guess the President is most vulnerable when passing slowly through a city in a motor cavalcade. We always had one car in front of FDR's, filled with Secret Service men and local police officials and another car behind the President, loaded inside and on the running boards with Secret Service men. Other Secret Service agents ran alongside the Boss's car, or rode the running boards if the cavalcade was moving at any speed.

We almost never looked at the President. We knew he wasn't going to hurt himself, so we watched the crowd along the route, the rooftops, the windows, and kept an eye out for temperamental politicians in cars behind the Boss. The local politicians would decide sometimes to improve their position and order their chauffeurs to move in right behind the President. We ran one rather distinguished Boston statesman right up onto the ancient pavements of his own home town for trying that once.

The reason we wouldn't let the politicians move into camera range was simple. We had one car in front of the Boss, one

behind. In each car were men who had rehearsed what amounted to a series of football plays. Each man knew what to do in a given situation and the Agent in Charge was the quarterback, calling the plays with his fingers and later with short-wave radio. There was no room for strangers in the middle of such a complex co-ordination.

When things were normal and the crowds under control we were invariably in *Position One*, which was indicated by me by the rather startling trick of holding up one finger. I would ride the President's car or the car immediately behind his. *Position One* meant that four Secret Service agents trotted alongside the Boss's auto, two on each side. *Position Two*—oddly enough, two fingers—called for a little more speed, so the men alongside the President's car would hop aboard the running boards.

The Agent in Charge regulated the speed, and if he thought things were getting out of control he'd give another signal and the cavalcade would suddenly turn into one of the side streets we insisted be kept open every two blocks.

We studied and practiced hard at changing positions quickly and automatically, too. For instance, if a man dashed out of the crowd from a point directly in front of the President's car and to his right, the Secret Service agent running or riding in the forward position on the right hand side would "take" the interloper. One of the boys in the front car would drop back to replace the busy agent and another would come out of the second Secret Service car to assist in subduing the man from the crowd. We took no prisoners. We'd just knock them down, usually with a flying tackle, and let the local police handle them. We'd get back into position as soon as possible.

There were similar setups for every contingency we could think of, and we studied them in long and dull chalk talks. It was difficult teaching those "plays" because as you taught you also had to make sure no agent got so mentally muscle-bound that he would be stymied if some nut didn't follow our setups. Oddly enough, all the nuts did.

There were two inviolate rules. The man running or riding at the President's shoulder never left that position unless relieved. The other, if a situation got out of hand, empty all cars and get as much Secret Service flesh between the crowd and the Boss as possible. Flesh stops bullets—if there is enough of it. There is nothing particularly heroic about that. It was part of the job, and every man who joined the Secret Service White House Detail was told that he was expected to use his body as a shield for the President if necessary. If the agent didn't think the risk was worth the salary—and I can understand how they might think just that—he could work in any of fifteen other Secret Service districts in the United States.

In view of the athletics, diplomacy, lethal accuracy, and steel-plated digestive systems required for the White House Detail I advanced some suggestions to the Chief of the Secret Service in 1942 on what the requirements should be for the job. These suggestions were adopted and remain in force.

For a Secret Service man to get the White House assignment, he must have two years of field service behind him; and he must show some extra facility for foreign languages or athletics. He must be presentable in both manner and dress. After special training he must prove himself unusually gifted in the use of the pistol, riot gun, and machine gun; also in psychiatry, observation, jujitsu, cryptography, communications, chemical war-

fare, swimming, boxing, wrestling, special investigative work, first aid, and fire rescue.

I think it interesting to note that had such requirements as I recommended been in effect in 1935 I never would have gotten the job.



Protecting Nazi Target Number 1

THAT WAR which had been knocking on our door so long dropped right in on us December 7, 1941, and found the Secret Service no better prepared than it found a lot of other American outfits, official and unofficial.

I have already described the calm and collected bedlam that settled over the White House when the Navy Department phoned to break the news to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, who was lunching with the Boss that Sunday. That, incidentally, is how the Commander-in-Chief learned about Pearl Harbor, too.

Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., the big boss of the Secret Service, was all for issuing machine guns to one and all, including the girl secretaries, on December 7, so on December 8, when I was made co-Director of the White House Detail, I had no difficulty getting the force increased from eleven to seventy Secret Service men permanently assigned to the Mansion.

On the night of December 7 we sat around and tried to figure just what new steps must be taken for the protection of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Commander-in-Chief of a nation at war. We were a little short on time, because he was to make his first public

appearance within twelve hours when he rode from the White House to the Capitol to ask a joint session of Congress for a declaration of war against Japan.

The next morning we lined his route from the White House to the Capitol with soldiers, draped ourselves all over his car, and hoped for the best. We turned out every policeman in Washington, and we virtually soaked the halls of Congress with Secret Service operatives summoned from New York, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities.

I had always thought the President of the United States should have an armored car. We worked on the theory that the vast majority of Americans, regardless of their political affiliations, were unofficial Secret Service men and would help us in any way they could. But our "nut" files told us with dreadful clarity that there were literally tens of thousands of Americans who would love to shoot the President of the United States and it mattered very little what the President's name or party happened to be. Hence my lust for an armored vehicle, but armored cars cost money and the Government of the United States can spare only \$750 for any single automobile. We could pay a million and a half dollars for a cannon if we thought that would protect the President, but the book said \$750 for a car, and when the book says anything in the government that's it. However, I made a phone call.

On December 9 the President sent for me and said, "Mike, I want to go for a ride, and don't look so horrified. I'm not going to spend the rest of the war in hiding."

I said, having no choice, "Yes, sir. What time will you be ready?"

We brought the car around for him, and he was on my arm

as it rolled into the driveway. "What's that thing, Mike?" he asked.

"Mr. President, I've taken the liberty of getting a new car. It's armored, I'm afraid it's a little uncomfortable, and I know it has a dubious reputation."

"Dubious reputation?"

"Yes, sir. It belonged to Al Capone. The Treasury Department had a little trouble with Al, you know, and they got it from him in the subsequent legal complications. I got it from Treasury."

The Boss looked at it a moment and said, "This is very interesting. I hope Mr. Capone doesn't mind. How does it work?"

I explained it all, pointing out that any of Capone's innumerable enemies could have gotten him easily if they remembered to shoot through the body of the car, rather than through the glass windshields, which were the only part of the vehicle that were truly bulletproof.

Because of this I wasn't very pleased with the Capone wagon. I wanted a closed car, lined with steel and with bulletproof windows that worked. I had learned about nonworking windows when the King of England came within a hairsbreadth of passing out from the heat during his 1939 visit. But you couldn't get any autos that could repel an air rifle pellet for \$750. I explained that to some friends in Detroit, and an automobile company (Ford) was nice enough to build an armored job for us. Then Mr. Government pointed out that we couldn't accept gifts. It was finally arranged to the satisfaction of one and all when the auto people rented us the vehicle for a little under ten dollars a week.

We later got a larger and safer car by putting it through the President's emergency fund. The President heard about my

shenanigans with government red tape and predicted to me one afternoon, "Mike, when the war is over you're going to have to go to jail for spending all this government money." He may yet turn out to be right. However, I'd seen presidents of overgrown banana plantations who rated armored protection, so I didn't really think the people of the United States would mind.

Voluntary censorship in America was a great aid in our protective work. By the law of the land, the newspaper and radio people could not be muzzled except in battle areas and in connection with secret weapons. The fact that the President's domestic movements were clouded in secrecy is the result of the simple and pleasant fact that reporters are good Americans. They made the job of protecting the President in wartime much easier, and we who were charged with that job will always be grateful to them. Certainly every single man on the Detail knew that we could never have screened any movement of the Boss's without reporters finding out very quickly where he was. His was the best known face in the world, for one thing, and nobody can keep a wheel chair, special ramps, and a limping giant hidden for long, especially if he doesn't want to be hidden.

With a war on our hands, and the President's safety my responsibility, I abandoned sleep for a few nights and tried to figure out some answers to my unprecedented problems. To be sure, other presidents had been in wars, but I had the rare privilege of guarding the first Chief Executive in a conflict in which both teams had bombers that could fly thousands of miles to drop tons of dynamite or hundreds of paratroopers. Radios could tell Berlin what FDR was doing every minute. There were rumors of rockets that flew through the air with the greatest of ease, and nobody dared guess how far they could or would

fly. We knew of capsules that could blow up a railroad train, plus a horde of other improvements twentieth-century warriors had worked out to make their task easier. In addition to these "improvements" I had also the age-old problems: assassination by friend or foe and potential attack in numbers by organized fifth-column movements. No Federal investigative agency is yet prepared to say that no such fifth-column movement was under way before, during, or after the second World War.

If I was to protect FDR as I thought he should be protected I would have to build or buy an extraordinary collection of expensive and bizarre gadgets that would leave me open to severe criticism on the grounds that I was not only extravagant but also slightly touched and suffering from too many Buck Rogers comic books. I decided that if somebody or something killed FDR I would find very little sympathy in the Halls of Congress or from the American people if I alibied that the contraption necessary to combat the weapon that murdered FDR cost almost \$10,000 and I didn't want to waste too much of Uncle Sam's money. With that in mind I said to myself (an embarrassing habit I was acquiring), "The hell with it, I'll shoot the works." I shot 'em and there follows now a record of what they were.

I have already mentioned Al Capone's major contribution to the war effort, so I will continue with the automobile setup.

I obtained as quickly as possible two seven-passenger, completely armored sedans, a Lincoln and a Packard. The armoring and the glass in these cars are capable of withstanding a direct hit from a heavy-caliber military machine gun. Also two seven-passenger convertible sedans, again one Lincoln and one Packard. The body and glass of these cars are also capable of withstanding a direct hit from a heavy-caliber machine gun. The fabric

tops were reinforced and made sufficiently resilient to repel a hand grenade dropped from a height of 250 feet. An intricate hydraulic system was installed in each so that the pulling of a plunger at any of three different locations would instantly raise the bulletproof windows. The Lincolns were obtained from the Ford Motor Company on a rental basis of \$500 per year. Each of the Packards cost \$7,500 and was paid for through the President's emergency fund.

Because of the many trips the President made and the necessity for him to ride in an armored automobile, I decided to take his automobile with him on all his journeys. I obtained an oversized baggage car from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It had been used by the Barnum and Bailey Circus for hauling scenery and animals. The Navy Yard installed a steel ramp in the railroad car. Before a trip we would load a presidential sedan, a convertible sedan, and two Secret Service convertibles in the railroad car and attach it to the head end of the President's train. When we stopped for a presidential appearance the automobiles would be unloaded in three minutes and driven back to the President's private railroad car. While en route aboard his train the autos would be washed, loaded with gas, and would be ready for the next presidential appearance.

This procedure saved the government a great deal of expense and, more important, permitted me to have an armored automobile awaiting the President wherever he went by railroad.

I had the Lincoln sedan placed aboard the U.S.S. *Quincy* for use at Malta and Yalta. The President used it at Malta, but because of the Russians' objections to permitting the U.S.S. *Catocin* to enter the heavily mined Black Sea, we couldn't get it to Yalta.

All railroad executives dislike presidential business as much as most airlines hate to fly celebrities. While a president is on any railroad the executives and operating personnel of that road are on pins and needles from the moment they pick up the Chief Executive until they bid him good-by at the end of their line. Therefore, literally hundreds of additional things are done to assure presidential safety.

Upon notification of an order to move a presidential special train, railroads spend hundreds of extra man-hours in rearranging schedules of all trains on their road and in inspecting and guarding their entire track. A pilot train is provided to run ahead of the presidential special. They send their best operating, passenger, and protective employees on such trips, and in wartime a presidential journey puts a terrific strain on all personnel. Railroads have always been extremely co-operative with the Secret Service, and so far no president has been in a train wreck, although his train moves at no guaranteed schedule and, in wartime, in almost complete secrecy.

To alleviate some of the strain on the railroads I asked Steve Early what he thought of getting the President an armored railroad car. Steve was for it and sent me to see his friend John Pelley, President of the Association of American Railroads. Pelley was enthusiastic, pointing out the severe strain presidential travel put on railroad men's nerves. He said the railroads and the Pullman Company would co-operate in every way and prorate the cost of the car among them.

I then went to FDR for permission to go ahead. I had a hard time convincing the Boss that the railroad car was not being built for him but was being built for his office and for the railroad companies' own protection and peace of mind. He capitulated.

lated eventually, saying, "Well, if they are going to build it let's make it a little more comfortable." With that he took the diagram I handed him and wrote out: "Take out 3 feet of kitchen-pantry; add 3 feet to observation room."

The Pullman Company built the car. The windows are bullet-proof glass three inches thick. All steel in the car is case-hardened armored steel. Because of its weight and strength the car can withstand the impact of any railroad engine or other railroad car without smashing or telescoping. It will remain intact if dropped from a railroad trestle. It is impervious to projectiles short of cannon fire, and to dynamite charges placed on the roadbed.

All fittings and furniture within the car are firmly attached. This provides secure handholds for passengers, and if they are able to hang on it should prevent serious injury in the event of a wreck.

The car is waterproof, having modified battleship bulkheads for doors, and is equipped with three conveniently located standard submarine escape hatches.

Each room is equipped with a handset telephone. When the train comes to a stop a simple plug connection is made and service is established for the President directly to the nearest long-distance operator.

Two small elevators for FDR were constructed into the rear platform of the car. These elevators conveniently lowered or raised the President and eliminated the cumbersome ramp.

Portable floodlights, first-aid equipment, and a veritable arsenal are carried aboard the Secret Service car and are available for use in emergencies. The Secret Service car is directly in front of the presidential car.

The need for constant reliable two-way communication for the President and the Secret Service while en route by train is always vital. Until the war the President and the Secret Service were without such communication.

Many partially successful experiments had been conducted by the railroad and radio companies over the years to establish two-way communication from a moving train, but the problem was never solved. With this idea in mind, I consulted Brigadier General Frank Stoner, Assistant Chief Signal Officer of the Army Signal Corps, who was deeply interested. General Stoner said he would assign Colonel William Beasley, Lieutenant Colonel Frank E. Dowd, and First Lieutenant Dewitt Greer to experiment, providing I could obtain General Marshall's approval for the entire project.

General Marshall immediately approved the project, gave the Signal Corps the green light, and had Army Transportation lease a railroad car for experimentation. General Stoner placed Colonel Beasley in charge, and after many heartbreaking disappointments the President had reliable, secure, two-way radio communication from the moving train to any station on the Army radio network which immediately put him in communication with the entire world. The Secret Service had voice communication with all of its offices.

A typical presidential train was made up this way:

1. The engine of the operating railroad.
2. The Secret Service automobile car.
3. The Secret Service and presidential communications car.
4. The club car, consisting of lounge chairs, short scotches, tall beers, and hard rock poker.

5. Ordinary Pullman berth car.
6. Compartment car for newspapermen and staff.
7. Compartment car for newspapermen and staff.
8. Compartment car for newspapermen and staff.
9. Dining car.
10. Secret Service car.
11. President's private car.

All meals are served the President from the diner. During campaign trips loud-speakers are attached to the rear of the President's car and his remarks are carried to the dining car aboard the train for the benefit of the newspapermen covering the trip.

When voluntary censorship was placed on the Boss's travels it became ridiculous to have him arrive or depart from Washington's Union Station in plain view of thousands of travelers. In addition, it is extremely difficult to provide adequate presidential protection at Union Station, as it entails the use of practically the entire Washington police force. Also, one president was assassinated at a Washington railroad station.

To eliminate the Union Station, I surveyed all the sidings in and near Washington to find a suitable permanent location for our railroad operations. At the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, located within five city blocks of the White House, I found an ideal place. A railroad spur entered the basement of the Bureau for the purpose of loading currency and other valuables printed in the building.

Thereafter, whenever the President decided to leave Washington by train we drove him, without a police escort, under the 14th Street side of the Bureau Building. Five minutes after he left the White House he was safely aboard his armored rail-

road car. The train (except the engine) was housed and maintained at the Bureau siding and was always available for immediate use.

Immediately after Pearl Harbor there was a most impressive collection of military and government protection experts who met in a conference on what methods should be followed to protect the White House from air raids. Among other things it was suggested that the White House should be painted black; the national capital should be moved inland away from the East Coast; and the course of the Potomac and Anacostia Rivers should be changed. This last was not quite as silly as it sounds, because no camouflage of the White House is practical while the confluence of these rivers remains a mile from the Mansion. A pilot would find it quite simple to hit the White House by flying up either river and getting his "fix" at the confluence.

In the course of the meeting I picked up a fascinating piece of information. The White House would crumble like a stack of cards before the concussion engendered by the blast of a near miss. This is because the Mansion is constructed with oyster shell mortar and the weight of its limestone blocks is its structural strength.

The need for air raid shelters and other defenses was obvious long before Pearl Harbor, but public opinion was our master and we were unable to do much until the Japanese bombs actually fell on Hawaii.

After Pearl Harbor the first urgent need was the most adequate immediately available bomb shelter. We decided on a huge vault under the Treasury Department which was filled with opium and which is located across a narrow street from the White House. These vaults were built years ago. They are

constructed of heavy armored plates, reinforced with concrete, and are adequate protection for currency, opium, and such valuables, but not for presidents or other human beings.

To make the vaults habitable and bombproof the Federal Works Agency and experts from Army, Navy, and Civilian life did a terrific job. They installed protective filters against chemical gases, cut escape hatches through the thick walls, and did everything possible to convert a vault built to store money into an air raid shelter for human beings. They built a weird underground zigzag tunnel between the White House and the vault. The tunnel was equipped with several emergency exits. The purpose of the zigzags, or baffles, was to eliminate the possibility of the President being hit by bomb fragments which would fly through the entire tunnel if it was constructed straight. Theoretically, if a bomb with a zig label on it hit the tunnel while the President was zagging he would be safe.

Before any construction was begun on either the vaults or the tunnel, the experts made it clear that the arrangement should only be considered a temporary expedient. Their opinion was based on the fact that the roof of the basement of the Treasury is honeycombed with heavy mains carrying high-pressure steam which, if disrupted during an air raid, would parboil everyone not in the vaults and would prevent anyone from leaving, except through the escape hatches which terminated on the second floor of the Treasury Building. They assumed that there would be none of the Treasury Building left except the vaults in the event of a direct hit.

I talked to the President while he was having breakfast in bed and told him of the necessity for an air raid shelter on the White House grounds. He argued strongly against it, but I was per-

sistent. I explained that we would undoubtedly receive hundreds of air raid alerts and we couldn't take the chance of his remaining in the White House until bombs actually fell to determine if the alerts were genuine. If we had no shelter we would have to remove him from the White House grounds on each alert. Also, additional assistants were showing up at the White House in gross lots and they would need office space near him, so why not build onto the White House the East Wing which had been planned for years? This East Wing would serve as additional office space and its basement could be the air raid shelter.

The President gave in and asked me to have Horatio Winslow, the White House architect, see him. The construction was completed in fast time by the Charles H. Tompkins Company under the supervision of General Fleming's Federal Works Agency.

The building, when completed, housed the offices of Admiral William D. Leahy, James F. Byrnes, Harry Hopkins, and the Secret Service and its communication system. Mrs. Edith Helm and Adrian Tolley, the social secretaries at the White House were berthed amid this warlike activity.

The basement of the new building provided the President with a shelter capable of withstanding the most modern bombs. Knowing the material that went into its construction, I feel for the contractor who is ever charged with removing or changing it. In the center of the air raid shelter is a small vault, which the President himself designed. He had always felt the need for a secure place to store state papers, and the vault would fulfill such a need for him and his successors.

When civilian defense was originated I was appointed air raid warden of the White House by the President. No civilian conformed more closely to regulations than did FDR. His only job

was to see that the blackout curtains of the room he was occupying were securely in place during practice alerts. When we blew the Washington air raid alarm sirens, the President, like millions of other Americans, would dutifully adjust the blackout curtains.

The White House correspondents, presidential secretaries, and the clerical and domestic staffs would take their posts as evacuation wardens, blackout wardens, etc. Many of them spent hours in first-aid and chemical warfare training. All were issued gas masks which they tested in clouds of tear gas. This was done because most of the staff were key people necessary to the President in an emergency, and, knowing the White House correspondents' determination to follow FDR, we felt they should be equally well equipped to function during an air raid.

The President's gas mask was always attached to his wheel chair so it would be instantly available. A Chemical Warfare unit from the Army was always stationed at the White House.

A painfully elaborate set of defenses was arranged against any possible air raid contingency which might confront us when the President was at the White House or traveling. It included such melodramatic but essential plans as troops to defend the White House against Axis paratroopers, ten secret places near Washington for presidential residence in case of bombings, and a perpetually ready airplane to speed him inland in case of invasion. The plan is printed in all its grisly details in Appendix A.

We rehearsed our evacuation setup thoroughly, and on many occasions Army sent us warnings that had us get preliminary operations under way before the all-clear signal came through. One unidentified plane that had us in a swivet as it was tracked

southward toward Washington turned out to be Molotov's private aircraft. The Russians weren't telling anybody anything, even over Philadelphia, U. S. A.

We had done what we could about attack from the air; now our problem turned toward the ground, and I came up with a gaudy collection of talking fences, seeing-eye doors, pocket-sized radio senders and receivers, and other gadgets. I was desperate to find every single protective device available. So desperate, that I dug up one that was so good I threw it out.

Very shortly after Pearl Harbor the British Prime Minister arrived, and while I was fretting about his safety the Boss told me he was determined that the White House Christmas tree on the South Grounds should be lighted with the usual ceremony. This event is held Christmas Eve afternoon and some fifty thousand people gather to watch the President light the tree and to listen to the carols. The Boss thought it was essential to the nation's morale to continue this ancient custom, and he was sorry if it was going to have a bad effect on my morale, but he wanted it done.

Searching fifty thousand people for concealed weapons was obviously impossible. I remembered the Alnor Door, which is standard equipment in modern prisons. A field of electrical waves exists in the passageway of the door, and if a prisoner passing through it is carrying a gun or knife or any heavy metal, the metal short-circuits the electrical field and an alarm is sounded.

I decided to set up such a door at the entrance to the grounds. It weighs about a ton and is a very gruesome piece of apparatus. However, the White House architect built a wooden shell around the contraption and festooned the shell with gay holiday decora-

tions. Fifty thousand strangers passed through the decorated arch, many of them remarking on its Christmasy beauty. We collected a flask or two (it was a dank day) but no knives and no guns.

I had great faith in the principle of the Alnor Door, but it was too formidable and ugly for daily White House use. I asked the manufacturers to see what could be done about building us a smaller setup. They returned with a modification, which I had installed in the door cases at the entrance to the White House Executive Offices. But steel knobs and locks on the White House door set the alarm to clanging every time the door opened. So we tossed it out.

There were other ways, however, to find out if anybody was carrying a gun. The research experts who had cut the door down from a ton to a half ton cut it down again—to eight ounces. The eight-ounce gadget is worn under the coat of an unarmed agent and he is able to detect the presence of a gun on a person several feet from him. A tiny buzzer, which is attached to the instrument, is pinned to the agent's lapel. The buzzer is activated when the instrument detects a mass of metal. The sound increases as the agent approaches the gun-toter until he is able to lay his hand on the man and ask him if he minds very much being frisked.

Finally my search for a perfect device was ended. It was a fluoroscope machine which threw a clear outline of a person who passed before it on a screen located in a near-by room. We could see everything he was carrying, wearing, and even his bone structure. But I threw that out, too. It seemed just a little indecent to me, particularly in view of the large number of women who called and worked at the White House.

Another unique protective gadget with embarrassing potentialities was installed. It was the so-called talking fence, a device used around secret radar and ammunition arsenals during the war. This gadget is a minute cable attached to a fence. It has tiny microphones connected to it at regular intervals, and if anybody attempts to climb the fence the vibration activates the nearest microphone and a light flashes on a control board, informing the guards exactly where the attempt to enter is taking place.

I had one of the instruments installed on the White House fence. It served its purpose during the war, but it had to be taken down immediately when the streets of the White House were reopened to the public because the microphones were sensitive enough to pick up conversation by people walking near the fence.

We had radio receiving and sending sets that were about the size of a package of cigarettes. These radios can receive messages sent from a main transmitter station within a hundred and fifty miles of the agent. They can transmit a distance up to three miles, so Secret Service agents are in almost constant contact with the nearest office and always in contact with other operators working in their area.

My old friend, the assassin, cropped up again in my mind, and I wondered what could be done further to protect FDR against marksmen when he was appearing in public. His well-advertised speaking engagements before crowds seemed to be a most vulnerable position. Working with the International Business Machine people and the broadcasting companies, I had an armored speaking stand built.

Under normal conditions it afforded him protection up to his chest. If a shot was fired any one of three agents could press

a button and a sheet of armored steel would literally shoot up, affording a complete shield that went two feet above the President's head. I had two worries in connection with this gadget. First, it was useless unless the assassin missed with his first shot. And second, I lived in horror of the day an agent would accidentally press his remote-control button and FDR would find himself talking to a piece of steel where a moment before he had been addressing thousands of people. He wouldn't have been amused; there were very few things FDR enjoyed more than talking to a large crowd.

How many ways can you kill a man? Well, there's radium. And certain other radioactive substances. Far-fetched? Why? It'll take a little while, but it'll do it, so from January of 1942 a Geiger Counter went everywhere the President went. A Secret Service agent was trained in its use by Navy, and we made tests for radioactivity before the Boss went into any new residence or office. We never found any, but we would have if it had been around, and that was the general idea.

The security I set up at the White House was designed to make it as simple as possible for those who had business at the Mansion to enter the grounds and to make it impossible for an unauthorized person to get inside. The military guard and White House police had orders not to allow anyone to enter except at the Northwest Gate and the north entrance to East Executive Avenue. At these two points I stationed veteran agents and White House policemen who could identify most White House callers. At these entrances we maintained photographs and physical descriptions of all members of the Senate and House of Representatives, the Supreme Court, the White House press and photographers, the Washington Diplomatic Corps, and all Federal

officials of importance. This included the Cabinet Officers and their assistants. One day a Congressman appeared at the military sentry post at 15th Street and Treasury Place, an entrance on the outer perimeter of the cordon of sentries stationed around the White House. The Congressman said he had an appointment with the Secretary of the Treasury and wished to enter the Treasury Building via the Secretary's private entrance on East Executive Avenue across from the White House. He exhibited his congressional credentials, which read "John Rankin, Mississippi." The sentry, a soldier who had seen overseas duty, politely explained to the Congressman that his orders prohibited him from permitting anyone to pass his post, and suggested Rankin enter the Treasury Building via the regular 15th Street entrance only a few steps away. The Congressman roared, "Orders or no orders, I am going through here."

The sentry calmly told him he had two alternatives. He could violate his orders and permit the Congressman to pass or he could shoot him. The sentry chose to let him pass and immediately reported the matter. It looked like the boy was going to be court-martialed by the Army for violating his orders, so I told FDR of the incident. The President picked up the phone, called Rankin, and gave him quite a verbal going over, explaining that Secretary of State Hull, General Marshall, Admiral King, General Arnold, and Bernard Baruch, all well known by the guards, used the correct entrances and carefully showed their credentials on each visit.

It was true, too. Cordell Hull puttered back and forth between State Department and the White House constantly. The Secretary would always take out his credentials and show them to guards who had been saluting him for years.



Bombs and Sudden Death

LIKE ALL Secret Service agents assigned to the White House, I had made a rather exhaustive study of the history of assassination, especially assassination since Lincoln's death. When I became the boss, directly charged with the protection of the Commander-in-Chief of a nation fighting its deadliest war, the Reilly interest in the ancient art of assassination increased considerably.

The statistics weren't very comforting. To date we Americans have shot and killed one out of every ten men we have elected president; and we have fired with intent to kill, upon one out of every five men who have lived in the White House. From 1865 to 1901 the United States took over the world leadership in a great and varied number of things, including killing our elected leaders.

In that period three American presidents died by assassins' pistols. The average was one every twelve years, and all three died from bullets fired at point-blank range. A man of questionable mental stability put a gun against Lincoln's head and fired. A disgruntled office seeker calmly walked up behind Garfield and fired twice. McKinley had his hand stretched out to be shaken by an anarchist who shot him down.

Neither Lincoln, Garfield, nor McKinley would have died at the hands of assassins had they been given even the most rudi-

mentary protection, which is not to suggest that no president will be assassinated now that Secret Service is on the job. I wish I could think perfect protection possible. It's not, and nobody knows it better than a Secret Service man.

Lincoln's murder was patently the most important assassination in our history and just as patently the most inexcusable. First of all, John Wilkes Booth was crazy, even for an actor, and had made threats which would have made it impossible for him to get anywhere near the Ford Theatre if a Detail had been guarding Lincoln and following current methods.

The day *before* Lincoln's appearance at the Ford it was public knowledge that he was going. Booth, on that day, went to the presidential box and bored a peephole through the door. He then constructed an arrangement *inside* the box that would permit him to bar it when he had entered, trapping Lincoln in the box and making it impossible for anyone to come to the President's aid.

The night of the show Booth walked up to the unguarded door of the presidential box, peeped in, and found exactly where the President was sitting; quietly he opened the door while Lincoln was engrossed in the play, entered, and set the bar across the door. The President was at his mercy as he placed the pistol against Lincoln's head and fired. He jumped to the stage, injured his ankle, but nevertheless escaped.

Booth wouldn't have had a chance today. First, he was a known presidential hater. Secondly, the hole he bored would have been discovered hours before the President arrived; so too would the iron bar across the door. There would have been agents outside the box and inside, too. And if Booth had evaded all this he

would have been caught the minute he jumped to the stage, or he would have been shot by a crack marksman stationed in the audience. If you don't think he would have been caught the minute he landed on the stage, ask any actor who has ever performed for the President. They all complain that on presidential nights backstage looks like Times Square on New Year's Eve. And none of the strangers ever moves for anything or anybody.

And if, by some miracle, anyone had managed to shoot the President, Lincoln would never have been subjected to the painful and medically unsound trip across the street to a private home for treatment. There would have been a previously agreed upon place in the theatre for that.

Charles Guiteau, a disgruntled office seeker, saw Garfield stop to shake hands in a Washington railway station. He had been waiting for that, so he walked up behind the unprotected Chief Executive and fired. He missed on the first shot. But not the second.

Leon Czolgosz hid a gun in a fake arm bandage, got in line in a Buffalo park, and calmly awaited his turn to shake hands with McKinley. He got the opportunity but didn't bother shaking hands. He flipped the gun into his hand and fired. Today he, as a known anarchist, would have been barred from the park; and no Secret Service man would permit any president today to stand in a park and shake hands with all comers.

Huey Long's assassination is discussed here purely as a clinical case of murder, not as a possible public service. Huey's muscle men committed the cardinal sin of protection. They let their boss get in front of them, so Carl Weiss had a clear shot when he stepped from behind something and let the Kingfish have it.

It would have been very difficult if Huey had had protection fore and aft.

The first attempt to assassinate a president was a perfect preview of the Huey Long affair. A man waited patiently behind a pillar in the Capitol until President-Elect Andrew Jackson appeared. He stepped in front of Jackson and fired, but the gun jammed, and Jackson escaped with his life.

Teddy Roosevelt was an ex-president when he was shot and hit in the shoulder during a campaign speech—a speech, by the way, which he finished.

The only attempt to assassinate a president or president-elect who was being guarded by Secret Service men was made in Miami in February of 1933. FDR had gone on a fishing trip on the *Nourmahal* as a guest of Vincent Astor, prior to taking over the job in Washington. He went ashore at Miami on February 15, 1933, and was immediately exposed to a type of temptation he found hard to resist. He had a chance to make a speech, and FDR never found that an unpleasant task. The speech was to be made at Miami's Bay Front Park. It came very close to being a spontaneous gathering, as Miami Democrats had spread the word he would talk that evening, and then told him about it, knowing his objections weren't likely to be very strong.

When the Boss arrived at the park he worked himself into a sitting position atop the back seat of his open car, with his feet resting on the space ordinarily used for sitting purposes. Thus he spoke, well above the heads of his listeners, yet at the same time comfortably seated.

As he talked a swarthy little man watched. The man was Giuseppe Zangara, of Hackensack, New Jersey. Giuseppe was an anarchist. He came well prepared for the job he contemplated,

bringing with him, in addition to a gun, a small box which he would eventually use to stand on, so he would be above the crowd. Giuseppe elbowed his way forward. Possibly the Boss finished talking a bit earlier than Zangara had anticipated. Anyhow, he finished and slid down into the seat of the car. Anton Cermak, the Mayor of Chicago, shook Roosevelt's hand and stepped back. While the handshake was in progress Zangara was climbing atop the box and drawing his gun. At that moment somebody on the left side of the car handed Roosevelt a telegram and he reached over to get it, thereby almost concealing his body completely from the crowd which was on his right. Zangara was now atop the box, gun in hand, so he started shooting. He must have been quite a shot, because he wounded five people gathered around the auto, despite the fact that a woman saw him just before he began firing, and swung her handbag up and hit his arm a couple of times as the bullets spat from the gun. The woman succeeded in knocking the gun from Zangara's hand, and he was thrown to the ground. He wounded five people, including Bill Sinnott, an elderly New York policeman who was an old friend of FDR's; Secret Service Agent Robert C. Clark, who was hit on his gun hand; and Cermak, who died of his wound.

Roosevelt wrote a story about the experience. I believe it was printed all over the country. In any event, the following was used by the New York *Times*, and among other things it indicated that a man who was to become somewhat critical of reporters was himself a pretty fair hand at that business.

"I have tried ever since last night not to confuse what I saw with all that was told me," Roosevelt wrote. He went on: *"After*

I had finished speaking, somebody from the talking picture people climbed on the back of the car and said I simply had to turn around and repeat to them what I said.

"I said I would not do it. He said: 'We have come 1,000 miles for this.' I said: 'I am very sorry but I can't do it.'

"Having said that, I slid off the back of the car into my seat. Just then Mayor Cermak came forward. I shook hands and talked with him for nearly a minute. Then he moved off around the back of the car.

"Bob Clark [one of the Secret Service men] was standing right beside him to the right. As he moved off, a man came forward with a telegram about five or six feet long and started telling me what it contained. While he was talking to me, I was leaning forward toward the left side of the car. Just then I heard what I thought was a firecracker; then several more. The man talking with me was pulled back and the chauffeur started the car.

"I found that a bullet, probably the one that hit Cermak, grazed the top of Clark's hand. His hand was all bloody and scratched.

"You know that I know Bill Sinnott [a New York policeman who was shot in the head]. I kidded him at the hospital this morning and told him that they couldn't hurt him with a bullet in the head. I left orders for them to starve him and take off at least twenty pounds.

"I looked around and saw Mayor Cermak doubled up and Mrs. Gill [Mrs. Joseph Gill, wife of a Florida utility magnate] collapsing. Mrs. Gill was at the foot of the bandstand steps. She was shot in the stomach. As soon as she was hit she must have

got up and started down the steps. She was slumped over at the bottom.

"I called to the chauffeur to stop. He did, about fifteen feet from where we started. The Secret Service men shouted to him to get out of the crowd and he started the car forward again. I stopped him a second time, this time at the corner of the bandstand, about thirty feet farther on.

"I saw Mayor Cermak being carried. I motioned to have him put in the back of the car, which would be first out. He was alive, but I didn't think he was going to last. I put my left arm around him and my hand on his pulse, but I couldn't find any pulse. He slumped forward.

"On the left of Cermak, and leaning over him, was the Miami Chief of Detectives. He was sitting on the rear mudguard. He said after we had gone two blocks: 'I don't think he is going to last.'

"I said, 'I am afraid he isn't.'

"After we had gone another block, Mayor Cermak straightened up and I got his pulse. It was surprising. For three blocks I believed his heart had stopped. I held him all the way to the hospital and his pulse constantly improved.

"That trip to the hospital seemed thirty miles long. I talked to Mayor Cermak nearly all the way. I remember I said: 'Tony, keep quiet—don't move. It won't hurt you if you keep quiet.'

"They rushed him to the operating room for examination. I remained in the hospital and later talked to Cermak for four or five minutes. I also saw the others except Mrs. Gill who was being operated on. They failed to extract the bullet. I remained at the hospital until about a quarter after eleven and then re-

turned to the Nourmahal. I went to bed about two o'clock. [The shooting was at 9:35 P.M.]

"I didn't actually see the man who did the shooting. The second time the car moved forward, I saw a melee down on the ground and I assumed he was in that.

"The agents did one quick and clever thing. When they got him up from the ground they saw the car in which Vincent [Astor] and Raymond [Moley] were riding two cars behind mine. It had just started out. They threw the man [Zangara] on the trunk rack, and three policemen sat on him all the way to the hospital. They had to go to the hospital because inside the car was the fellow who had been shot in the head.

"As we started out, there was a great deal of shouting and pressing from every direction. By the time we got to the gate, seventy-five feet away, the crowd there didn't know anything had happened. It was providential that my car went about thirty feet ahead before the crowd closed in. It would have been difficult to get the car out if we had not reached the corner of the bandstand."

My intensified research into the history and technique of assassination showed me that the bomb and the gun are the two favored weapons. The business of protecting a man from gunfire is complicated enough, but it is the very essence of simplicity compared to outwitting bomb experts, who can throw, hide, or mail their deadly weapons with ease. The man on the defense—in other words, the Secret Service agent—has one advantage in the unequal struggle against assassins who are bomb-conscious. Most potential assassins are paranoiacs and manic depressives, and when they kill a man they want it known far and wide.

They resent the anonymity connected with bombings and therefore eschew dynamite for more personally satisfactory methods of extinction.

A very talented bomber went after J. P. Morgan and his associates in 1920. He carefully drove a horse-drawn wagon into the heart of New York's financial district and left them near the Morgan Building. The wagon was loaded with metal and dynamite. Undoubtedly it contained a time mechanism, and when it went off it killed thirty people in the vicinity. The police had exactly one clue—a horseshoe—and that wasn't enough to embarrass the assassin, much less apprehend him.

To prevent a re-creation of that catastrophe after Pearl Harbor I asked the District of Columbia Commissioners to close East and West Executive Avenues to traffic. The East and West Wings of the White House extend to the sidewalks bordering these streets, and the President's office is not fifteen feet off West Executive Avenue.

There were other examples of the efficiency of bombs that were frightening. A detective opened a cigar box at the New York World's Fair while three of his mates watched, and all four were blown to bits. A clerk at the *Daily Worker*, New York City's Communist newspaper, accepted an innocent-looking manila envelope and laid it down, thus spilling acid in a vial inside the envelope which set up an electric impulse that detonated several flat sticks of dynamite. The clerk was killed, and the entire front of the building was blown away. It's obvious that bombs aren't hard to get delivered, and their effect is devastating. The job of counteracting potential bombers caused me more concern than any other protective phase of my job.

On December 8, 1941, I knew I would have a lot of worrying

to do about bombs, so I surveyed the protective equipment at hand. Said equipment consisted of an antiquated fluoroscope machine to examine packages and nothing else. It wasn't enough, so I asked the New York City Police Department for a brief loan of Lieutenant James Pike, the outstanding American expert on home-made bombs. Lieutenant Pike gave us a series of lectures, and when he had finished my respect for home-made bombs was exceeded only by my fear of them.

Following Pike's recommendations I set up a modern mail and package examining room several blocks from the White House. All packages had to clear that room before being opened at the White House. I placed Agent Frank J. Murray in charge. I was doing Frank no favors, as I confidently expected to see his body go flying over the White House at any minute. Driving nitroglycerin trucks would be safer work, because then you would know what to expect and avoid.

All packages of any description addressed to the White House which were sent through the mails, the express services, merchant delivery services, messenger services, or by any other means—except food purchased by Secret Service-supervised White House personnel—were delivered to the examining room. If the contents of a package were not obvious it was first tested for a timing device by an instrument called the "detector." The detector amplifies the ticking of a fine watch until it sounds like the village blacksmith at work.

If the agent is satisfied that no timing devices are present he puts the package into a huge X-ray machine which outlines the contents. Often X-ray machines are inconclusive. Bottles, for instance, show clearly as bottles, but whether they contain nitroglycerin or home-made cough syrup is a problem no X-ray

machine can solve. There's only one way to find out—open the package.

When a suspicious package is opened it is stuffed into the bomb carrier, a weird device the size and shape of a gasoline truck. This device is constructed of interwoven one-inch cable, weighs several tons, and will withstand the blast of fifty sticks of dynamite. Navy built ours from designs supplied by the New York City Police Department. A speedy truck, escorted by motorcycle policemen, takes the carrier out into Virginia. Once in Virginia, the package within the carrier is pulled to pieces by the agent manipulating a long cord.

Packages registering timing devices are first soaked in oil, which theoretically gums up their machinery. They, too, are taken in the carrier to an isolated spot before the agent examines their contents. I hate to think of all the priceless old watches sent to the Boss which have been destroyed.

Wherever the President was in temporary residence, a similar receiving and examining room was set up. Packages sent to his train were intercepted and sent to the nearest Secret Service office and then to the examining room in Washington.

G. I. admirers of the President gave us the jitters during the war. Frequently a G. I. sent the President a treasured front-line souvenir. The souvenir often was a live German or Japanese shell or hand grenade. Such souvenirs, after the good will of the sender was investigated, were sent to the Army's Bureau of Ordnance to render them harmless before they were put with the President's collection. The fact that the bomb was a gift was all FDR needed to insist that it be kept.

Any building the President enters is thoroughly inspected for bombs or booby traps several hours before his arrival. Agents are

then posted and no one is permitted to carry a package of any description into the hall until the President has departed.

Apparently Hitler's guards were not so careful, for two attempts to assassinate him were made with time bombs. The bombs were planted in the buildings hours before he made his appearance. Unfortunately one of the bombs was poorly timed and went off after Adolf left, and the other was so badly placed that he received only minor injuries when it exploded.



Mr. Roosevelt

HAVING STRUGGLED without any success for ten years to answer a perpetual and simple question—"What kind of a guy is FDR?"—it might be worth trying to put on paper some of the things that I have been inflicting on friends and acquaintances throughout the years.

First of all, he was a nice guy. He went to Groton and Harvard, he was raised alone and he had just about everything he wanted throughout his youth, so it would be just a little too much to expect him to be "one of the boys." He never was "one of the boys," although he frequently made a good try. It was such a good try that it never quite came off.

I have found that "one of the boys" often has a rather unfortunate weakness. He is naturally so pleasant and gay that friends come easily and he is often selfish and accepts favors as his due. The Boss was never like that. When you did something for him that he felt was either a favor or a task well done he told you about it. On the other hand, if you erred he let you know he was displeased. Quietly, but thoroughly.

When he had his eye on an objective he was reasonably ruthless in ridding himself of anything that was keeping him from it. It was a very good trait, I think, in a man charged with the frightening responsibilities any president must carry. This ruth-

less insistence on letting nothing get in his way was complicated by the fact that he hated to fire anybody. He was often accused of shearing power from his own appointees. He was shearing it all right, but because he just couldn't work up the courage to tie the can on an old friend.

He relaxed among his friends with something approximating gusto. He laughed easily and hard. He contributed a great deal to the hilarity of his gatherings of friends, yet, in fairness, I must say I always suspected the roars of appreciative laughter that greeted his sallies stemmed as often from reverence as they did from his humor.

The President was very moderate in everything he did. He ate substantially, but not to excess, although he was inordinately fond of game and fish. His weight was always a serious problem, not only on purely aesthetic grounds, but because every pound made his braces more painful. Therefore he gave Admiral McIntire very little worry when he was at the table.

His drinking was moderate, too. He did like a cocktail or two before dinner, and because he drank them in the privacy of his home he could see no reason—including votes—why he should not drink them at public banquets. So he did. He liked martinis and bourbon old-fashioned. His after-dinner drink, which he rarely took, was scotch and soda. But he invariably made quite a ceremony of the pre-dinner cocktail, mixing it himself with great enthusiasm and a running commentary for his friends. Whenever he was in a gathering where there was prolonged drinking he would ask for a "horse's neck," a drink made of ginger ale, lemon peel, and no alcohol.

He was fond of movies, and they were shown frequently at the White House. He had his Hollywood favorites, even as you

and I, and his favorite of favorites was Walter Huston, whom he never missed on the screen and would occasionally see in legitimate shows in Washington although it meant climbing into the hated braces. He was extremely fond of slapstick comedy on the screen, and he was moderately devoted to leggy musicals. He went to the movies to laugh. They gave him many hours of welcome relaxation before the war, and he tried to keep up his movie attendance after Pearl Harbor, but he found less time to play as the tempo of war grew faster. He would often decide to take a wartime evening off for the movies, but halfway through the picture he would call for his wheel chair and depart to work in his room until the show had been concluded. It had to be a pretty good movie to keep FDR through to the finish.

The President was not much of a radio listener, but he was an avid newspaper reader. He read several papers—from Washington, Baltimore, New York, and Chicago—every morning. In the evening he went through the *Washington Star*, a first-rate paper of decidedly conservative make-up and policy, and certainly no booster of the New Deal. He liked the *Star's* thorough news coverage, and, like fifty million other Americans, he wanted to know who won the ball games and occasionally how a horse he fancied had finished, if at all.

FDR had a few superstitions. He would never permit me to set up a traveling schedule that called for his departure on a Friday. Because of this I frequently had trains leave at 11:59 P.M. on Thursday or 12:01 A.M. on Saturday. He invariably lit his own cigarettes, and when he was offered the third light on a match he would refuse it.

Amon Carter, publisher of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, gave FDR a hat early in 1936. The Boss thought it was a lucky

hat and wore it throughout the next three campaigns. When he ran in 1944, he had to get it back from a Hollywood movie star who had purchased it in a war bond auction.

The Roosevelt luck about weather was phenomenal. The sun always seemed to shine on his campaign speeches, and he came to have a good deal of confidence in the weatherman. He deserted him when his health most needed decent weather.

The Dakotas and the Missouri Valley were writhing for two years in the grip of a drought, which was turning their fertile lands into a desert in 1937. The Boss left for an inspection trip of the area. Bismarck, North Dakota, was the first stop. The Indians had been holding rain dances for months and all sorts of charlatans had gone mumbling over the landscape trying to "make" rain, but not a drop fell. It was a dreary and discouraged collection of farmers who came out to greet FDR at Bismarck. He made an extemporaneous speech from the back of the train. As he said, "Your government will do something for you," a tropical cloudburst splashed down all over the people, the first rain in two years. FDR considered this further proof of his good fortune in matters concerning the weather.

The Boss was more than moderately religious and he was deeply interested in St. James Church at Hyde Park, where he enthusiastically performed his duties as a vestryman. I took him to church frequently, and he usually attended an Episcopal church if there was one in the area. He never failed to be vastly amused by the spectacle of a rather devout Roman Catholic like myself attending Episcopal services. He would laugh and say to me, "Michael Reilly in an Episcopal church! Michael, if you aren't a good boy I'll tell my friend the Pope that you are nothing but a left-footer" (a person whose name indicates he

should be Catholic but who is Protestant). I'd tell him I'd taken the curse off by going to Mass earlier in the morning, and he always seemed pleased. Once when I failed to finish out his joke he asked earnestly, "I hope you got a chance to go to Mass this morning, Mike."

The business of presidential power of pardon haunted him. I am told he found the gubernatorial clemency responsibilities the greatest trial connected with that job in New York, because he had to exercise the power of life and death.

There was one criminal whom the Boss hated as he hated no other. That was a narcotics violator. He got thousands of appeals for clemency which he reviewed diligently, but no dope peddler or manufacturer ever got a break from FDR. He once said that he thought the illegal sale of narcotics was worse even than stealing by a public servant, another crime he despised.

Once he was guest at a luncheon at Antoine's in New Orleans. His hosts were Seymour Weiss, Governor Richard Leche, and Dr. James Smith, President of Louisiana State University—all members of the Huey Long gang. Within a year they were exerting terrific pressure to get the Boss to call off the Treasury Department watchdogs who were going to put them in jail for income tax evasion. They got no help, of course.

The President thought his Dutchess County was the most beautiful part of America, although his Dutchess County never got around to thinking he was the county's most beautiful contribution to America. The Boss was distressed by the county's Republican failings and he was always hopeful that something could be done about it. As a result he turned into an amateur real estate agent. If anybody showed the slightest desire to move into the area FDR would drop almost anything and take the

interested party on a personally conducted tour, warning his guest that the local citizens had some rather inflated ideas of the value of real estate and that he, FDR, would personally protect the potential homeowner from the innate larceny of local landowners. He toyed with millions, but he could be a tough man about hundreds.

A woman radio correspondent mentioned innocently in his presence that she had recently been married and that she and her husband had designs on something in Dutchess County. Something cheap, to be precise. She had no sooner said it than the Boss had her and his secretary, Grace Tully, in his car and he was off at his usual fifty or sixty miles an hour to find the woman a house. We followed as best we could.

As he tore along he was interrupted by a red light. We saw a rather large youngster in the uniform of a Boy Scout approach his car, motioning with his thumb in the ancient rite of a hitch hiker. We didn't like anybody walking up to his car, so we moved right up beside him. He and the youngster were engaged in earnest conversation.

"Sorry, son," FDR said, "but I'm not going to Poughkeepsie."

"That's all right, Mac," the observant young man answered, "just take me as far as you're goin'."

The women were looking at the youngster bug-eyed. The President was a little baffled, too. He knew Dutchess County didn't choose to recognize him politically, but he was a bit startled to find out just how far this lack of recognition could go. As the light changed and the President started his car, the bright youngster said bitterly, "Okay, Mac, if you don't want to give me a ride, you don't have to."

On another real estate hunting expedition the President got

lost near Rhinebeck, New York, and turned in to a farm for directions. The farmer was painting his barn and the Boss drove up beside him. "Can you tell me where the Halton place is?" the President asked. The farmer looked down at the only three-time President in history, spat a pint or so of tobacco juice past the car, and motioned, "Down there, about a quarter of a mile." "Thank you," said the Boss. The farmer grunted without turning, "That's all right, Bub."

If I have cited one Boy Scout who did not recognize the President of the United States and one farmer who did not, or did not choose to, recognize him, I am confident I have exhausted the number of Americans who would not know him on sight. I have seen four-year-old children who knew him, and I am confident that every American over the age of three recognized Fala, although Fala looks like a dozen Scotties I have seen.

Fala was a severe problem to me and to the entire Secret Service. This problem was complicated by the fact that we were all daffy about the greatest little ham that ever walked on four feet. No movie star was as sensitive to a camera as Fala. During the war I could sneak an eight-car railroad train into a town without anybody knowing that it and the President were in the vicinity, only to have Fala ruin everything. When we got into a station Fala would demand to be taken for a brief walk. It was a dangerous demand to refuse, so Arthur Prettyman, the Boss's valet, would march the little monster along the station platform until Prettyman decided it was safe to return him to the car. In the meantime every single soul in the station would recognize Fala and my carefully protected security was gone. As a result, my personal name for Fala was "The Informer."

Miss Margaret Suckley, a close friend and a distant cousin of

the President's, got Fala for the Boss. She lived in Rhinebeck, New York, near Hyde Park and when she decided to make the gift of the dog I went along with FDR to the kennel to get him. He was just a little puppy at the time—1939 or 1940—but when the Boss saw him it was love at first sight. It's a reciprocated love that still exists. Little Fala lives with Mrs. Roosevelt in her cottage at Hyde Park, and I know that whenever one of the Roosevelt boys or anybody else drives up to the cottage in the Boss's open car The Informer goes tearing out to meet the car, yapping happily and his tail churning furiously. When he sees that somebody else is at the wheel his tail falls and he drops his head and silently walks back into the house.

There are more stories of Fala, The Informer. No one who writes of Franklin Delano Roosevelt can tell the story of a lonely man, leading a global conflict and reading casualty lists and thinking of his four sons off to the wars, without writing about that man's good and true friend, Fala. Fala sat in on historic conferences; Fala got into political rows; Fala was the one person or thing at the White House who completely understood Winston Churchill; and Fala went off to the hills of Georgia to cry and scream piteously when the Boss died.

Fala was a strange one. He'd throw the entire household into a turmoil by disappearing into the woods and roads of Hyde Park, looking, undoubtedly, for a girl friend. He was a gay and fearless adventurer who had us all half crazy searching for him on many an occasion. And he was also the young blade who wound up in the dog hospital when it was decided that he should become a father. The female who was chosen to carry on the proud name of Fala chewed the fearless swain to ribbons, and The Informer never did get around to the business at hand.

Later, with a caution that belied the bravo who swaggered into the middle of historic conferences, he managed to carry on the line.

It was at Hyde Park that FDR practiced what most of the Secret Service considered his greatest vice—ornithology. There is a tiny island in the Hudson River just off Red Hook, about eighteen miles from Hyde Park, and on certain spring mornings we would all gather there at 3:00 A.M. The Boss would be seated comfortably with a flashlight at his elbow and a large pad in his lap. He would write down the names of all his guests who were gathered around him and wait for the dawn when the birds would start singing. Whenever a bird was heard each guest would report to the Boss on what he or she thought was its name. The Boss would mark down the guess, and when the sun was high he would announce the score. He was the final arbiter on which bird was which. Frankly, I was somewhat uncertain about his ability to identify birds in such a dogmatic manner, so I asked Doctor Brown, of the New York State Forestry Service, for a confidential, off-the-record report on the Boss's skill. The doctor informed me that the Boss was far superior to the average amateur ornithologist. FDR was also a better than average hand at identifying fish. I saw him get in a pleasant argument with Dr. Waldo Schmitt, a Smithsonian naturalist, relative to the exact name of some sort of amberjack the Boss caught in the South. The fish was sent to an ichthyologist at Smithsonian for a final decision. The Boss was right.

FDR's colossal self-confidence stood him well when the going was tough. He was no exponent of the poker face, except on those occasions when a dead pan fitted into his plans. Usually he clearly showed his emotions, and rarely did he go to any

extremes of joy or sorrow in these displays. And he just wasn't the nervous type.

I saw FDR's nerves give him a real rough time but once. For some reason beyond my comprehension he got a mild case of the whips Election Night, 1940, when Wendell Willkie was his opponent. He was getting the returns in a small room off the big dining room at his Hyde Park home. His wife or one of his family would occasionally enter to talk briefly with him, and Henry Morgenthau, Jr., was hopping in and out every minute or so. After one of Henry's slightly hysterical visits the Boss said to me, "Mike, I don't want to see anybody in here."

"Including your family, Mr. President?"

"I said 'anybody.'" He was very grim about it, too.

He was sitting there examining election returns when I realized he had broken into a heavy sweat. There was nothing about these early returns to cause any worries, but he was so astute a politician that he saw trends in even early voting that invariably gave him accurate clues to what the final returns would say. Either he was ill or he had seen something that upset him.

I went out to tell Mrs. R. and she nodded understandingly. I stood at the door and in no time Morgenthau came popping up. "Mr. Secretary, the President doesn't want to see anybody," I told him.

Morgenthau's face fell a foot and he said, "But I'm his friend."

"Mr. Secretary, the President doesn't want to see anybody. Sorry." I was sorry, too, because among other things the man I was turning away was my boss, and he was never the kind of lad to forget for one minute he was the boss, either.

Soon the returns showed FDR would win easily and in no time he was happily receiving visitors once again.

When the war came we all watched the Boss for signs of strain and saw none. He had been on a back-breaking schedule for well over a year, and it got tougher with the start of the shooting. But he was one of those lucky men who slept like a log, no matter what problems he took to bed with him. He continued to laugh as usual, and to get mad as usual. No historic halo gathered behind his ears as the war went on. He merely did his share of the fighting as best he could.

With the coming of war Shangri-La served him well. We had a good deal of trouble finding this vacation spot which met with his demands that it be within a reasonable driving distance of Washington and our insistence that it provide him a secure home. Shangri-La was in a state park on Catoctin Mountain, near Thurmont, Maryland. Originally there had been three separate camps there. They had been built for underprivileged children for use in the summer. Colonel Wild Bill Donovan's "cloak and dagger" boys had taken over one camp for training. The Marines had another for the same purpose, and the Boss had the third. The OSS men were training in sabotage and other weird and unpleasant phases of underground warfare, and their camp was necessarily rather overloaded with dark and mysterious foreigners. However, we didn't worry too much, because we had plenty of Marines around.

Churchill was up at Shangri-La for several visits. Once he told FDR that he would like to see the home of Barbara Frietchie, in Frederick, Maryland. The Boss told me to make the arrangements, and one day he and Churchill went over to look at the house John Greenleaf Whittier had made immortal. The caretaker took the P. M. through the house, and when the tour was done Churchill stood outside on the curb and in his famous

rich, rolling Churchillian accents recited "Barbara Frietchie" for the Boss.

Immediately after the start of hostilities the Trophy Room on the first floor of the White House was filled with huge maps of the world. So huge, in fact, that they showed clearly the hydromantic readings of such places as the Straits of Malacca. Hundreds of little pins told of the movements and successes and failures of American fighting men and their allies. The President would visit this room before going to his office in the morning and again when leaving at night. He was briefed by War and Navy Department experts, and I could have spared myself the trouble of reading papers during the war. FDR's face told plainly how well or how badly the battle was going after each visit.

Highly secret code machines connected by heavily guarded telephone lines to the War and Navy Department kept the map room in constant touch with what was happening on all fronts. The room was top secret too, of course, and carefully guarded. Churchill would not use it, insisting upon his own private map room while he was in the White House. The Boss, on the other hand, refused to use Churchill's when they met in Quebec, insisting that I have a private setup constructed for him. Even presidents and prime ministers can be touched with childishness at times.

The watch officer in the map room was supposed to burn all communications when going off duty. One day a White House police officer reported back from a routine inspection of the White House roofs and showed me a dispatch he had picked up that mentioned the plans and date for the Normandy operation. The dispatch had been thrown into the furnace to be

burned, but the tremendous flues had blown it out on the roof before it could burn. After that modified popcorn baskets were used for burning papers.

Incidentally, it was Drew Pearson who performed the greatest service toward convincing Americans that they should heed the signs that were posted everywhere saying that "The Enemy Is Listening" and "Don't Talk," etc. Pearson devoted an entire column to describing a new device that had been developed by an engineering firm. Pearson said that this miraculous gadget enabled a person to listen to a conversation being held several blocks away. My office phone was deluged by calls from senators, cabinet members, and all sorts of important politicians, wanting to know if Pearson's story was true. We had checked the story and found no evidence that it was true, but we told all callers that we weren't certain and that if there was such a device certainly the Germans had it so they had best be careful. Intelligence reports immediately indicated a falling off of loose talk in Washington—rumors and truths.

The Boss, by the way, kept his military secrets perfectly, which was a lot more than he did in the case of political secrets, which he frequently told "off the record" only to find that his listener lost no time making them public.



Bloomers and High Hats

IF MAN HAS devised a more brutal bore than the “diplomatic reception” I was lucky enough to miss it in a decade at the White House. Everybody hates these tedious bows to custom. The President and his wife, who are giving the reception, squirm throughout the endless hours. The diplomats and their wives are bored stiff, and the boring point in the well-trained diplomat is rather high. However, thanks to the courage and poise of a Balkan diplomat’s lady the annual reception of 1937 was a great social success.

Everything was going quite smoothly when disaster struck. The diplomats and their gaily dressed ladies were lined up, yawning politely. The line filed into the White House’s East Room and then into the Blue Room, where the President and Mrs. Roosevelt were receiving. I was on duty at the entrance to the East Room, politely asking the guests to remove their hands from their pockets while they were in the room with the Boss. I had no interest in the etiquette involved, but it’s a prime Secret Service rule that nobody—and that means nobody—approaches the President of the United States with his hands concealed.

As I ran my eye down the line I saw the Balkan statesman’s spouse turn deathly white. She wriggled a few seconds, looked furtively around, and then took a slight step forward, leaving in

her wake yards of frilly material which I think was silk. Maybe it was satin. Anyhow, it was most certainly a tent-sized pair of bloomers.

Her composure regained, the Balkan heroine moved gracefully on with the line while Gilbert Stuart's portrait of George Washington and Michael Reilly stared at the fascinating pile on the floor. As the line moved up everybody carefully avoided the gleaming finery, the men circling it by about a foot, the women marching doggedly around it with a clearance of five or six feet.

John Mays, a White House butler since McKinley's time, spotted the catastrophe. His pleasant black face a frozen mask, he marched with great dignity to the scene of the disaster, bowed slightly to the people behind it, reached down and swept the unmentionables from the floor. He marched off, carrying his precious burden as though he had been collecting such things at diplomatic receptions for forty years.

Later that night as the Boss prepared for bed, he said to me, "Mike, I hear that there was an extraordinary occurrence at your post tonight. Is it true?"

"Rumor confirmed, sir. Good night." He was roaring as I left his room.

Gentle old John Mays was one of a dozen or so veteran White House workers who had spent all their adult years catering to the whims and fancies of presidents and their wives. Rudolph Forster was another. Forster was Chief Clerk at the White House for fifty-four years. Rudolph steered presidents through the masses of governmental red tape, and he was unerring in telling a Chief Executive whether a complaint about chopping down redwood trees should be referred to the Department of the In-

terior or to the Department of Agriculture. He knew the business of government as practiced in Washington better than anybody in that city. More than a half century of bureaucracy had left him with a cynical motto which he snarled a half dozen times a day. It was: "Seventy-five per cent of government correspondence could be thrown in the wastebasket and nobody would ever know it."

FDR had a deep interest in his entire official family, from Harry Hopkins on down to the newest and humblest of White House workers. He was uncanny in his knowledge of what was going on at the White House. Once my wife was ill and he saw me working around the Mansion. He called me and said, "Mike, how's Roby?" I told him she was coming along fine, wondering how he had found out something I had carefully avoided mentioning. "Don't you worry about me," he continued, "you go on home with her."

We all knew about this slightly miraculous and kindly espionage system. Bill Hassett, the Boss's most circumspect secretary, summed it up one morning when I was standing beside his desk and the presidential buzzer summoned Hassett. "The Boss wants me," sighed Bill, "probably wants to ask me how my hangover is. I had a glass of beer last night 'way out in Georgetown."

There seemed a surprisingly happy collection of workmen and workwomen at the Mansion. I can't speak for the high-powered brain-trusters who came and went, but there was a maximum of friendliness and a minimum of office jealousy and argument among us smaller fry. Beyond glamour attraction, which is undoubtedly strong, the White House was a good place to work just as a place to work.

White House visitors were always a severe Secret Service

problem. There were all kinds, ranging from nice old ladies who just wanted to look the place over to wild-eyed gentlemen who had come all the way from California with a message for FDR direct from God. Hundreds of unfortunate women demanded immediate audience with the Boss. We recognized them and their problem on sight and listened patiently as they explained, "I know Franklin will be very upset if you don't let me in to see him. You know he and I slept together only last night."

Those were the unscheduled visitors. There was also the endless line of saints and sinners who filled up the Boss's appointment schedule and whose names were announced daily to the press. There were other visitors whose names were announced to nobody. They were the "off-the-record" callers.

Frequently it was necessary for the President, for reasons of state or politics, to see people at the White House without the White House press knowing about the appointments. I would have an agent meet the "off-the-record" visitor and have him spirited through the South Grounds and into the President's office via the back door. When his appointment was over the visitor would be smuggled out of the grounds in the same manner.

Often the "off-the-record" appointee would not want to be "off the record" because of the prestige he would gain if his constituents knew he had had an appointment with the President. After he left the White House he would tip off the press that he had seen the Boss. This always caused harsh words between the White House reporters and the appointment secretary. The appointment secretary would have to deny vehemently that the President had seen a man who the secretary well knew had

left FDR only a half hour before. One famous politician had a strictly "off-the-record" appointment. He was as familiar with the White House environs as I am, but he deliberately came through the Northwest Gate so the reporters would see him. He explained to the appointment secretary that he had gotten lost and was forced to tell the correspondents of his engagement when he blundered into them. The appointment secretary, who was not overly astonished by this maneuver, blandly answered, "You no longer have an appointment," and showed the politician out. Politics is a rough game in the big leagues.

One afternoon a very pleasant woman showed up at the White House gate accompanied by her thirteen-year-old daughter. The child was an absolute dream of what every nice little thirteen-year-old child should look like. They had just arrived from Raleigh, North Carolina, and the mother explained that her daughter had been invited to spend a week at the White House. Marguerite "Missy" LeHand, then FDR's personal secretary, had extended the invitation. The child smiled shyly as her mother explained that the youngster had won a poetry contest sponsored by the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation. The prize was a seven-day visit at the White House. The mother was delivering the girl and would return for her in a week.

I asked the mother if she had Miss LeHand's letter, whereupon her daughter interrupted and said, "Oh, Mother, I forgot it, but here are my newspaper clippings." She handed me a copy of a Raleigh newspaper which carried a banner headline stating, "Local girl wins national poetry contest." The story went on to say that Miss ———, of Raleigh, North Carolina, had won a poetry contest sponsored by the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation and had received a letter from Miss LeHand inviting

her to be the President's guest at the White House. The paper then printed the girl's poem and filled a full column about the child.

I made the girl and her mother comfortable and showed "Missy" the newspaper. "Missy" was sure she hadn't written such an invitation but checked her files to be positive. No invitation.

From Miss LeHand's office I telephoned the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation and learned they had never sponsored a poetry contest.

I returned and under a pretext separated the girl from her mother. Then I asked the child if she had actually received a letter from Miss LeHand. The girl confessed she had written the letter to herself and had taken the letter and her poem to the editor of the paper, who printed the story in good faith. She pleaded with me not to tell her mother, but, of course, I had to and I felt like a heel for the rest of the day. I suppose the precocious little brat deserved a clip behind the ear, but she was such a pretty thing and I guess there is no point in being an Irish cop if you can't have a soft head at times.

I never heard the President give any impression that he did not find the White House up to his rather exacting standards of a home, although as he grew older he spent less time there than, I imagine, did any president before him. His week-end trips to Hyde Park became almost regular in the last few months of his life. However, I don't think he is liable to the criticism his predecessors would have received for so much absence, simply because they lacked the aircraft and radio that made the White House very close to wherever FDR might be.

I think he liked his quarters in the Mansion. I know he en-

joyed working in his bedroom, and the proximity of his living quarters to his office eased his somewhat awkward problem of movement. In any event, the only complaint I ever heard him utter about the White House was in the fall of 1939 when he decided his phone was tapped. Our only conclusion after investigation was that he had been dreaming. But nobody cared to say, "Aw, Mr. President, you were dreaming you heard bells."

Guarding the President from bullets, bombs, crazy visitors, and tapped phones is just one of a White House agent's jobs. He is also charged with looking after the President's personal comfort. Included in that, with the Boss, was the "pivot tooth detail."

The "pivot tooth detail" was part of many a historic fire-side chat. The President would be wheeled from his quarters to Admiral Ross McIntire's office on the night of a big speech. Admiral Mac would spray the Boss's throat and give him some medication for the often serious sinus problem he had. Then he'd be wheeled to the Oval Room, where the microphones were set up, and we'd all watch for the "pivot" assignment.

As the broadcast time approached the President would dig into his pockets, search around, and then grin helplessly at one of us. Whichever of us he grinned at would nod, walk quietly out of the Oval Room, then run like blazes up to the President's bedroom, where we'd search out the little silver box in which he carried a pivot tooth. We'd bring the little box to him as unobtrusively as possible and often, even as radioman Carlton Smith or John Daly was making his brief introductory remarks preceding a speech, the Boss would be sitting before his mike, grimly screwing the tooth into his lower jaw. He seemed always to remember the tooth when he was making unimportant speeches and invariably forgot it before a real big one.

Somewhere in County Cavan lie the bones of the particular branch of the Reillys from whence I came. I somehow thought I could hear those bones rattling and whirring all the way across the Atlantic in 1939 when I was detached from the White House Detail and assigned to safeguarding the persons of their Britannic Majesties, George VI and Elizabeth, while they were in the United States. A Michael Francis Reilly standing between an English king and all harm is proof positive, I guess, that America saps an Irishman of all sense of decency.

As their train stopped in Union Station, a brisk little man swathed in the epaulet and gold braid of an English admiral hopped spryly from the royal car. He grabbed my hand and shook it enthusiastically and looked at me expectantly. I realized that by some slight mishap the King of England was being welcomed to the nation's capital by a Montana cop. I told the King who I was and explained that Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, would be along in a second. The King smiled and introduced me to the Queen and the three of us—that's the King and Queen of England and Reilly the cop—stood chatting pleasantly until old Judge Hull puffed up and protocol was restored.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt were waiting in the station's Presidential Reception Room. The King has a marked speech impediment which is dormant unless he is excited. Whenever his stutter appeared the Queen smoothly covered up with sprightly conversation while the King regained control.

During the brief talk in the Reception Room the King turned to the President and said, "Why not just call me George, Mr. President. It is too frightfully hot for formalities."

The House and Senate met in joint session to receive the King and Queen later that day. As Their Majesties walked up the

Capitol steps, Vice-President John Nance Garner, presiding over the meeting, cupped his hands into the shape of a megaphone and yelled at the assembled Representatives and Senators, "Up, up . . . here come the British."

The King and Queen attended a luncheon at the New York World's Fair. The King invariably wore a gray topper to all daytime functions, and as he entered the building he turned it over to his equerry, who handed it on to a New York City detective for safekeeping. Grover Whalen had arranged to present a few of New York's more prominent citizens to Their Majesties after luncheon, but somehow everybody in the building crashed the receiving line. The King didn't like it a bit. In fact, he refused to meet any but the original few and asked us to stop the line. We did, and he was quite flustered as he demanded his hat.

There was a flurry immediately, for the hat and the detective who had taken it were missing. I started a search. I looked everywhere in the building for detective and/or gray topper. Neither could be found. The King was irritated, the British and American State Department nonentities looked fit to swoon, and even Grover Whalen had so far forgotten himself as to lift an eyebrow.

Something or other sent my feet toward the men's room. As I entered I heard sounds of clapping, singing, and other unseemly levities. I followed the sound and found a group of New York's finest detectives surrounding a ten-year-old colored boy who was prancing a cakewalk to their gleeful clapping and singing. Rakishly atop the boy's head rested His Most Britannic Majesty's gray topper.

The topper safely returned without explanation, the King and Queen entered an automobile for a tour of the Fair grounds. Grover Whalen accompanied them, and I rode at the King's

side. Grover was explaining what it was all about with the enthusiasm of a circus barker who had attended only the best schools. As he talked the King leaned over toward the Queen and said, "I am getting faint." He was also getting green, so I realized that his discomfort could not necessarily be attributed to Whalen's nonstop eloquence. I quickly told Jim Maloney, then in charge of the New York Secret Service office and now the Chief of the entire system. Jim and I tore the car's tightly stretched tarpaulin roof loose and rolled it back. The King gulped and gave us both a touchingly grateful smile. The rest of the motor trip was without incident.

At Hyde Park Their Majesties enjoyed a wienie roast and other homely American pleasures, and the visit went off without incident, except for a nervous butler laden with bottle and glasses taking a prat fall at Their Majesties' feet.



Mesdames Roosevelt

BY THE TIME 1939 rolled around I was usually assigned to the President's side, whether he was riding or meeting people in the White House or elsewhere. As a result I came into close contact with his family. All the Detail had a great fondness and admiration for Mrs. FDR, although a lot of her visitors to the White House scared us half to death.

She would often bring in somebody or other that everybody in the world knew was unacceptable on security grounds. When we'd say, "Mrs. Roosevelt, So-and-so is not a very nice person. In fact he's an out-and-out Communist," she'd tell us rather pointedly that "I am not prepared to listen to a lot of idle gossip about my friends, and I'll invite anybody here whom I choose to invite." We had to admit she had something, so we decided to remove the matter from what she called the "idle gossip" category and lay the facts on the line for her.

We would never have had a moment's worry if we had done that in the first place. When her guest list indicated that Oscar Zilch was expected we'd run a fast check on Oscar and when we had the dope we would simply lay the report before her without any comment. We never got any acknowledgment of the report, except that the party or parties proven unsatisfactory were never invited again. Never—and that is an absolute never,

and without exception—did Mrs. Roosevelt ever invite anyone to the White House whom we had proved to be a Communist or otherwise an unwise choice as a guest at the Executive Mansion. To be sure, a lot of weird ones got in once, but never twice if we could prove anything on them. If we couldn't offer proof Mrs. Roosevelt felt we had no right to raise objections, and I haven't been able to figure out an answer to her logic to this day. And she was very nice about it, too. For instance, I'm sure she knew we suspected that one of her most frequent visitors was a member in good standing in American Communist circles. We were morally certain and we spent a lot of money and man-hours trying to prove it, but we never could prove a solitary thing on the gent except that he didn't like to work much, which, fortunately, is no crime. Mrs. Roosevelt never twitted us about our dismal failure.

Mrs. R. didn't like us to follow her and she said so. So politely and so firmly. So firmly in fact that we finally had to issue an order that she was not to be accompanied by a member of the Detail on her travels. However, we kept a pretty close check on her movements, which was part of our job. Whenever she appeared before a gathering there were always a few Secret Service men in the audience, the number of men on hand being guided entirely by the type of audience she was appearing before. Sometimes we had to break out an awful lot of men and she received a lot of protection she didn't know anything about. We didn't like to disobey the wishes of a woman we all liked immensely, but the Congress of the United States says the Secret Service is to protect the President and his immediate family, whether the family—or the President—wants it or not.

Perhaps you wonder how we could keep up with the rapid

and lengthy movements of the First Lady. Like so many of those things, the answer is obvious. We simply read "My Day."

My second favorite Roosevelt was Sara Delano Roosevelt, the Boss's mother and "Grandma" to everybody except when you were talking to Grandma. Sara Delano Roosevelt lived to see her son elected President of the United States three times and she was never quite sure she approved of the whole thing. Grandma was very definitely to the manner born and everybody in the President's entourage, including the Boss, lived in fond fear of the old aristocrat's quiet and pointed comments on her Franklin's associates.

The President's Hyde Park retreat, where he now lies, belonged to his mother. She found it difficult to put up with his guests' idiosyncrasies. Cigarette butts in her carefully nurtured rose garden were a perpetual problem to Grandma. She would often walk in the garden, and when her unfailing eye found a butt she would gingerly and daintily pick it up. Before stooping to remove the offending dreg, she would carefully survey the scene, and if there was a newspaperman around she would bend down and pick up the butt, rise, and grumble, "Newspapermen!" Or if a member of the Detail was within hearing distance her comment would be, "Secret Service men!"

Once, with her living room crowded with newsmen, Secret Service men, and politicians of assorted importance, Grandma announced rather aimlessly, but quite clearly, "Franklin should never have gone into politics. Look at these strange people around him all the time. Why, they look just like a lot of gangsters."

I think the only guests her Franklin ever had that she approved of were the King and Queen of England and Tommy Qualters, an amiable Boston Irishman who was a member of the

Detail. Grandma's aristocratic background reacted happily to royalty, and she was just no match for Tommy's Gaelic smile and charm.

Grandma had a rough time during the very welcome visit of the King and Queen of England to her estate. White House butlers were imported to supplement her own large staff, and during lunch two of the imported servants managed to trip and drop loaded trays with a dash and a splash that would have done credit to anything Mack Sennett ever dreamed up. Grandma surveyed the chaos both times with a look that said clearly, "Heavens, even the servants from the White House are louts."

Grandma often disagreed with her Franklin's politics and told him so with a fine lack of interest in who heard her. Franklin found some of her dinner guests, often culled from the world's unemployed royalty, rather startling and upsetting. But he never told Grandma so.

It was long the custom of Grandma and her sister, Mrs. Dora Forbes, to go off to Europe almost annually. In 1939 Mrs. Forbes, at that time nearing ninety, was setting off again. The Boss persuaded Grandma to forgo the trip, but I will never forget Grandma bidding her octogenarian sister good-by. "Now be careful, Dora," said the seventy-odd-year-old Grandma, "remember, you're not as young as you used to be."

Old Mrs. Forbes got slightly embroiled in the machinations of Hitler while she was in Europe and had difficulty returning home. We went up to Hyde Park about that time and Grandma didn't lose a minute confronting the Boss with her problem.

"Dora is stuck over in France and I want you to send a battle-ship over for her right away, Franklin," she told FDR.

"But I can't, Mother," said the President. "She'll get home all right, but I couldn't send a battleship for her."

"Why?"

"I can't, Mother. I just can't."

"Well, Franklin, I don't see why not. What are you President for?"

Grandma's death early in 1941 was a terrible blow to the Boss. Less than five minutes after she died the biggest tree on the estate toppled over. There was no storm, no wind, no lightning, but this huge, strong oak tree simply toppled. The President went out and looked at it, struck, as were we all, by the obvious symbolism. We had to investigate to find out what had caused the tree to fall. Geologists soon told us that because of the thin layer of dirt that covers the rocky area around Hyde Park such occurrences were quite normal and we could put our official fears and worries to rest. But it was never the true explanation to a lot of us.

The same inhuman formalities surround a funeral of a president's mother that surround all funerals. A lot of sleek and oily strangers filled a distraught household, and the President was desperate to get away from the home for a while. He wanted to ride—alone—as would any son who had just lost his mother. But he was still the President of the United States, and we were still Secret Service men charged by the people of the United States with guarding him against all harm. So, when the President went for the long, lonely ride through the beautiful trees and roads of his childhood, a Secret Service man had to sit at his side. And behind followed a Secret Service car.

The President drove his specially equipped open car and I rode at his side. But I obeyed the first rule of the White House Detail

scrupulously. I didn't watch the President. In the car behind, the driver obeyed orders with complete understanding, although never before in his entire life had he stayed so far behind the Boss's car.

When Grandma was buried beside her husband in the St. James Cemetery at Hyde Park the President, for the first and only time in my knowledge, was permitted to appear out of doors without Secret Service protection at his very elbow. When we got to the cemetery I said to Jimmy Roosevelt, "You watch out for him, Jimmy. I don't think we belong in there even if Congress says we do." The Detail waited outside with me until the Boss had finished that last painful courtesy to a woman he loved very much.



Gentlemen of the Press

SOME OF MY best friends are newspapermen. For a decade I worked, played, drank, and argued with some of the nation's great reporters; I saw \$25,000 a year crystal ball toters listen to every detail of a story and botch it up so badly that I know any \$2600 a year government investigator would be fired if he did half so slipshod a job; I have seen ink-stained wretches who I knew were having monthly photo-finishes with dispossess notices calmly sit on an earth-shaking story because they got it in confidence; I have seen a representative of one of the nation's staidest and most objective papers trying to read a presidential secretary's mail during a supposedly friendly visit; I have seen newsmen solemnly slit each other's throats on a story and then turn around and write a piece for a competitive, but alcoholic, colleague. I have also seen them brilliantly put together a couple of obscure bits of information and accurately draw conclusions that were extremely embarrassing for the Boss; yet they were never bright enough to cover the South Entrance to the White House even when they suspected we were smuggling an off-the-record visitor into the Mansion. I never told one anything in confidence that I ever saw in print, and with a few exceptions I would answer any newsman's question as honestly as I could. There were some I knew I could outsmart without drawing a

deep breath, and there were others who could ruin my afternoon just by saying hello on days I was trying to keep something under the lid.

Some of these journalists gave the Boss frequent merciless hosings. FDR was certainly no Job when somebody put the slug on him in print, yet I honestly believe he formed his likes and dislikes for the individual reporters without too much regard for what they wrote about him. The best case in point is Walter Trohan, the veteran White House correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune*. Walter could, and would, curl the Boss's hair about six mornings a week. Trohan worked for Colonel Bertie McCormick, whose enthusiasm for Roosevelt was not quite limitless. Trohan shared his boss's ideas and he transferred them to print with a deadly skill. To say that Trohan was FDR's favorite journalist would be vesting Walter with an accomplishment that the Chicago man would resent almost as much as FDR would resent having it said. Yet FDR respected Trohan as a pleasant traveling companion who was good company when he wasn't working and an adroit foe when he was. There was never any doubt in anybody's mind when Walter decided that his question was being put as part of his day's work rather than as part of a pleasant train conversation.

The New York *Daily News* was the Eastern half of the McCormick-Patterson axis, and its shining knight was John O'Donnell, who wrote much the same things as did Trohan. FDR was completely contemptuous of O'Donnell, whom he considered a mercenary.

"You know, Mike," the Boss told me once, "Trohan and O'Donnell hate my guts. Trohan comes up here to every press conference and politely spits in my eye. He doesn't seem to mind

when I spit back. I wonder why O'Donnell rarely comes over?"

I suppose of all the men who regularly covered the White House, George Durno, of International News Service, was the one that FDR liked the best, personally. George's outfit is owned by the Hearst organization, so the Boss's fondness could hardly have stemmed from any gratitude for support Durno gave him. Tom Reynolds, who spent most of his White House career working for the Scripps-Howard-controlled United Press, was another favorite. Neither Durno nor Reynolds was ever required by his anti-Roosevelt employer to slant a story. Both were at the White House to report what was going on. Other writers handled the job of drawing whatever conclusions their bosses wanted drawn.

Mae Craig, who represented a string of Maine papers, was another favorite. Mae didn't pack the circulation some of her colleagues had, but she could, and did, ask some of the most embarrassing questions the Boss ever answered—or ducked—as the situation demanded.

It was not unusual for the President and a correspondent to get involved in a flurry of bitterly pointed remarks at a press conference. Whatever heated exchanges took place were always brief. It's not very polite to argue with the President of the United States, and the journalists knew it and kept themselves under control. The Boss was well aware of the advantage he held as the result of this respect for his office, but he rarely used it. He invariably tried to clarify his position to the questioning correspondent without taking refuge in the fact that he was President.

Bob Post, the New York *Times* correspondent who was to die in action as a war reporter in Europe, made the Boss madder

than any reporter ever had or ever did. Just prior to the 1940 Democratic Convention the Boss held a press conference, and four times in the course of the affair Post asked the President if he would be a candidate for a third term. The question was put differently each time, but it was always the same question. Three times FDR ducked it with double talk. The fourth time he exploded in a blistering rage. He was so furious he could only think of a rather weak answer, spluttering, "Bob, put on a dunce cap and go stand in the corner." Newspapermen did have whatever success anybody had in arousing the Boss to such furies that he lost his usual scornful eloquence.

I think he was most effective when he was ribbing the boys individually or collectively. I saw him do both at one conference which was held immediately after his aggressor nations quarantine speech. The speech was made in Chicago on the occasion of the opening of the Outer Drive. A huge sign stood opposite the Boss's speaking platform and it read, "The *Tribune*, an Undominated Newspaper." On his return to Washington the President started off his conference by saying, "Come up here, Walter Trohan, I want to see an undominated reporter." I watched the reporters laugh at that quip at Walter's expense until it slowly dawned on them that possibly the shaft was not aimed solely at the *Tribune's* man.

I saw another *Tribune* man, Willard Edwards, in an unpleasant spot during that Chicago visit. The crowds that lined the streets began yelling, "Where is the *Tribune* reporter? Give him to us." Whenever reporters were stopped at control points, the cry for the *Tribune* man would be raised and some of the journalists would prudently yell, "I'm not with the *Tribune*." Sometimes they had to show their press cards to prove it. This

mob unrest worried us a great deal. In fact it worried us a lot more than it did Edwards, who was going calmly about his business. We finally felt that a man would have to be assigned to Edwards just in case, so an agent was instructed to stay at the *Tribune* man's side until we got out of Chicago.

There are about fifteen newsmen who regularly cover the White House throughout the day and return to the Executive Office whenever a story breaks there, day or night. The regulars are representatives of each of the three press associations and men from a dozen big papers throughout the country. This group usually travels with the President, accompanied by radio reporters and journalists from papers which sporadically assign men to make trips. The fifteen regulars are called White House correspondents, a term not generally applied to reporters who work at the White House only when a big story is breaking or when a press conference is held.

The White House correspondents have their own association, which, among other things, passes on the applications of newsmen who want credentials admitting them to press conferences at the Mansion. To qualify for such credentials an applicant must be a working news gatherer for a recognized daily paper or a working radio news commentator. Trade journalists and press agents are banned. When an applicant has qualified, his name—or hers, there are plenty of women members—is turned over to the White House Correspondents Association for approval. If approved by the Association, the applicant is quietly but thoroughly investigated by the Secret Service. The Association did a magnificent screening job for us. It approved twenty-seven hundred applications and in not a single instance did the Secret Service turn in an adverse report.

At the start of the war one press association had over ninety correspondents eligible to cover the conferences, and some of the large metropolitan dailies had as many as thirty. There were over twenty-seven hundred correspondents eligible to attend the conferences, so reluctantly I had to tighten up.

Despite the limited space in the President's office, six hundred correspondents might be squeezed in. Because I wished our agents to be able physically to identify reporters rather than to depend on cards, the Correspondents Association, at our request, limited the three press associations to fifteen each, the large metropolitan dailies and broadcasting chains to five, and the smaller dailies to two for coverage of the President's conferences. This cut the list to approximately 750 eligibles.

Presidential press conferences were generally held on Tuesday mornings and Friday afternoons of each week. The correspondents waited in the White House press room or the Executive Lobby until press conference time. During my ten years the President was consistently a half hour late. When FDR was ready the press secretary would ask the Secret Service to let the reporters into the President's office. By now, sometimes four hundred correspondents were massed against the barrier at a control point in the lobby, milling and shoving like so many wild horses in a corral. We let them pass the barrier one at a time, identifying them and asking them to drop their lighted cigarettes as they entered the President's office. When all had entered, Bill Donaldson or Harold R. Beckley, respective Superintendents of the House and Senate Press Galleries, would boom out "All in" and the conference would be under way.

While the last of the correspondents were pouring into his office Roosevelt would be seated at his desk exchanging triviali-

ties with those veteran correspondents whose long service at the White House resulted in a tacit agreement that they rated front line standing room. This front row group consisted of men FDR knew well. Most of them had slugged at him—or for him—in his thirteen years as President.

Behind FDR at various times sat Marvin McIntyre, Bill Hassett, "Pa" Watson, and Rudolph Forster. Steve Early was always at his elbow to extricate him when the going got too tough. In later years his "Administrative Assistants with the passion for anonymity"—Bill McReynolds, Jonathan Daniels, Wayne Coy, James Rowe, and Lowell Mellett, plus Elmer Davis, OWI chief, and the President's Chief of Staff, Admiral William Leahy—joined the backfield to watch their quarterback in action.

When FDR heard Donaldson's "All in" he would put his almost ever-present cigarette and its holder on the rim of his huge ash tray, then he would read, or extemporaneously give, whatever news he wished to release voluntarily. If the news was not too serious, he would start it off with some whimsical remark; if it was serious, he could be pretty grim.

When he finished giving the voluntary news, the questions would start. The questioning can be best described by imagining four hundred surgeons, each with a scalpel in his hand slanted at a different angle, and all taught in different medical schools, trying to operate on one patient. I think that over the years the patient had more answers than the surgeons had questions and he always seemed to thrive on his bi-weekly operations.

No correspondent would be permitted to leave the room until the conference was ended. When all the major news queries had been answered or ducked and the questions had dribbled off onto trivial things, the correspondent who had been stationed at the

White House the longest would sing out, "Thank you, Mr. President," and the conference was ended. Then came the mad scramble to get to a phone. The degree of violence attendant on this wild rush depended on the magnitude of the news the President gave out.

During the conferences, Secret Service agents were stationed near the President, among the correspondents, and at the exits of the room. No special security attention was given to the journalistic presidential haters. We knew our "haters" well enough to fear no violence from any of them. We did, however, assign agents to keep close observation on Kurt Sell and other correspondents of the German D. N. B. news agency and the representatives of the Italian and Japanese newspapers, who attended the conferences until we entered the war.

From the day the Nazis took over Germany and until we declared war, Germany had an official Ambassador in the United States, but the Führer's real ambassador in Washington was Brother Sell. It was Sell who got up the guest lists for the elaborate German Embassy parties, and it was Sell who had ingratiated himself with correspondents and government officials to such an extent that he was trusted by people who should have known better. Sell had access to conversational information from sources that the regular German diplomats could never have reached. And how the alcohol at German Embassy parties loosened American officials' tongues!

Sell was deported to Germany shortly after we declared war. He appeared next in Lisbon, Portugal, where he did another job of espionage for his Führer. While in Lisbon he also did a good job for us. We floated a story to one of his trusted leg men in Lisbon that the President and his plane were forced down

in the Azores. Sell promptly sent the misinformation on to Berlin, and the next day D. N. B. proudly announced that the President, returning by plane to the United States from the Cairo-Teheran conferences, was forced down in the Azores and that he was waiting there while his plane was undergoing repairs. Actually the President's special plane was in the Azores but the President was aboard the *Iowa* in the Atlantic Ocean and halfway between Dakar and Norfolk.

With Sell and his Axis colleagues gone, we never worried seriously about security and the press. The correspondents were not necessarily in complete agreement with our desires to keep FDR's domestic movements off the record, but in view of the fact that we based our request for such secrecy on military necessity, they decided to give us the benefit of what I know was a very legitimate doubt. I can say categorically, however, that they were wrong when they said FDR moved around the country "off the record" for his own convenience and comfort. The Boss was as opposed to this secrecy as were many reporters. It was completely a Secret Service idea. And, just to keep the record clear, we in the Secret Service know very well that we had no powers of any sort with which to enforce domestic censorship of his movements. It was completely voluntary on the part of papers and radio stations. It was also first-class patriotism.



“A Man Who . . .”

THE Boss loved to campaign. He reveled in sweeping across the country fighting for mighty stakes, matching his wits and his voice against the best the Republicans could throw at him. He was a great campaigner, and he knew it.

I worked at FDR's side during three campaigns. He had no Secret Service protection when he ran against Herbert Hoover in 1932. He enjoyed the campaign of 1936. He liked Alf Landon and considered him a more formidable candidate than did Jim Farley or, as it turned out, than did the voters. I saw no sign of personal animosity toward Wendell Willkie in 1940 and they later became friends. Tom Dewey was something else again. FDR looked upon the job of beating Tom as something akin to a holy war. He also disliked Hoover, personally, but I am told that the feeling developed after the 1932 election, rather than before.

To me the '36 campaign was the most fun, although it had some pretty rough spots. I suppose '36 was my favorite because then I was just a large, strong character with normal brains and plenty of muscle assigned to guarding the Boss. It was a lot tougher on my nerves in '40 because I was second in command, and '44 was the roughest because I was in complete charge and there was a war on.

Politicians, publicity, and people made the Boss's campaign for re-election a large and unending headache not only for the White House Detail but for Secret Service operatives all over the country, who had to reinforce us wherever we went.

The purpose of a campaign is to have the candidate seen and heard by as many people as possible. A Secret Service man's job, by legal definition, includes working in the interests of the President, so any member of the Detail who interfered with his movements would be derelict in his duty. By the same token, he was derelict in his duty if he permitted the Chief Executive of the United States to get in any place or position where his life was endangered.

Secret Service men are primarily assigned to protecting the President, and they never forget it. But they can all read and write, and the vast majority in our Detail were staunch Roosevelt rooters. Being fairly bright, we would know, for instance, that FDR needed, or thought he needed, Massachusetts. That meant that when I went to Boston to make arrangements with the local Democratic bigwigs for a presidential appearance we were all in complete agreement on the purpose of the Boss's visit. VOTES. With all the letters capital. The ward heeler wanted a huge turnout, I wanted a huge turnout, the Boss wanted a huge turnout. But I'd have to hedge, like this:

"Look, Mike," the leader would say in Boston or Chicago or anywhere, "FDR gets off the train here. Right?"

"Right."

"Then his car rides down the main drag, which is from here to here on the map. Right?"

"Right."

"Well, over here is Ward X. Joe Zilch is running there, and

he's having plenty of trouble, so you just detour the President so he swings through Zilch's ward. A ride with the Boss'll swing it for good old Joe."

"Nothing doing," I'd say in three or four thousand words, which when boiled down meant, "No, the streets are too narrow."

Then the politicians would sulk, scream, holler, accuse me of being a charter member of the GOP, and on their payroll to boot, and wind up phoning the Boss, which was always a waste of time.

The men charged with guarding the President hated to see his car stop, particularly in big cities, but campaigns made it necessary for many a stop in large towns. The larger the metropolis the more stops there were. These were generally to accommodate local candidates, particularly Congressmen. Sometimes the Boss wanted to be seen with the candidate, and sometimes it was the other way around.

As the cavalcade passed through a big city from congressional district to congressional district there was a continual procession of cigar-chewing men in and out of the Boss's car. They'd wait impatiently at a previously arranged spot, pacing up and down. When the President arrived, they would jump into his car, almost trampling the departing guest, and ride smiling, laughing, and waving through their district until they reached its boundary, where they would be speedily replaced by another candidate or incumbent.

Our business was to see that these people who rode with the President were picked up and deposited on schedule and that the transfer was effected as quickly as possible. The politicians were usually a little irritated by our custom of making these changes on bridges or in the middle of parks. They pointed out

that it was difficult for photographers to make good pictures in such isolated spots. As they said, there was nobody around when the President's car stopped for them. That, of course, was exactly what we had in mind.

The 1936 campaign was no soft touch. It started off with the President taking a fall, included a serious attempt to give him a punch in the nose, and was marked by two incidents of out-and-out booing, one of which amused him immensely and the other hurt him terribly. It included the greatest ovation I was ever to hear him receive, was marked by serious crowd problems from coast to coast, and was rounded out by a painful demonstration that he was completely vulnerable to so archaic a weapon as a well-thrown dagger.

The convention met in Philadelphia, and the Boss was re-nominated by acclamation. He decided to go up to Philadelphia to make his acceptance speech at Franklin Field. The Field, normally used by the University of Pennsylvania for football, was packed. Every seat in the huge stands was taken and every inch of the gridiron was crammed. It was a magnificent night, with a moon and pleasant balmy breezes. The Boss was confident and happy. He had solid signs that the fight against the depression was to be victorious. He was sure the people were behind him and he had a good speech in his hands and he knew it.

But it was to be a rough evening. The Boss left his car to ascend to the stage from the rear. It was jammed in back of the platform, and it was difficult clearing a path for him. When we had a narrow passage set, the President took his son Jimmy's arm and started his slow stiff-legged walk toward the stage, a big smile all over his face. Occasionally he'd spot a friend and greet him with a wave of his free arm. As he neared the platform the Boss

saw an old man with a long white beard and a lovely peaceful face. It was the great poet, Edwin Markham. FDR waved to Markham, and the old poet, obviously deeply touched by the salute, pressed forward, his hand outstretched. The President reached out also. As the elderly poet extended his hand, somebody in the crowd pushed him heavily against Jimmy. Jimmy, off balance, fell against his father, and the combined weight of Jimmy and FDR was too much for one of the President's braces. He could only stand when both braces were rigid, and Jimmy's added weight unsnapped the right brace. The President fell. I was walking right behind him and as I saw him go down I dropped and managed somehow to get my shoulder under his right armpit, catching him before he hit the ground. I steadied him for a second and as I straightened up he came up, too, resting on my shoulder. Gus Gennerich, another Detail man, promptly snapped the brace rigid and the Boss was all right, but badly shaken.

As the President went down I had two simultaneous thoughts. The first was to catch him before he sprawled out on his face and the other was a fervent prayer that none of the Detail would shoot or hit the strange-looking old man with the flying white beard who stood in the middle of the melee. I think the number of poetry readers on the Detail is rather limited, so none of us recognized Markham. Three or four of us at the Boss's side had seen him recognize Markham so *we* knew he was all right. But the men scattered near by and in the crowd might not have seen FDR's smile of recognition. If our training worked Markham was safe. If it didn't, and some trigger-happy agent cut loose, Markham and a lot of other nice people would be hurt.

Outside men are taught that if a stranger gets close to the

President and that stranger is *seen* and not molested by the agent at the President's side he is presumed to be harmless unless he draws a weapon or one of the Detail near the President makes a move at the stranger. With that in mind, none of us near the Boss dared touch Markham. As I reached down to catch the falling Boss I yelled at Markham, "Don't move!" Fortunately he didn't or couldn't.

We got the badly shaken President erect. He was white and worried, because he had little enough confidence in braces, at best. He was soon in complete command, of course, and snapped, "Clean me up." That was done quickly and he said, "Okay, let's go." As we started moving, FDR spotted the stricken Markham, who was very close to tears. The Boss stopped, smiled, reached out his hand, and they completed the handshake that had come so close to disaster.

None of the thousands out front knew what had happened and very few got a clear view backstage. When the President appeared on the platform he calmly and happily accepted a huge ovation and then made his speech. It was quite a speech. You may remember it, for it said, with such deadly accuracy, "This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny."

The story of the President's fall in Philadelphia is told rarely, and then it is always predicated on that fact that a nut and screw in the Boss's braces came loose. There was nothing wrong with the braces, it was simply that they were incapable of supporting the added weight Jimmy inadvertently put on them, and FDR just could not stand without braces.

After the speech the President circled the running track at Franklin Field in the back of his car. There he received the

greatest ovation I ever heard, and in ten years with FDR I heard an awful lot of ovations.

It was in the '36 campaign that I heard the President of the United States booed twice. The first time was when we went through New York's financial district and the denizens of the Wall Street skyscrapers greeted him with a barrage of cheers imported from the near-by Bronx. I was on his car and I cheated slightly and stole a few quick glimpses. He was laughing, and later in a speech he discussed the subject, thusly, "They hate me and I welcome their hatred."

The other booing was in Boston, and it hurt him deeply. The cavalcade went through Harvard, and the students booed him as though he were an old Yale man. That hurt him, as I said, and his face showed it. He was always very proud of his Harvard career, and he closely followed Harvard's intellectual and athletic fortunes.

While going through Boston proper I rode in the car behind the Boss. As I scanned the crowd ahead I saw a man slip through the police lines, unmolested. The police were watching the President, which we always asked them not to do. We were two full blocks from the man who stood quite calmly in the street. I knew if the cops didn't spot him quickly there would be trouble.

They didn't. In fact he drifted quite calmly between the motorcycles in the escort and suddenly started on a dead run for the President's car. As he did, I took off from the running board frantically trying to get between the running man and the President. It was quite a race, and as he neared the car he raised his arm, his hand clenched in a tight fist. I heard him yell at the

Boss, "You dirty son of a bitch," just as I hit him amidships with a flying body block. We both went down, and as I came up I saw a Boston cop collar the fellow. I caught up with the Secret Service car and climbed aboard puffing mightily, and painfully aware that youth was indeed a fleeting thing.

Later FDR said, "Thanks, Mike, you saved me from a punch in the nose." And the Boston police said, "That guy was nuts, so we let him go."

In Chicago that year Mayor Edward Kelly, as usual, turned out a million or so crowding, pushing greeters. However, the Chicago police are first rate and in most sections of the Windy City the streets are wide enough for safety. As we moved between packed and cheering thousands, Harry Schaetzel, a Chicago agent riding on the running board of the first car, spotted a man in the front row holding a bottle. It could have been whisky, or it could have been acid or nitroglycerin. Harry jumped off the car, ran over to the man, grabbed the bottle out of his hand. He ran away from the President's car with it and handed it to a Chicago policeman. I think we lost a vote on that one but it couldn't be helped.

In Los Angeles the Boss was riding with the extremely serious and dignified William McAdoo when a package came hurtling out of the crowd and landed on McAdoo's hat. I made what I like to think was a heroic grab for the package, only to have it break open in my hand and cascade half a pound of peanuts all over the ex-Secretary of the Treasury. I got rid of the package all right, but in my haste I also got rid of McAdoo's stovepipe hat, which amused the President but not the ex-Secretary.

At Erie, Pennsylvania, we really got a fright. The President had finished a speech from the back of his train and was stand-

ing on the platform smiling and waving when a dagger came whistling out of the crowd. FDR was on the arm of the late Russ Wood and the dagger hit Wood on the shoulder and bounced to the tracks, right in front of me. The train had started, so I grabbed the dagger and jumped aboard, joining the agents who had quickly formed a human ring around the Boss.

The dagger turned out to be rubber, but it furnished sufficient proof that the Boss was vulnerable when he spoke from the rear platform of his train. He could not jump back like any well person, nor could he crouch or duck. He'd just have to stand there and be a target while we hoped our human shield was effective. We therefore evolved a technique for such emergencies, and I'm glad we never had to use it. If anybody ever again threw anything at FDR while he was on the back of a train the President of the United States would have been dumped right on the seat of his pants with two agents on top of him. I'm sure he would have preferred to stand and hope the assassin's aim was bad.

Some of my best friends are politicians. But I hated them all during campaigns, although I understood what they were after and generally hoped they'd get it. I realized I couldn't expect them to be Secret Service men, but there were moments when I wistfully wished they would try being human beings.

In one town, after we got the President off the train into his wheel chair, and as we wheeled him through the station I sensed there was trouble ahead. The crowd was enormous. There were thirty thousand people, where ten thousand would have been a mob.

I grabbed the local police inspector in charge and asked him

what in hell was the matter with his policemen. Didn't they know enough to stop people without credentials once an area was filled?

"Sure they know enough," said the distraught copper, very bitterly, "but they also know enough not to stop anybody with an invitation from the Mayor."

"How many invitations did he send out?"

"His Honor sent thirty thousand telegrams over his signature. As far as any local cop who wants to keep his job is concerned, those invitations are as good as gold."

"The President might get killed in a thing like this," I suggested with my index finger about three inches into his breastbone.

"Wouldn't be a bit surprised."

By now a very first-class riot was imminent. Thousands who couldn't see were shoving thousands more in front. Our aisle of escape was jammed shut by crushed and milling human beings. The band played merrily just to add to the confusion.

The men in the Detail surrounded the President's wheel chair. The Boss just sat there watching. He didn't like it a bit, naturally, but his face didn't show it. I asked—maybe the word is "told"—him not to wave or stir the crowd up in any way. He didn't. The crowd was slowly moving in on us. I could see the people in front helplessly struggling to keep from being jammed against us and against walls. I saw some go down. Panic was just around the corner.

If the Boss could have walked, we'd have bulled our way to a near-by door that opened into a station office. But no infant was ever as helpless as this 180 pound giant with useless legs. Suddenly I got an idea. I yelled to the bandleader, "Play the 'Star-

Spangled Banner.' " Fortunately he heard me, and the crowd instinctively quieted while the Anthem was played.

We got the Boss into one of the offices during that lull. His only comment was "Whew!"

It is interesting to note that two people died in the extraordinary exhibition of stupidity, many were injured, and the Mayor was re-elected.

Of all the politicians I had to deal with while campaigning my favorite was the Honorable Fiorello H. La Guardia. Butch was really a boy who could give you headaches, but the Hat was great fun to deal with in a deadly earnest sort of way. He was either wooing you madly or screaming at you.

In the 1940 campaign Fiorello met with me during my survey trip and told me loudly, clearly, and often that he wanted the Boss to stop in the heart of the garment district to receive a bouquet from David Dubinsky, of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. The political wisdom of such a gesture in New York was not at all lost to me, and I was all for it, except that I suggested Mr. Dubinsky might be persuaded to make his gift in a less crowded area. Patiently La Guardia screamed the significance of doing it in the garment district, and patiently I told His Honor that I understood all that, but—Then Butch said, in a medium roar, "Mike, don't you think the New York police can handle a crowd?"

He had me there, because the answer to his question is a long, loud, "Yes." The New York City Police Department can handle a crowd better than any police group in America and, I'd be willing to bet, better than any force in the world. It's a great department with magnificent discipline. So, reluctantly, I told Fiorello that I'd try.

Came the parade—which, by the way, was on the same day as the narrow escape I just mentioned. We went down Seventh Avenue into the garment district, and at 30th Street Dave Dubinsky waited, flowers in hand. We were moving south, and when we hit 32nd Street, two blocks from my reluctant rendezvous, I could see that the crowd ahead was pushing the police into the middle of Seventh Avenue. When a crowd starts pushing New York coppers around, I want to get out of that crowd just as quickly as possible!

I was on the running board of the car carrying the Boss and Fiorello. I held up three fingers, and immediately the cavalcade started picking up speed. His Honor very quickly sensed my plans and started howling, "Mike, slow up! You have to stop here. Look, there's Dubinsky, Mike. Right ahead of us. Stop, Mike, stop." I held up four fingers and we moved faster.

The Hat was frantic. He turned to the Boss and screeched, "Make him stop, Mr. President. Make Mike stop. We have to stop here." The President was suddenly stricken deaf and turned away from the Mayor and toward the crowd, waving and smiling most happily as we sped right by Dubinsky. Later the Boss asked me why we didn't stop. When I told him he laughed and said, "You certainly upset Fiorello."

The next campaign, in 1944, found me discussing arrangements with Mr. La Guardia once again. "Now, Mike," he said, "Dave Dubinsky is going to give the President a bouquet of flowers along the route. Is that all right with you?"

"Yes, of course, Mr. Mayor. Where would you like him to do it? You know things get pretty crowded in the garment district."

"You're right, Mike, absolutely right. Where do you think Dubinsky should be?"

"How's 23rd Street, Mr. Mayor?"

"Fine, Mike, fine."

And that's where Dubinsky presented his gift. Four years late and seven blocks south.



Travel Notes

THE VOICE of the people was loud and distinct in 1936, with only Maine, Vermont, and Dutchess County dissenting. When the massive vote of confidence had been recorded, we began preparations to transport FDR to the Inter-American Conference at Buenos Aires. That was my first trip out of the country with him, and at the time it seemed a difficult and exciting adventure. Worrying about Nazi paratroopers, Luftwaffe dive bombers, and submarines was a half dozen quick years over the horizon, so we could all fret happily about hot-tempered Latins with their splendid record for disposing of people they didn't like, particularly *Presidentes*.

Strangely, even in this first voyage we were not to escape the ubiquitous Nazi. On November 25 the U.S.S. *Indianapolis*, with the Boss aboard, was 110 miles off Bahia, Brazil, when the radio room picked up the following message:

"Between 2100 and 2130 Rio time will pass you and pay our reverence to the President of the United States. Signed Hans von Schiller, commander, *Graf Zeppelin*."

At 2205 (10:05 P.M. Rio de Janeiro time) the huge zeppelin hove into sight silhouetted against the tropical moon. She circled the *Indianapolis*, flying only a few hundred feet above the main mast, and sent the following florid message:

"President Roosevelt, U.S.S. *Indianapolis*. Passengers and crew of German Airship *Graf Zeppelin*, old veteran of the air, homebound from Rio de Janeiro, send our respectful greetings, wishing you a successful voyage." It was again signed by von Schiller.

The Boss replied, "Appreciate your message of good will. *Glueckliche Reise*. Roosevelt."

We civilians were pretty impressed by the exchange and the lovely picture the airship made against the bright tropical moon. The Navy brass was somewhat sour, however, agreeing that the picture would be improved considerably by blowing the zeppelin out of the air.

FDR was a frustrated seagoing sailor. He was never so content as when he was on blue water, and the ocean was second only to Warm Springs in restoring vigor sapped by the toughest job in the world. He was in magnificent fettle as we tied up at Rio. He had survived his equator crossing nicely, although he was subjected to a double initiation. He was not only elevated from the lowly state of "polliwog" to "trusted shellback," but in recognition of his exalted position he was further given what was known as the "Royal Works." The crew showed no awe for their Commander-in-Chief and gave him the full treatment, to his great delight and the Secret Service's complete horror.

President Getulio Vargas, of Brazil, met the Boss in Rio and millions of Brazilians crammed orchid-decorated streets to cheer him and toss bouquets in his car. We were extremely busy catching hundreds of these bouquets which the emotional Latins fired with enthusiasm and accuracy.

The Brazilian Army had a crack mounted regiment of dragoons trotting on each side of the presidential car. I noticed a

Brazilian cameraman maneuvering for position to get a picture of the Boss and Vargas. This lensman wore a huge white sailor straw hat, and every time he had FDR in focus one of the dragoons would get in his way. Finally the photographer decided to cross in front of the line of horsemen. As he scurried in front of one horse its gaily clad rider brought the broad side of his sword down nonchalantly on the head of the poor photographer, splitting his huge hat neatly and laying him out on the pavement as cold as the well-known cucumber. The dragoon's horse pranced over the prostrate photographer. The cameraman lay on the hot pavement untouched as the remainder of the horses daintily stepped over him.

We went on to Buenos Aires aboard the *Indianapolis*. The conference was in session for more than a month, and I'm afraid we had a good time on what the taxpayers allowed us and what we had managed to save throughout our respective lives. What had been a grand experience was ruined for all of us when Gus Gennerich toppled over dead the night before we left Buenos Aires. Gus, once a New York policeman, had been with the Boss in Albany and had joined the Secret Service when FDR came to Washington. He was assigned to the Boss's side at all times, and he was certainly FDR's favorite Secret Service man. His death was a great blow to the President and to all of Gus's comrades on the Detail. Gus had violently resisted his equatorial initiation, and I have always felt that he was somehow injured in the good-natured but severe struggle.

We stopped at Montevideo, Uruguay, on the way back, and were met by huge throngs. And very enthusiastic they were, too. Uruguay's President Gabriel Terra greeted the Boss, and together they rode through the yowling mob. I was assigned to

the right rear bumper of the presidential car, Dale Whiteside to the left immediately beside the Boss.

The crowd was so large that we were in Position One most of the time, which meant that Dale trotted at FDR's shoulder and I trotted at the side of the tiny little First Gentleman of Uruguay. Every time the car stopped Terra would beam up at me and reach out and affectionately pat me on the back, all the time looking as though I were something dropped down from heaven itself.

These unusual and affectionate gestures continued all the way to the President's home. While Terra and FDR were lunching I got to talking to a State Department man stationed at Uruguay. "That Terra's a nice little guy," I told the diplomat, "always smiling and patting you on the back. Sort of makes you feel he's glad you're around."

"I'll say he was glad you were around," the gentleman from the State Department said. "He was a little nervous."

"Nervous?"

"Yes. You see this is the first time he's been out of the Presidential Palace in two years. The last time he was out somebody took a shot at him."

"Miss him?"

"Oh, no. They rarely do down here. They got him the first shot. Right in the shoulder. Just about where you were standing when he patted you so fondly."

In 1938 the Boss felt things were well enough under control to permit him the luxury of another lengthy stay on the blue water he loved so well, so a fishing trip to the Pacific was made aboard the cruiser U.S.S. *Houston*. The *Houston* was at anchor off Panama and the Boss decided it would be a pleasant gesture

if he had the Queen of the San Blas Indians out for tea. The San Blas are extremely proud of the fact that they, of all Indians in this hemisphere, have most successfully resisted the white man's perpetual willingness to mingle his blood with theirs.

A whaleboat was sent for Her Majesty, and she stepped daintily into it and went out for her date with Mr. Roosevelt. Things went quietly aboard the *Houston* and when tea was done she returned. The tide had fallen, so Agent Bob Clark gallantly lifted the Queen from the boat and carried her ashore so that her gaudy ceremonial gown would not get wet.

As he set her down, the Queen's subjects raised a hue and cry and began stoning the lady and her gallant escort. Her Majesty retreated rapidly down the beach and Bob got back into the whaleboat as quickly as possible.

It turned out that the Queen had committed the unforgivable sin of the San Blas. She had touched a white man, and the San Blas had long ago decided that if the blood were to remain pure it would be just as well to draw no fine lines of distinction. To them to touch was to defile. Bob had certainly touched, and so Her Majesty was out.

The fishing in the Pacific was so good that Basil O'Connor, a frequent angling companion of the President's, got tired of hauling 'em in and secretly had his hooks straightened out before going on an expedition in the motor whaleboat. Not so the President. He loved to drag in fish. I saw him fight for two and three-quarter hours to land a 250-pound shark. The rest of us just cut our lines when we were unlucky enough to hook into a shark, but the Boss was as determined about his fishing as he was about everything else.

A big sailfish hit the President's lure one afternoon off Cocos Islands. He was reeling it in happily when another sailfish hit his line. The line formed a perfect half hitch around the beak of the second fish. The first got away, but the President landed the victim of the half hitch and eventually hung him in his office in the White House, with the half hitch still circling his beak. Nobody has yet believed this story, and I can add only the perennial last line of all tellers of tall fish tales: "I was there and saw it myself."

When we had cleared the Panama Canal en route home, we learned a hurricane was headed northward. The *Houston* started a top speed run for Pensacola. Two days out from Pensacola we were sailing along in millpond weather. The Boss was asleep and I, having the 11:00 P.M. to 7:00 A.M. watch, was sitting in the wardroom next to his bedroom. His Filipino mess attendants were curled up asleep on mattresses behind a screen in the wardroom.

I was listening to the quiet lapping of the water when suddenly the entire ship seemed to turn upside down. I grabbed a steam pipe and hung on and watched the sleeping Filipinos go skittering the length of the wardroom floor, followed by a davenport and the President's heavy wardroom table, both of which landed atop the struggling mess attendants in a corner.

Still hanging to the pipe, I opened the door to the President's room. I turned on his light, to find him sitting on the deck, struggling to climb back into bed. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Did we ram or go aground?" At that moment a Marine reported from the Captain with the understatement of the trip. "We have hit heavy weather," he informed the blinking Presi-

dent. We pitched and tossed and seemed on the verge of capsizing all night, but old seaman Roosevelt made himself secure in his bed and slept perfectly.

Soon after returning, the Boss launched on a most disastrous political journey—the purge campaign. The purges were neither political nor artistic successes. Nothing went right as the Boss toured the country attempting to eradicate some political problems. His bad luck continued right up to, and included, Election Day of 1938.

FDR was angrier than I've ever seen him during this purge campaign. It was in South Carolina and the Boss was speaking from the back of his train. He was just beginning to warm up on the subject of Cotton Ed Smith, his target for the day. He said something which caused prolonged applause. He grinned through the ovation and continued talking. "My friends," he said, and as he started to drive another stiletto into Cotton Edward he watched his "friends" disappearing into the distance as the train started moving. The concluding words of the attack on Smith were heard only by the lonesome pine trees and the baffled Secret Service men sharing the platform with the Boss. We were against Cotton Ed anyhow, but, like the trees, we couldn't vote in South Carolina. We finally got the train stopped, dragged the sweating newspapermen aboard, and had the train started again, figuring that Cotton Ed was certainly everything the Boss had called him, plus being a very smart politician.

But we had overestimated Cotton Ed. He had nothing to do with the train's departure in the middle of the speech. One of the Boss's own secretaries, Marvin McIntyre, who never thought the purge trip was a very good idea anyhow, had decided the speech was finished and given the signal that started the train.

When the railroad officials reported this to the Boss, Mac went into hiding for weeks. Cotton Ed was re-elected.

At Barnesville, Georgia, the President spoke in an effort to oust Senator Walter George. In fact he told George, who shared the platform with him, "Walter, I'm going to beat you if I can." He couldn't.

The Boss went to Maryland to see if he could do something about retiring Senator Millard Tydings to private life. Congressman Davy Lewis was FDR's choice, which proved to be a matter of some embarrassment as minute Dave showed up to ride with the President and Governor Harry Nice on a tour through the very heart of Tydings' home country.

Governor Nice was a large and rather fat man, and the Boss, of course, was a six footer. Lewis was about the size of a jockey, and when he sat between Nice and the Boss he practically disappeared from sight.

I was riding at the Boss's shoulder during the trip, and when FDR's candidate sat down and immediately became invisible the President was worried. He knew the trip through Tydings' bailiwick would hold enough problems without presenting the reluctant voters with the spectacle of what looked very much like a boy seeking a man's job. Just as I was about to start the cavalcade, the Boss beckoned to me and whispered, "For God's sake, Mike—get a pillow or something. Otherwise nobody'll see Davy."

We were in neutral, if not friendly, territory at the time so I quickly borrowed a pillow from a near-by home, and as unobtrusively as anyone can present a pillow to a tiny man, I presented Lewis with a few extra inches of height. He looked at it dubiously for a moment, but dutifully climbed aboard when

FDR said, "Come on, Davy, you can use a couple of inches today."

The Boss could have done his anti-Tydings cause a lot of good with a visit to industrial Baltimore, but he chose to do it the hard way by going right into the Senator's back yard. The roads were lined with people. Silent people. Painfully silent people. They just looked at the Boss, and as FDR waved and smiled the people just continued looking. When we got to the center of Salisbury there were several thousand people on hand. Six of them applauded, and I think I recognized five as fellow Secret Service operatives. The thousands just stood and stared. The Boss said to me, "Mike, these people have no sense of humor."

We stopped at Denton for lunch and a speech. It was embarrassing. Nowhere could there be found one solitary picture of FDR, and everywhere you looked large photos of the impeccably dressed Mr. Tydings grinned down at you. In fact, at the scene of the speech, a big picture of Tydings had been so diabolically placed that it was impossible for news photographers to snap the Boss without getting Tydings' face or name in the picture. Tydings was also re-elected.



Argentia and Churchill

THE NEWS from Europe was bleak in August of 1941. The President grew grimmer as the days went on, although he never failed to ask one of the Detail for the day's baseball scores as he was wheeled back from his daily swim. It was clear that his favorite Senators were in seventh place in the American League rather than up on Capitol Hill.

One day the press was notified that the President would go to New London, Connecticut, to inspect the submarine base there. After that he was going on a fishing trip. He would not elaborate on the length of the trip, nor on any other details. The newspapers were intrigued, and when the presidential special pulled out of Washington it was crammed with baffled reporters, all screaming as only they can scream when they instinctively know something is happening and can't find out what.

The reporters put two and two together and got a variety of answers, of which one was right, a dozen were wrong, and none could be proved right or wrong at the time. The newsmen reasonably held that FDR would not ordinarily leave Washington in times like these, even for his beloved fishing. They knew also that every military bigwig in Washington had disappeared from the city. (This brass-hat exodus was to become an increasingly difficult problem in screening the President's later movements.)

In New London, the President boarded the *Potomac* and airily told the press he was going fishing off Martha's Vineyard, in private. For the first time in history, FDR refused to permit even the representatives of the three press associations to accompany him. The reporters made no secret of their suspicion and irritation. They knew something was up. Bright editors in America queried their correspondents in England, but the heavily censored answers were always maddeningly vague.

Aboard the *Potomac*, the Boss enjoyed the furor his disappearance had created. He had announced that he planned to fish off Martha's Vineyard. The correspondents set up headquarters in Swampscott, Massachusetts, where he was expected to disembark. There they received a daily bulletin the President had composed himself. It read, "The day was clear and beautiful and the party enjoyed good fishing." Aboard the *Potomac*, we got the papers and listened to the radio. Both were raging at the obvious piece of double talk the Boss was sending shoreward.

Then, at 5:00 A.M., four days after we left Washington, the cruiser *Augusta* loomed out of the cold Atlantic fog off the Vineyard and maneuvered into position alongside the tiny *Potomac*. We helped the Boss work himself up a ramp from the *Potomac* to the *Augusta*, and it was tricky going, even on the quiet, fog-shrouded sea.

The Navy was quite confident about everything, of course, but we in the Detail were a lot happier when we helped him swing his legs off the creaking ramp onto the decks of the *Augusta*. The *Augusta* promptly headed north at full speed, and the *Potomac* started circling, breaking the monotony only with daily messages to Swampscott announcing: "The day was clear and beautiful and the party enjoyed good fishing."

The *Augusta* was well protected, for we were traveling through the heart of the North Atlantic's submarine alley. Destroyers circled us, and from the bow of the *Augusta* swung paravanes, devices to cut mines. The paravanes swung out from the prow of the *Augusta* and formed a protective wall of sharp steel knives that would cut the cables on any mines on contact and thus prevent them from striking the ship. A destroyer dead ahead protected the sharp prow of the *Augusta*. As we swept northward one of the paravanes fouled and began bouncing off the side of the cruiser. I was walking the deck with Admiral Ernest King when the *Augusta's* skipper approached, saluted, and said:

"The starboard paravane is fouled, sir, and may I have the Admiral's permission to lay to and fix it?"

King, always a well-dressed icicle, kept walking. The *Augusta's* captain trailed respectfully at his side. Finally, King spoke. "How long will it take, Captain?"

"An hour, sir."

"I'll give you ten minutes."

The Captain scampered away and King said, "Can't sit around here waiting for a sub to knock us off," and then resumed the conversation with me. It was a typical King conversation. I talked, the Admiral grunted. In ten minutes the Captain was back. Another salute and he said, "Sir, I'll need another ten minutes to fix that paravane."

"Cut it loose," snapped King, and walked on.

We moved into the harbor at Argentia, off Newfoundland. The destroyers took up positions at the mouth of the harbor, patrolling back and forth, and we waited. We waited a full twenty-four hours, and then, with the dawn, a huge battleship slid through our destroyer screen and into the bay. She was

H.M.S. *Prince of Wales* and, as she eased towards us, the sad scars of her battle with the *Bismarck* could be seen easily.

The Boss insisted upon returning to the painful prison of his braces. He hated and mistrusted those braces, but it was a historic occasion and he meant to play his part as much as his limbs would permit. Even the slight pitch of the *Augusta* meant pain and the possibility of a humiliating fall, but FDR took the arm of Franklin, Jr., walked to the well deck, and leaned against a stanchion to watch the bos'n pipe Winston Churchill aboard the U.S.S. *Augusta*.

The fat little man I was to see so much at weird hours in the White House and in strange parts of the globe scrambled aboard. He saluted the *Augusta's* flag and stepped to the President, hand extended. They shook hands and the Boss said, "At last—we've gotten together." Churchill nodded and answered, "We have." His bulldog face seemed more determined than ever.

The decks of the U.S.S. *Augusta* and H.M.S. *Prince of Wales* groaned under an awe-inspiring amount of military and diplomatic brass as both ships rolled easily in the gentle swells of Placentia Bay. There were also a couple of gentlemen on hand whose welcome was confined to the English side of the Atlantic Charter meeting. As soon as the Prime Minister had come aboard the *Augusta*, he and his staff and the President and his retinue got down to work. I am quite sure Mr. Churchill's Scotland Yard attaché was giving our passenger list a thorough going over, and I know I started poking around H.M.S. *Prince of Wales'* list a few hours earlier than common decency suggested. However, it was part of the Secret Service's job, and you learn early that being a Secret Service operative brings up many a clash with Emily Post. My investigation turned up something

I knew would be of great interest to the Boss. I got his ear and told him, "Mr. President, there are two British newspapermen aboard in army uniform."

"Are they part of the P. M.'s party?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mike, that's strictly against our agreement with the British, and I don't like it a bit and I'm going to tell Churchill so, too."

I didn't hear him discuss the matter with Churchill, of course, but I have no doubts that the Prime Minister's courtesy to his own press brought forth a few strong words from FDR, who in fulfillment of an agreement had left our correspondents sweating it out in Swampscott, Massachusetts. In any event, the Boss later apologized publicly to the American newspapermen for not giving them the same break Churchill gave English correspondents, whom Winston called historians. Apologizing was never one of FDR's hobbies.

Most of the business of the meeting was done aboard the *Augusta*, which gave the British an opportunity to extend a deeply appreciated courtesy to the crippled Boss and also gave us our first view of what we called their "swing shift diplomacy." Diplomacy, like any form of business, is tiring, and our English cousins labored in shifts. I don't know how well the system worked, but we observers used to marvel at the spectacle of a galaxy of military brass and diplomatic brains working on the Boss all afternoon, to be followed that evening by Churchill, in person, repeating the same arguments. We felt that it was something like a football team getting eight downs or a baseball team six outs per inning. I think FDR recognized the "swing shift diplomacy" and found it more amusing than annoying. After all, if a man in a wheel chair wants to go to bed it's pretty diffi-

cult to buttonhole him or work him into an insurance salesman's corner.

All of us aboard the *Augusta* got along famously with our opposite members aboard the *Prince of Wales*. We visited the British ship often, carrying fruits and foods that were more than welcome, and we stayed many hours discussing the differences between the British and American navies, such as the rum rations His Majesty provides for his seagoing fighters, which are taboo aboard Yankee vessels.

While I was aboard the *Prince of Wales*, a vivid and bitter British naval commander told me the story of the naval engagement between the *Bismarck*, the powerful Nazi battleship, and H.M.S. *Hood*, one of the biggest British warships, the huge *Prince of Wales*, and the others of the formidable fleet.

A British officer described the engagement thusly: "I was aboard the *Prince of Wales*, our skipper was a Royal Navy [Regular] Captain. The Senior Admiral was aboard the *Hood*. We were sailing merrily along when we received a report the blimey Hitler's *Bismarck* had escaped from Norway and was headed our way. The *Prince of Wales* made contact with the bloody *Bismarck* [sighted her on the horizon] and we upped our engines. We soon had the *Bismarck* within reach of the *Prince's* guns. Our skipper sent word to his senior, the Admiral aboard the *Hood*, asking permission to open fire on the *Bismarck*. The Admiral, curse him, must have thought he was another Lord Nelson, for he ordered our skipper to wait until the *Hood* got within firing range. Soon, the *Bismarck* started shooting. The first salvo missed the *Hood*, the second salvo hit her smacko, the third salvo got her powder magazine, down goes the *Hood* and the bloody Admiral too. The *Prince's* first salvo hit the *Bis-*

marck's rear and put one of her propellers out of whack, and she was spinning around like a weather vane. The *Prince* closed in and punctured the *Bismarck* with shell holes, but the bloody thing was so compartmented she wouldn't sink and she kept shooting at us. Damn her, she sent one of her bloody shells through our wardroom and destroyed our new supply of grog and 'arf and 'arf. We kept firing into her until our rifles [16-inch guns] were red hot, and finally the bloody RAF had to come out and, with the *Dorsetshire* boys, polish her off with torpedoes. We found only four survivors from the *Hood*, a young ensign and three enlisted men, out of her crew of about twelve hundred. We then began picking the bloody Nazis out of the water. After one of them got aboard the *Prince*, he spat at the bos'n there [pointing to a husky chief petty officer] and then raised his arm in a salute to his bloody Hitler. The bos'n popped him on the kisser and knocked him back into the deep. Davy [Davy Jones's locker] has him now."

American newspapers subsequently carried the story of the *Hood's* lone officer survivor, the ensign. According to Royal Navy procedure the senior survivor of any British Navy ship sunk in an engagement or by accident must stand court-martial or a board of inquiry for losing his ship. In the *Hood's* case the young ensign came up before a board, but in this case tradition was waived, and the ensign was permitted to continue his naval career.

Not long after, the *Prince of Wales* was to go down in the Malayan Straits under the bombs of Japanese planes.

The *Augusta* and the *Prince of Wales* sat in the middle of Placentia Bay while watchful British and American destroyers patrolled the mouth of the bay day and night. Most of the work

on the Atlantic Charter was done aboard the *Augusta*, and none of it was done in the Atlantic. It was in Placentia Bay, Newfoundland. Also, nobody ever autographed the Atlantic Charter formally. The charter was relayed to America and England in messages that bore the names of Roosevelt and Churchill.

This was the first of an even dozen meetings between Churchill and the Boss. There was a good deal of the actor in each, and we Secret Service men who had to arrange their exits and their entrances found we were working for a pair of master showmen who were determined that no scenes would be stolen by the other. I think Churchill had a readier wit and a superb talent for turning history-making phrases, although the Boss was a better than amateur performer in both departments. FDR could exchange a pleasant word with a passing sergeant or jeep driver with considerably more grace than marked Winston's mingling with what might be called the common man. Or even the common voter. I was with both at many sad and tense moments, and I am absolutely sure that neither one of them saw anything but victory over the horizon, although both could get mighty discouraged and it took no great mind to tell when they were in the dumps.

I don't profess to know who outsmarted whom, but I watched them both in many a lengthy and wordy mental tug of war, and I don't think FDR lost many. He had aces back to back, and the Boss was very definitely the guy who knew exactly how to play that kind of hand.



Commander-in-Chief Hits the Road

A COUPLE OF WEEKS after Pearl Harbor the Boss told me Churchill was coming to the United States and that the British Navy was understandably anxious to keep his mode and route of travel a secret, so would I please arrange to smuggle him ashore at Norfolk, Virginia, and get him up to Washington before his presence was announced to the press. I got him off easily enough and then took him to the White House, where the staff got its first glimpse of the P. M. in action.

Never had the staid butlers, ushers, maids, and other Executive Mansion workers seen anything like Winston before. He stayed up later and slept later than even Alexander Woollcott; he ate, and thoroughly enjoyed, more food than any two men or three diplomats; and he consumed brandy and scotch with a grace and enthusiasm that left us all openmouthed in awe. It was not the amount that impressed us, although that was quite impressive, but the complete sobriety that went hand in hand with his drinking. Winston Churchill was the very best drinker that crossed the White House threshold in my memory, and I am including in that estimate the White House Correspondents, Inc. Collectively, that is.

He and the Boss finished their work—which I imagine was planning the North African invasion—and I smuggled him back

aboard the *George V* at Norfolk. As he left he shook hands and told me earnestly, "Mike, take care of the President. There are an awful lot of bastards in the world!"

Although the Boss never could work up much interest about his own safety, he was constantly worried about what might happen to his distinguished guests. In June, 1942, during another Churchill visit, he called me to his office one afternoon and motioned me to a seat. There were none of the usual FDR pleasantries. He got right down to business:

"Mike, Churchill is going home on the twenty-seventh, as you know, and I am seriously worried about security. I want you to do everything possible to assure his safety."

"How is he traveling, Mr. President?"

"By plane."

I started to work immediately with the British Embassy at Washington and ran into more than the usual trouble with British ideas of security. The English do not take personal security very seriously, and they pooh-poohed my request that the P. M. be bundled into a White House car and driven the three or four miles to the Anacostia Naval Air Station in Washington. I wanted to have his private plane all warmed up at Anacostia and have him airborne twenty minutes after leaving the White House.

"That sort of thing isn't necessary, Mr. Reilly," I was told ever so politely. "There is a British Overseas Airways base at Baltimore and if he flew from there it would be quite good for the workers' morale, you know."

"But the field is a public place and there are dozens of employees who will see him."

"Of course, old man, but most of them are British subjects,

you know, and the Canadian Mounties have investigated all the Americans. Absolutely nothing to worry about."

So he was to leave from Baltimore.

We sneaked the P. M. out of the White House by way of the tunnel connecting the Mansion with the Treasury Department. The President went with Churchill as far as the Treasury Department. As we were traveling through the tunnel the Boss turned to the P. M. and said, "I am going along with you, Winston, only to make sure that you don't steal any of Henry Morgenthau's gold."

Harry Hopkins accompanied Churchill and his naval aide, Commander Ralph Thompson, on the quiet ride through the back streets of Washington and the country roads of Maryland to the BOAC airport at Baltimore. I had arranged to scatter Secret Service agents throughout the airport disguised as baggage smashers and other field employees.

As we neared the air base I radioed a code word to the undisguised Secret Service man at the operations building which told him he could inform Churchill's private pilot, Kelly Rogers, that it was time to bring the P. M.'s plane alongside the dock.

When we arrived at the field we drove to within a hundred feet of the dock. I asked the Prime Minister to remain in the car for a moment while I checked to see if everything was in order. As I walked to his plane I saw one of our agents, Howard Chandler, grappling with an armed BOAC guard at the very door of the craft. Howard had the situation well in hand as I reached him. As he rushed the guard by me, Chandler said, "This jerk wants to shoot Churchill!"

In his hand Chandler carried a gun which he had taken from the guard. I signaled a couple of "baggage smashers" to take the

guard in tow and Chandler gave me this oral report: "I noticed this guard—he's American, by the way—I noticed him standing near the entrance to the plane, which seemed all right, except that he was muttering and talking to himself. I sort of eased up behind and beside him and he was saying, 'I'm going to kill that bastard Churchill. I'm going to kill him.' So I took him before he could do any harm."

We put the guard in a near-by automobile and I walked back to Churchill's car and said, "Everything's fine, sir." He had not seen the scuffle. We walked to the plane. He shook hands with me and said good-by. I watched him fly off. He was totally unaware, and probably still is, that he had been within one minute of assassination. Only the intelligence of a young Secret Service man, Howard Chandler, saved him. I was very happy to help young Chandler get a big raise as a reward for his alertness—that is, a big raise in the Secret Service. Almost six bucks a week.

The guard was later judged insane and committed. It was found he had made an effort to get an American soldier into the plot to shoot Churchill.

In August of 1942, the Boss sent for me and outlined his famous and secret inspection trip. "Mike, I want to see everything I can, from coast to coast. Here are the places I'd like to visit, and you get together with the Army and fix it up. I'd like to leave in the middle of September."

When preliminary arrangements had been made I decided I would do the survey work ahead of the Boss. Before I left I asked him if he had any further orders: "No," he said, "but I really do want to see everything and if you run across anything particularly interesting I wish you'd add it to the itinerary." I told him I would, and as I was saying good-by he suddenly said: "The trip

will take me through Seattle. I want to see the children [Sistie and Buzzie, his grandchildren] and the Boeing plant and maybe Fort Lewis. And, Mike," he continued, stressing each word, "you may hear of some activity along our route in the central part of the state of Washington. I do not want to go there under any condition. Remember that, now!"

It was not until 1945 that I realized why he was so insistent about avoiding central Washington. After we took him to Hyde Park for the very last time, I joined the Navy and was assigned to Seattle as an intelligence officer. My wife and I drove to my new post and we stopped at a little gasoline station along the road near Hanford in central Washington. While the attendant was working on the car he asked us, "What do you think of that there atomic bomb they just dropped?"

"What atomic bomb?"

"Why, Lieutenant, they just about blew half of Japan into the Pacific Ocean with one single bomb. They call 'em atomic bombs and they make 'em right here in Hanford, Washington."

The entire 1942 trip was "off the record" until its completion. Security was not the only reason. As much as the Boss wanted to see American production in action, he was just as anxious not to slow up that production with flattering but pointless parades and receptions. The co-operation of the press and radio was again superb, because, as I have pointed out before, nobody can keep a President's movements secret very long.

I had already informed the owners—not the executives—of the factories in Detroit that they were to have FDR as a visitor at such and such a time and they were to tell no one.

As we drove through the plants we Secret Service men would hear the sweetest sounds our ears could catch in those tense days,

As we passed the first machines a worker would look up and say, "Geez, Mamie, look. It's Roosevelt!" We kept hearing that charming phrase from coast to coast.

Politics is politics, so even though our trip was a military secret ten or a dozen governors had to be invited to ride in the President's car in some part of their own state. And that went for Republican governors as well as Democratic. Part of my advance work was handling the job of getting the governors where they were wanted with a minimum of publicity, which is a neat trick with governors. My methods were crude, but effective.

We had Secret Service operatives in the field run a rough shadow on each governor, so we could find him when he was wanted. The night before the President was to arrive I would give the Governor a telephone call. Usually at about 3:00 A.M. If some servant or relative wanted to know the nature of my call I'd put the fear of God into him by saying that I was calling for So-and-so, the state political boss. That got the governors out of bed and to the phone.

"Governor," I'd say, "this is Mike Reilly."

"Hello, Mike, how are you? Mike who?"

"Reilly."

"Let's see now, Mike, we met at . . . at . . ."

"We never met anywhere, Governor. I'm from the Secret Service."

"Oh, the Secret Service." Even governors are not too familiar with the exact duties of the Secret Service, and when they heard "Secret Service" on the telephone at three in the morning you could almost feel them giving their consciences a fast run-down.

"Governor," I'd continue, "I'd like to come up and see you."

"Any time, Mr. Reilly, any time."

"Right now, if you don't mind. It's important."

"It certainly must be at 3:00 A.M. Come on over."

When I was alone with the Governor I'd tell him the President was coming. Very, very relieved, the Governor would ask, "When will Franklin be here?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"Why didn't I know sooner, Mike? I could have made a real splurge for good old Franklin."

"That's just what we want to avoid, sir. We'll pick you up at 6:00 A.M. Now, would you call the Superintendent of your State Troopers for me. I want to borrow a few motorcycle cops."

The Boss went off on another inspection trip in the spring of '43. It was highlighted by the first visit to Mexico of an American president. The entire journey, of course, was off the record and again we got superb co-operation from press and radio. However, the hundreds of thousands of soldiers guarding his railroad route were a tip-off all along the way. And where the soldiers didn't point out what was happening, Fala, The Informer, did by promenading at railroad stations, bowing right and left.

We Secret Service men were none too happy about the jaunt south of the border, where we knew a strong pro-Vichy and pro-Nazi colony flourished. I went down to Mexico early in April to look around and make arrangements for the meeting at Monterrey between the Boss and Mexico's President Manuel Ávila Camacho.

The Mexican Army assigned General Eulogio Ortiz to work on security arrangements, and the General was a tough old hombre if I ever saw one. The General had been Chief of Staff

to Pancho Villa, where he had distinguished himself in many ways, including hanging fifty men to exactly fifty telephone poles in one afternoon. The General also loved to fight, and he was always telling me hopefully, "I weesh I could join your Army and fight with General MacArthur. He is the greatest general of all the generals."

His lust for war and his admiration for MacArthur did not keep him from being a thorough workman. We went over our lists and agreed that there were exactly fifty-four ladies and gentlemen in Mexico who had such marked Nazi and Vichy sympathies that we could spare their presence during the Boss's visit.

The General looked over the list and said, "Ho, Mike, theese is very bod peoples. But don't you worry, Mikey boy. You just leeve it all to me. I'll get reed of them—*personally*." His eyes glittered happily as he said he would get rid of them "personally." I could see the Boss's parade route littered with Ortiz's *personally* decorated telephone poles, so I talked him into a compromise.

"Hokay, Mikey boy, if you want eet that way. I'll have them watched every minute. But it's very seely."

FDR was headed south and due in Mexico in forty-eight hours when a terrific train wreck occurred along the route he was to take. I immediately contacted the head of the Mexican Secret Service, a very bright gent, indeed.

"Chief," I said, "I don't like this train wreck along the President's route. Somebody might have gotten just a little premature."

"You're right, Mike," he said, "I don't like it either."

"I can always fly him in," I told the Chief. "But I don't like to

unless I have to." Actually, I had already called General Harold George of the Air Transport Command, and asked him to get a couple of his big C-54's ready, just in case.

The Chief argued, "Let's take a look at this wreck and see what happened. We're pretty proud of our railroads down here, and if you flew Mr. Roosevelt in it would give them a black eye. And your obvious worry about a plot in Mexico makes it look bad for all of us."

That was true, of course. The President was coming down to Mexico on a good-will trip so it would be a very bad Secret Service man who complicated the President's mission by a piece of heavy-handed stupidity. I agreed to investigate the wreck with the Chief, but I was determined to call on General George's C-54's if our investigation did not turn up a pretty sound reason for the wreck.

At the scene of the wreck the Chief did a first-class job of investigating. Finally he gave me his findings. "Here it is, Mike," he said. "The fireman and the engineer had a couple of girl friends about six miles back. They stopped their train for a little amour and a lot of tequila. When they finished their dalliance and their drinking they climbed back aboard the engine, happy but a little loaded. They decided to make up the time they had lost and when they hit this curve they were going so fast the train ran right off the tracks. It was no plot—just wine, women, and song."

The President went all the way by train. A train driven by nondrinking elderly Mexicans.

Shortly after our return to Washington from Monterrey, one of the military aides to President Ávila Camacho of Mexico tried to assassinate him in Mexico City. The aide, who was pro-Nazi,

had ridden with Ávila Camacho and Roosevelt in Monterey. He was shot and killed by a Mexican Secret Service man.

In May of 1943 Churchill paid another visit to the White House. It was generally supposed it was to be a preamble to the meeting of FDR, Churchill, and Stalin. It later was arranged that the Boss and Stalin would meet without the English P. M., but when Marshal Stalin found he could not spare the time from his armies it was decided the Anglo-American Joint Chiefs of Staff could well stand another get-together with FDR and Churchill. The Boss, with the rugged heat of summertime Washington in mind, suggested Quebec, and the date was early September.

These plans were upset when the Sicilian campaign came off so well and when, on July 25, Mussolini's government collapsed completely. Churchill proposed the meeting for early August, and on August 11 the Joint Chiefs met with their eyes probably on the beaches of Normandy. The Boss couldn't make it until the seventeenth of August, so Churchill dropped in on him at Hyde Park early that month and then proceeded on to Canada to await the President.

As usual, I made a survey trip before the Boss left Washington. I was given some rather special instructions by FDR before I left. "Mike," the Boss told me without elaboration, "make sure I have a separate map room from that of the Prime Minister while I'm in Quebec." If the P. M. was having none of FDR's map room on American soil, FDR was having none of Churchill's on British soil.

I arranged to have the Boss's map room set up sixty feet away from Churchill's in the Citadel, although I got rather pointed proof that Canada was not exactly British soil so far as the Canadian Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, was concerned.

Mr. King invited me for a walk near the Citadel, which was not only the home of Canada's Governor General, but also the site of the impending conference. The Prime Minister was an old friend of the Boss's and a familiar face around Hyde Park. As we walked, Mr. King looked into the sky and stopped in his tracks.

"Wait a minute, Mike," said Mr. King. "Just what is that?" He pointed to the flags atop the Citadel. A British flag was flying there, a couple of feet above the American and Canadian flags that flanked it. The Canadian Prime Minister spluttered somewhat incoherently for a second and said, "Wait here, please. I'll be back in a minute."

It took more than a minute, but not much more. As I waited I saw a man lower the British flag until it flew at a height exactly equal to the American and Canadian. Mr. King returned, surveyed the new flag arrangement with a satisfied grunt, and picked up the conversation where it had dropped.

The President's trip to Quebec was uneventful, although good old Fala managed to eradicate all hopes of keeping the journey a secret from at least the entire population of Montreal. The presidential train made a brief operating stop at the Park Avenue station in Montreal, and a large crowd was attracted by the Canadian police on duty there and by what the Canadian newspapers later called "burly" Secret Service men. Nobody in the crowd knew for certain what was up, but The Informer insisted upon a walk, and that was that.



Casablanca Bound

LATE IN 1942 it was obvious to us at the White House that FDR did not have his mind on the work at hand. On November 7, eleven months to the day after Pearl Harbor, we knew why the Boss had spent so much time in the map room and why his answers were sometimes pretty vague. The President had been sweating out the North African landings.

A month later I was told that the Boss wanted to see me the next morning at 8:00 A.M. I found him sitting up in bed, finishing the remnants of his personally brewed coffee. He greeted me with a cheerful "Good morning." He began to grin, obviously in anticipation of the effect his next sentence would have on me. "Mike," he said, "I have to go to Africa."

I gulped, "Africa, Mr. President?" with about the same inflections as if it had been, "The moon, Mr. President?"

"Yes, Africa. Churchill and his Chiefs of Staff are going and our Chiefs of Staff will be there, too. We want to see if we can get the French fighting for France instead of battling one another. We are trying to get Stalin to come. But I won't go any further than Casablanca to meet him. And, Mike, there are many other reasons why I must go."

"You have undoubtedly thought this out from every angle, Mr. President," I replied. "But there is grave risk, human beings

and machines being what they are. But, if you feel you must go, we will make it as safe as we can."

"Mike, I have to do it."

"All right, Mr. President. We'll get you over and we'll get you back." I hope I sounded more confident than I was.

The Boss continued, "I do not care where we stay; out in the desert in tents if you think that is necessary. Only our Chiefs of Staff and John McCrea [FDR's naval aide] know about it. I haven't even told Steve [Early] or any of the others around here. When you get over there, work with Patton and Mark Clark. I have no other instructions except I do want to see President Vargas of Brazil on my return trip."

"Very well, sir," I said. "I'll take care of the details—but please play it our way."

"Mike, I will." And he did, too, although I know we were terrible pests.

It is an old Secret Service bromide that a thing is either a secret or it is no secret. A whispered, off-the-record phrase that the President will leave the country is as damaging as a published itinerary. Captain McCrea knew about the trip, which was all right with me; there wasn't much I could do about the Chiefs of Staff, and I had to tell one more man, General Harold C. George, commanding general of the Air Transport Command. Eventually some of my men would have to know what was up, but I could tell them at the last moment. I was not quite sure when the President would leave, but I knew I had about a month of sitting on a torrid secret. Captain McCrea, General George, and I got together and selected the type of planes, their pilots, and worked out the route and schedule to and from Casablanca.

We agreed that the President would travel by train to Miami,

after first making a jaunt north into Maryland so people would think he was taking just another trip to Hyde Park. The train engineer wouldn't know where he was going when he was summoned from his home a half hour before departure time. The train, on its trip south, would not be scheduled as "presidential special" but merely as "special."

In Miami the Boss would be smuggled off before dawn and put aboard a special Pan American Clipper, under lease to Navy. Pan American employees would be excused the day before departure, and no planes would be permitted to land at the base until the party had departed.

I would arrange other security measures in the course of my survey trip before the Boss departed. The very core of my security plans, from the day I learned of the journey, was that the movement must be an absolute secret. I insisted that nobody save the commanding general or admiral at a base to be visited was to know the true nature of the mission that would follow and that I would do the notifying as I preceded the Boss over the route. I was reasonably sure I had the thing under control as I awaited information from FDR about his departure time.

In mid-December I got a phone call at the White House. It was a Washington cab driver. "Are you Mike Reilly, the guy in charge of the Secret Service at the White House?" he asked. I told him I was. "Well, I got some important information for you. It's about the President taking a trip."

"What trip?" I asked. "He isn't taking any, but I'd be very grateful if you'd come right over to the White House and tell me what you know."

"Can I get in?"

"I'll say you can, brother, come on over."

I was pretty certain the driver had picked up a leak. It's an old tale to every investigative agent. It's the story of the elevator and the taxicab. A group of people who wish to hold a secret conference invariably will select their meeting place with great care; they will search every corner of the room for hidden listening devices; lookouts will be posted; and the conference will be held in hushed voices. When the conference is concluded, the conferees will walk silently through the corridor, but the minute they enter an elevator they immediately begin discussing their secrets, ignoring the operator. When the elevator reaches the lobby the conferees shut up like so many Ipswich clams until they enter a taxi, where the discussion continues, despite the stranger at the wheel. It's just human nature, and it has been used to great advantage by many a government agent, friendly and not so friendly. So I was reasonably certain my driver knew something, but I didn't know how much.

The driver and I sat down, and I assured him as nonchalantly as I could that there was nothing to the story of the Boss leaving the country, but I wanted to check up on what was being said. Had his fares said where FDR was going?

"Casablanca, wherever that is!"

I hadn't felt like that since I got my last kick in the stomach playing football, but I made a great to-do about trying to remember whether Casablanca was in South America or Australia. I tsk-tsked a couple of times about the gullibility of gossipers and asked him to tell me the whole story.

"I picked up a couple of dames—very well dressed they was, too—in front of Garfinckel's [a very chi-chi Washington department store]. As soon as they settle back in the cab they started gabbing and I knew they was limeys. One of them says to the

other, 'My dear, I have something to tell you, but you mustn't tell a soul. The President is going to Casablanca to meet our Prime Minister. But don't tell a soul.' I called you as soon as I left 'em off."

I checked the address, and it was the home of one of the most distinguished members of the British press corps in America and a man known to be extremely close to the British Embassy here. I got out some photographs and the driver picked out the talker. It was the man's wife. I thanked the driver and assured him that there was nothing to her story. Only in America could a humble taxi driver possess such information and still walk the streets, but that is one of the nice things about America even if it does make things tough for the Secret Service agents.

When the driver left I was sizzling. The President hadn't told his most trusted aides, I didn't dare tell my own assistants, and here was a Washington hackman telling me something that was supposed to be a super-super secret. I called the British Embassy and asked for an appointment with the Ambassador. I must have sounded urgent, because I was told he would see me immediately.

I told the story to the Ambassador and, when I had finished, he was a very sick-looking man. "Yes, Mr. Reilly, the husband of the woman you name has full knowledge of the trip," the Ambassador admitted. "Would you mind seeing this man and cautioning him against discussing this journey with anyone, even his wife? You might ask him to ask his wife to stop discussing it also," the Ambassador said, wearily.

"Mr. Ambassador, in view of the fact that this newspaperman got this information—which not only endangers the President, but the Prime Minister and the combined Chiefs of Staff, and

therefore the entire war effort—here in the British Embassy, I am afraid that it is your responsibility to shut him and his wife up. Not mine. Also, I cannot discuss the matter with the newsman without the President's permission."

The Ambassador, who was a lovely gentleman, nodded helplessly and said he agreed and would take care of the matter immediately.

The next day FDR called me and told me he would leave for Africa on January 9, 1943. He then asked, "Where is George Durno, Mike?" I told him the last I had heard of George he was a captain in the Air Transport Corps, stationed at Hickam Field. Durno had been International News Service's White House correspondent for seventeen years.

"I want you to arrange to have George sent to Africa to act in Steve Early's place as press relations secretary for the trip. Officially you can list him as in charge of baggage. That will put me even with Churchill for his 'historians.' I have to leave Steve at home because I'll need him here. I'm going to have some fun with Steve and Pa Watson, by sneaking away without either of them knowing I'm gone." He managed to do that, by the way, as both of them reported for duty as usual on Monday, January 11, and found the Boss's bedroom deserted. At the moment he was flying the Atlantic.

I was about to leave on the survey trip and now I had to pass on the information. I told Guy H. Spaman, my assistant, and the White House transportation expert, Dewey Long, of the Boss's plans. They were to tell Frank Masi and Harry Karr that we would transport the President to Miami. Masi and Karr were, respectively, general passenger agents for the Atlantic Coast Line and the Pennsylvania Railroad. On January 7, 1943, two

days before departure, Masi and Karr were told to make up a train consisting of the President's private car, one Pullman sleeper car, one combination club baggage car, and the President's communication car. They were not to consider the train as a presidential special and must not issue any instructions that would cause speculation. The President's Navy mess attendants from the *Potomac* would perform the services ordinarily rendered by the Pullman porters and no porters would be required. The train was to depart from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing secret railroad siding at 10:00 P.M. on January 9, traveling north, ostensibly to Hyde Park, as far as a siding just south of Fort Meade, Maryland. It would remain there one hour, then travel south over the Atlantic Coast Line and arrive at the isolated railroad siding at 27th Avenue and Dixie Highway, Miami, Florida at 5:45 A.M. on January 11.

It was time for me to get moving on the survey. General Harold C. George assigned Captain Hi Broyles and Captain Ralph Reed to pilot me to Africa in a converted B-24.

We took off from an isolated airstrip in Washington at day-break. In a secret pocket I carried a letter from the President, addressed to all commanding officers, saying I was his personal representative and any request I made for co-operation was to be considered as a personal request from the President.

After checking things in Miami, we flew the 1410 miles to Trinidad, British West Indies. There I drew up security plans for the President's overnight stay at Trinidad. Diplomatic protocol reared its head at Trinidad. Could, or should, the President visit a British Possession without receiving a call from the British Governor General? I asked the officer who brought the matter

up to forget he had thought of it and the President would receive the call on his return trip.

At Belém, Brazil, I made arrangements to disembark the President from his Clipper at an isolated point in the Pará River. Three hours later he would take off and cross the Atlantic to Bathurst, Gambia, in Western Africa.

Arrangements completed at Belém, we flew to Natal, Brazil, where I conferred with Vice-Admiral Jonas Ingram. Admiral Ingram ordered the U.S.S. *Memphis* to proceed immediately to Bathurst, Africa, to stand by to house the President and his party. Bathurst is a disease-infested port with no suitable living accommodations. Admiral Ingram assigned surface patrols and air rescue units consisting of seaplanes and blimps to patrol the seas over which the Boss would fly. German submarines were intensely active at that time. Bombers and transport planes being ferried across the Atlantic had been shot down by Nazi submarine antiaircraft during this period.

Some of the mechanics and ground force personnel at Paranamirin Field in Natal were civilian natives who only a few weeks before had been employees of the German-owned Condor lines, so I left instructions with Agent Peterson to make sure they had nothing to do with servicing the President's aircraft.

At Natal I inspected the Pan American Airways base where the President was to disembark from his plane. I started to walk out on the pier, when I saw a man at its end looking over a Clipper lashed to the pier. It was Walter Winchell, then on Navy duty. I quickly ducked into a near-by warehouse, out the opposite side, into my car, and got out of there pronto. Winchell was a great friend of FDR's, a frequent presidential visitor, and

I knew my maneuvers were unnecessary. Just reflex action I guess.

Things had gone along perfectly as I broke a trail for the Boss down this side of the Atlantic. Now we were ready for the trip across to Africa. I had absolutely no trouble controlling my enthusiasm for my first transatlantic flight. Captain Broyles had loaded his B-24 to the gills with gasoline, and at 11:00 P.M. we took off from Parnamirin Field, bound for Bathurst and due there at dawn.

When we had been out over the Atlantic about an hour, I was sitting comfortably on the port side marveling at the flames that were shooting back from the engine superchargers. Suddenly a geyser seemed to break out of the wing. It was gasoline shooting wild and free into the black night.

I went forward immediately and told Broyles and Reed, his copilot. Reed, a 15,000-hour man, returned with me and looked gloomily at the spouting gasoline. "Oh, brother, we're in for it now," he said, confirming my worst suspicions. "We've blown a gas tank cap. We'll have to use up most of the gas and try to make it back to Natal and a night landing." Reed opened the machine-gun port on the starboard side to let air into the cabin and returned to the controls, leaving us with our thoughts and what amounted to a gasoline bath. The highly inflammable liquid was seeping inside the plane and soon the floor and insulation of the cabin were dripping with 110-octane gas. We were sitting right in the middle of a flying bomb which needed only a spark to blow it into smithereens. I sat there fascinated by the grisly picture of gasoline flowing past the red-hot superchargers in the left wing.

The picture was evidently a little too much for the nerves of

a hitch-hiking ground force Colonel sitting in the back. After about three and a half hours of flying the Colonel told the rest of us in the cabin, "I'm going to pull my rank on those pilots and tell them what to do." He started forward toward the cockpit, only to be checked midway by a Navy Air Arm Commander. The Commander swung his legs indolently across the passageway and drawled to his superior, "Colonel, sir, if you try to go any farther I'm going to flatten you."

The Colonel surveyed his junior officer and decided that Navy meant it. He returned to his seat in the back of the plane, which was a great relief to all the Secret Service boys because the Commander had given us an idea. He would have had all necessary aid in his flattening project.

After five hours in the air, Broyles decided to try a landing at Natal. He didn't dare use his radio lest a spark blow us up. It was the same with his landing lights, so he had to come into a blacked-out field unidentified. Broyles made a perfect landing, cutting his motors as we hit the strip. When the plane stopped we piled out in a hurry. I said a quick Hail Mary, and we had our first drink on what we all considered borrowed time. I had another drink immediately when the quiet, unemotional Broyles casually mentioned that that had been the most dangerous five hours he had ever spent in the air.

The plane was refueled, and this time the crew chief personally saw to it that the gasoline tank caps were firmly tightened.

Major General C. R. Smith, Chief of Staff of the ATC, met us at Yumdum Field at Bathurst, where we hastily disembarked to avoid the prying eyes of British security officers.

General Smith, Agent Deckard, and I inspected the docking facilities and route the President would follow at Bathurst. Re-

turning to Yumдум Field, we were stopped by a stern British sentry at the gates of the airport. The guard demanded our passes. "I am General Smith," said the American.

"Nevertheless, you must have a pass to enter this field," said the sentry.

Smith took out a scratch pad and scribbled, "Pass C. R. Smith and party" and signed his name. He handed it to the sentry, who gravely inspected it and said, "You may pass."

We planned taking off early in the morning. That night we whiled away the time with a little poker in a Quonset hut. The game was kibitzed by rats the size of Airedales. As the session was breaking up, an officer dropped in to tell us that the British security officers were looking for the "bloody Yanks who got off the plane that morning without being inspected."

No matter how honorable their motives, I wanted as little of British intelligence and security men as possible. Broyles and Reed knew who we were, but the crew thought we were State Department specialists. I wanted to keep that illusion as general as possible, so I asked Broyles if he thought we could make a getaway without benefit of inspection.

"We're on our way," was his answer as he scampered off to get his crew and warm up the plane. When we sneaked onto the field we were challenged by a right proper British officer who demanded our papers. We gave him as phony a set of diplomatic credentials and passports as ever passed through his well-manicured fingers.

Then he asked, "Have you been vaccinated against smallpox and yellow fever, and can you prove it?" We hadn't time for the vaccinations, we told him.

"That's frightfully stupid, you know," he said, happily. "Your

State Department chaps should have known better than to let you leave. Not even ambassadors travel unvaccinated, you know. I'm teddibly sorreh, but you cahn't go on until you've all had your shots. All of them!"

He and Deckard promptly got into a frightful argument. So frightful, in fact, that Rowley, Willard, and I were able to sneak over to the tiny portion of the field allotted to American aircraft. Broyles had the plane there. I yelled, "Come on, Hi, let's get out of here before we all wind up in an English jail."

"Okay, I'm ready," said Broyles, "but where's Deckard?"

"He's a sacrificial goat," I answered. "Let's get going." So we roared away, headed for friendly American territory at Casablanca, leaving poor Deckard to take our medicine and his shots. Deckard rejoined us two weeks later with harrowing tales of the boredom of Bathurst, which was relieved only by occasional leopards loping up and down the runway.



Casablanca

LIEUTENANT GENERAL MARK CLARK met us when we landed at Casablanca and told me what was going on in and around that old town. As he talked I dreamily remembered the not too distant past when the entire Detail fretted because the President was so careless of his own safety as to want to go to a ball game at Griffith Stadium.

Clark's best research indicated that the bid and asked price on murder among the natives was so close to ten dollars, American money, that there was never much haggling when somebody wanted somebody else done in. Casablanca was crawling with Nazi agents, and near-by neutral Spanish Morocco was shooting at all aircraft except those bearing swastikas. Only two weeks before my arrival the Luftwaffe killed hundreds in the native quarter with their bombs.

As for the French, Clark said my guess was as good as his about what they would do next. At the moment they were so busy fighting among themselves it seemed unlikely that they could possibly leave off long enough to concentrate on either Nazi or Ally. Since my departure from the States, added Clark, Admiral François Darlan had been assassinated.

Generals Clark, George Patton, and I agreed that the best place to hold the conference and house the conferees and their staffs.

totaling nearly one thousand persons, was the Anfa, a resort hotel in the suburbs of Casablanca. In addition to the hotel proper, there were fourteen extremely modern villas on the grounds. They were occupied by wealthy French Moroccans or refugees from Europe. These villas plus the hotel were to be requisitioned, and it was finally agreed that the three thousand servants would be kept on under Army supervision and pay. Two days before the Boss was due the villas were turned over to us with what might easily be called reluctance.

While waiting to get into the Anfa rooms and villas the boys and I lived in foul hotels, not daring to risk meeting a war correspondent or soldier friend around the decent hotels. We ate out of our suitcases for the same reason.

The night the buildings were evacuated the Engineer Corps did a miraculous job, enclosing an area one mile in diameter with heavy barbed wire. They couldn't make it a complete circle without wiring in the Sultan of Morocco and his harem, so they had to zigzag the wire at one point to exclude the Royal Palace. The compound was patrolled by the Third Battalion of Patton's Armored Corps. It was a crack outfit, composed in the main of bright youngsters from San Francisco. There was only one entrance to the compound, and nobody came or went unless he was recognized by the Captain of the Military Guard or the Secret Service Agent-in-Charge.

We had to make sure that our departed, unwilling hosts had left no mementos. Mine detectors checked the entire area; buildings were searched for listening devices or bombs, and the residences of the President and the Prime Minister were tested for any radioactive substances by the Geiger Counter. We removed a hair-raising collection of dirks, daggers, and assorted carving

instruments from the Arab servant population, which was now confined to the area day and night. This last set very badly with the servants and they were always vainly attempting to climb over, or pass notes through, the fence. These notes, when translated, usually turned out to be apologies for being unable to meet Fatima ali Baba that evening.

Food and liquors to be used by the P. M. and the Boss were tested by medical officers and then placed under heavy guard, as were the two villas to be occupied by the two leaders. Armor plates were requisitioned from the French battleship *Jean Bart*, which had been immobilized on November 8 by the U.S.S. *Massachusetts*. These plates, plus sandbags and cement, were used to build an air raid shelter in a swimming pool fifteen feet from the Boss's bedroom.

Heavy anti-aircraft batteries were deployed around the area. Fighter plane units based at near-by fields reinforced radar-equipped British night fighters. Navy set up special surface patrols in the near-by Atlantic.

We had done everything possible to keep the conference a secret. We had arranged every thinkable precaution to protect the rich targets that would be meeting temptingly close to German lines and airfields. Now we must do everything possible to keep the Nazis from learning anything, assuming they were still unaware of what was going on. Diplomatic couriers from neutral nations were baffled to find that they could go no farther than Casablanca. Long-distance telephones were arbitrarily put out of service, censorship was iron-clad, and certain forms of communication to the outside world were stopped altogether. When we had finished a dead silence rose between the world and Casablanca.

Fully aware of the strong German spy system working in Casablanca, we attempted to find out what was being said and done in native quarters. Army and Navy intelligence men and Secret Service operatives circulated in disguise. They found Casablanca steaming with rumors: De Gaulle was there, Mussolini had come over to surrender, so, too, had the King of Italy, even Hitler, but to our great comfort practically no mention of Churchill and not a single word about Roosevelt. This stepped-up Allied spying uncovered plots to assassinate General Clark and the U. S. Minister to North Africa, Robert Murphy.

In case we were bombed out of Casablanca we had duplicated our security setup in every detail at Marrakech, approximately 120 miles from Casablanca. This bombing was always possible, as there was bitter warfare being waged not too far away.

On Thursday, January 12, FDR was due at Medouina Airport, Casablanca. We knew he was on schedule and I told Army headquarters that only General Clark and I would meet him. One colonel looked so unhappy at that polite ultimatum that I invited him along. After all, what was one colonel more or less in Casablanca? This particular young man was named Elliott Roosevelt.

At 6:20 P.M., on schedule to the very minute, Major Otis Bryan brought his big C-54 swishing down a runway, to conclude the first presidential transatlantic air crossing and, incidentally, the first presidential air trip. The plane taxied quickly to a parking area in a deserted part of the field and we whipped the camouflage off the special ramp we had had built. I ran up the ramp and into the plane. The Boss looked as well as I had ever seen him and he greeted me with, "Mike, I had a wonderful trip."

Possibly my reply was somewhat emotional, but that's the

way I felt, and why should I be the first unemotional Irishman? "Mr. President," I gushed, "you will never know what a relief it is to see you. We have made everything here as safe as possible. Please get your business over as fast as you possibly can. Otherwise some of your finest generals will have to be retired with ulcers. Even my cast-iron stomach has taken to quivering."

The Boss grinned a most sympathetic grin and said, "Mike, I'll get this over with as soon as I can. Now stop worrying!"

I had arranged for the rest of the party to remain in the plane and be flown to another airfield near Casablanca, so Bryan took off as we bundled the Boss into an armored car. I realized what a complete pest I was being, but I didn't particularly care. My job was protecting FDR and it would have to be done as best I knew how with no thought at all about the comforts of others and very little about the comfort of the Boss, himself. If they didn't like it, it was just too bad. I felt a little silly wearing civilian clothes, anyhow.

The President was installed at Anfa in Villa No. 2, called "Dar es Saada." It was super, super modernistic. There were sunken black tile bathtubs, and enormous beds. It was just about everything anybody might demand in the way of a play house. I took the Boss on an inspection tour through the lush mansion and, when it was completed, he grinned and asked, "Mike, what did you do with the madame and the red curtains?"

I took him outside and showed him the air raid shelter we had built. He looked at it and said dourly, "If you expect to get me into that thing, Mike, you had better come in swinging." Later he met his G. I. staff of mess sergeants and all others who might have contact with him. I briefed him on the mechanism of the alarm system we had installed and showed him how the but-

tons by his bed and his armchair worked. I left him and within a half hour Churchill came over. The combined Chiefs of Staffs filed in after him, and the Casablanca Conference was on.

On Saturday, after two days of endless conferring, a little party was in order in the President's villa, particularly because Franklin, Jr., and Elliott Roosevelt were on hand.

A bartender was needed, and the Secret Service, speaking very officially and, I suppose, very rudely, insisted that none of the local Arab or Moroccan talent was going to serve such an interesting group of Axis targets. The problem was finally turned over to Admiral H. Kent Hewitt, in hopes that one of his sailor boys had been an ex-barman in the States. None had, or none chose to admit it, but one youngster in his early twenties finally volunteered as how he mixed a pretty fair drink.

While the guests were eating I thought I might as well talk to the young sailor-bartender. I learned he was a nice kid, pretty thrilled about his chance to see FDR, Churchill, and their entourage. I also learned that he didn't know a pony of brandy from a glass of beer. He was great on chocolate sodas, he said, but I knew the demand for them would be rather light that evening.

I was really worried about the youngster. He was such a nice boy and I knew he was in for a most humiliating experience when it turned out he had confused mixing drinks with jerking sodas. When dinner was finished the guests filed into the bar and I watched the kid's eyes glow as he recognized one famous person after another.

I was called away for a few minutes and when I returned I could hear the laughter fifty feet away. My poor little soda jerk was discovered! I walked in, figuring I might ease him out, only

to find him the center of the party, laughing shyly, but obviously very happy. Surrounding him and gaily explaining just how to mix drinks were such international bartenders as Winston Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Sr. and Jr., Harry Hopkins, Elliott Roosevelt, and a passel of unimportant three- and four-star generals and admirals. The kid wouldn't take a drink, but I knew he had more fun than anybody at the party, learning a new trade from such distinguished but enthusiastic amateurs.

We were within easy range of German bombers and it bothered me a great deal, even if the Boss pooh-poohed it as he pointed out the American planes overhead and the guns all around us. General George Patton was on my side, and he and I sat for hours discussing what we might do further to insure FDR's safety. One night—it was fully 3:00 A.M.—Patton stormed into my room. "Mike," he said in his high-pitched voice, "we've got some reports that the Heinies know the President is here, and they're coming after him. Mike, you've got to get Roosevelt the hell out of Casablanca."

The General and I were good friends, and I knew him well enough to know that, if he was frightened, I was automatically twice as scared.

"Mike, get him to hell out of Casablanca," the General repeated.

"I'd love to, General. Where'll I take him?"

"Marrakech."

"That's a hundred and twenty miles away, General. How about taking him into the desert?"

"Good God, no, Mike. They'd strafe his pants off in no time."

So we argued until the dawn. Finally Patton agreed, "I guess we'd better keep him here and pray those brass-hat sons of

bitches don't spend the rest of the month talking his ear off. Anyhow you've got that swimming pool air raid shelter right near his bedroom."

"That's right," I told him, "except the Boss swears he'll never go in it."

"Mike," said Patton, "if the Heinies come over to bomb or drop parachutists you go into the Boss's room, pick him up and carry him to that shelter, whether he likes it or not."

"That, sir, is exactly what I intend to do."

We decided to leave the matter to God and hope for the best. That's what we did, except about once in every eight hours Patton would come popping in to fret or to offer some suggestion designed to make God's task a little easier.

As a result of the German bomber-parachutist scare I got to wandering around "Dar es Saada," through most of the night, personally checking the guard. One night I spotted a shadowy figure, ambling along head down. The old bloodhound in me took charge and I stalked the intruder. I stepped from behind a bush, directly in his path, only to have Winston Churchill look up from his meditations and inquire blandly, "What's the matter, Mike, did you think I was some person of evil design?"

Agent Jack Willard and I were making an inspection tour of the area surrounding our compound when we came upon a group of Arabs talking earnestly. Willard grabbed my arm and, in his rich Alabama accent, said, "Mike, wait a minute. Look at that Arab over there."

I looked and he was just an Arab to me. "He looks like he's been eating regular and bathing more often than the other Arabs around. He's just another Arab to me," I said.

"Listen to him talk," said Willard.

"Sounds like Arabic to me, Jack, but I wouldn't know."

Jack walked up to the burnoosed Arab, touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Where you from, boy?"

"Why, Ah'm from Macon, Jojah," replied the Arab.

We really grilled the beaming gentleman from Georgia who had turned Arab. His story, which checked perfectly, was simply that he had come over with an American circus in 1920 and when the circus went broke our "Arab" stayed on because he liked the country. He had become a Moslem, learned the language perfectly, and had become a citizen of some stature in the local Arab world.

One evening after the President arrived I went to see Otis Bryan, the Boss's pilot, to tell him about a change in arrangements. I was slinking through his hotel lobby when I ran into Sammy Schulman, the International News Service photographer, whom I knew well in Washington.

"What are you doing here?" Sammy yelped. "Don't tell me. I know. When's he getting here? Or . . . don't tell me I missed him?"

"You didn't miss him, Sammy. He's getting here very soon and if you tell a single soul I'll . . . I'll . . . aw, please, Sammy, don't tell anybody you saw me."

"I won't, Mike. Don't worry." Oddly enough, I didn't worry and he didn't tell anybody. Two days later Sammy was to get his chance to photograph the Boss and the others when the press was invited for interviews and pictures.

You did not have to be a Secret Service man at Casablanca to know that General Charles de Gaulle was doing a pretty fair job of sulking up in England. He did not care much for our recognition of General Henri Giraud, and I've heard that he

was more than slightly wounded by the fact that numbered among the millions who were surprised by our landing in North Africa was one Charles de Gaulle.

I understand that Churchill finally persuaded De Gaulle to swallow his pet and fly to Casablanca to talk to FDR. When De Gaulle and his party arrived I took them in to the Boss. They were a serious lot, all of them. The General was sullen, never smiled, and he had that unmistakable attitude of a man toting a large chip on each shoulder. He and the President shook hands, then everybody left them alone together. That is everybody of any political consequence left. I stayed, half hidden among some drapes.

De Gaulle and the Boss started talking in French. The President was as earnest as I have ever seen him, but he had nothing on the General. I speak no French, so I understood nothing except occasional words that are similar in both languages. Such as De Gaulle's continuous repetition of the words, "ma dignité." The Boss talked on, quietly and earnestly, and De Gaulle answered sullenly. As the discussion, to give it its politest description, continued I needed no French to see what was going on. The President's Dutch chin was slowly, but surely, jutting closer and closer to De Gaulle's long nose as the "ma dignités" poured out of the General's bitter mouth.

I was just a Secret Service man charged with guarding the life of the President of the United States. I was no diplomat. So I saw before me the President of the United States in a hot argument with a man who thoroughly despised him. The man was six foot three, the President a cripple. So Charles de Gaulle has the distinction of being the only man in the world whose actions and my training made me conscience-bound to remove my pistol

from my holster and hold it unobtrusively in my hand for half an hour. Neither De Gaulle nor the Boss ever knew it.

That night I received an emergency call. I was wanted at the entrance to the compound immediately. When I got there I found a company of fully armed French infantrymen. The French captain commanding the infantrymen told me he had been sent by his commanding general to guard "an important French visitor" in the compound.

FDR and Churchill seemed unable at the moment to decide whether the French were for or against us, so this was no time for Reilly to assume France was anything more than the most casual of friends. I wanted no Trojan horses inside the compound, and I was determined that this French infantry company wasn't getting in, under any circumstances. However, I thought I would try a little diplomacy before calling on muscle. I smiled knowingly when the intelligence about the "important French visitor" was translated for me and replied in a semi-melodramatic whisper that I understood. "The important visitor is sleeping tonight at the home of the French General who lives almost a mile down the road," I said. "Does the Captain know which General I mean?"

The Captain listened to the translation, nodded knowingly, saluted smartly, and marched his troops down the road. The next morning I drove by the General's house and the troops were guarding it zealously, although their "important Frenchman" was sleeping in our compound at the moment.

The same day I saw the President perform a minor diplomatic coup. Churchill and Generals de Gaulle and Giraud were sitting with the Boss for pictures. The Generals avoided looking at each other and generally showed the same fine, trustful under-

standing that would mark a chance meeting between a mongoose and a cobra.

The pictures all looked as though they had been posed with each of the four statesmen wearing those old-fashioned head clamps photographers used in the '90's. Sammy Schulman, the INS photographer, was in the forefront of the group of cameramen valiantly and hopelessly trying to get a decent picture. The Boss realized the problem, so he whispered something to De Gaulle and Giraud. Both Generals looked startled. Startled as though the Boss had called them a dirty name. As the Frenchmen gazed transfixed into each other's eyes FDR turned to Sammy and said, "Sammy, why don't you make a picture of the Generals together?"

Sammy knew his French politics well enough to look as flabbergasted as Sammy could ever look, but he raised his camera and pointed it at the two Generals, who were now standing side by side and looking very bleak, indeed.

"No, no, Sammy, not that way," said the President. "Get a picture of them shaking hands."

Sammy looked at the Boss with a look that said plainly, "You get them shaking hands."

The Boss spoke briefly to the Generals, their hands reluctantly moved together, and a historic picture was made. A picture that proved cameras do lie and also proved to be a very valuable piece of Allied propaganda at a time when the Allies were in a spot where every little bit helped.

The Boss wanted to inspect the divisions of the Fifth Army which on January 21 were in an isolated area between Rabat and Port Lyautey, 110 miles from Casablanca. His presence in Africa was still a well-kept secret (the newsmen had not yet

been permitted to break the story), and I was worried what a 220-mile auto trip would do to our security, particularly when there were several villages along the route and no way of avoiding them.

I rode in a jeep driven by Sergeant Oran E. Lass, of Kansas City. In the jeep with me were Agents James Beary and John Marshall, and we drove immediately ahead of the Boss, who was in an armored sedan. When we approached a village—at a very good clip, too—I would stand up in the front of the jeep and point excitedly to the heavens while Beary and Marshall craned their necks to see what I was pointing at. So did the Frenchmen and Arabs on the sidewalks, and before they realized there was nothing going on up above it was too late to see who was in the car behind the crazy Americans.

On the way back we varied the theme, with Beary pretending to fall out of the speeding jeep while Marshall and I made frantic efforts to save him.

Mr. Stalin logically claimed he was a little too busy to come to Casablanca, so the President flew home in easy stages, spending his sixty-first birthday, January 30, flying the last leg of a trip that had covered 14,000 miles. Certainly it was precedent-shattering. No president had ever been so far from the United States, no president had ever flown across the Atlantic, and certainly no president had ever sat down with his allies and military leaders so close to a foreign battlefield.

Being charged with the President's safety and comfort, we Secret Service men learned a lot of things from the long trip by air. Because the Boss couldn't use normal steps, it was necessary to build ramps wherever his plane was to land, and they were an absolute giveaway to any enemy agents or in German

aerial reconnaissance pictures of our airfields. The President liked to travel because he was a tireless landscape watcher. In a plane his view was limited and he quickly became restless. He was powerless to fight this restlessness because he couldn't move around as the rest of us could. So, with those things in mind, I went out to the West Coast to contribute my ideas to the construction of a special C-54 for his use. The special plane had a tiny elevator installed so that the Boss could be raised and lowered in and out of the plane, thus eliminating those giveaway ramps. It had a private cabin for him with a specially built window that enabled him to see more of the surrounding country. It was important for security reasons that the plane should look like any other C-54, so the elevator attachment was invisible from the ground and the large window was so ingeniously built that from the outside of the plane it looked identical to any other C-54 window amidships.

Incidentally, the President was by no means an airplane fan. He used planes because of their speed and, oddly enough, because it was my opinion that he was safer in a perfectly built and flown airplane than he was in sub-infested waters or riding along thousands of miles of even well-guarded railroad tracks. Rough weather aloft was particularly hard on him because he could never brace himself against the bumps and jolts with his legs as we could. And, although he never spoke of it, he must have realized that he had no chance of crawling from a plane wreck.



Uncle Joe Is Ready

ON NOVEMBER 2, 1943, the President told me he was going to Cairo to meet with Churchill and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and hoped he could talk with Stalin. Because of the uneasy Russo-Japanese peace he knew that Uncle Joe could not be persuaded to come to Cairo if Chiang was there, but the Boss was optimistic about the chances of sitting down somewhere with the Marshal.

"Cordell Hull is in Moscow now," FDR told me. "He is trying to make the arrangements for a meeting between Stalin and me. The Secretary will be returning home soon, so you had better get over to Africa and meet him on his way back. Whatever he has been able to arrange will be all right with me."

Because of the extraordinary amount of air travel the Boss would have to undergo in Africa, it was decided to spare him two transatlantic plane journeys. He would board the giant U.S.S. *Iowa* off Norfolk and we hoped that her immense speed and her destroyer escort would be too much for any German subs that might come across the *Iowa's* path by accident or design.

Captain John L. McCrea, commanding officer of the *Iowa*, General Harold C. George of Air Transport Command, and I drew up a schedule for the President. He would depart from

Quantico, Virginia, aboard the U.S.S. *Potomac*, the presidential yacht, transfer to the *Iowa* in Chesapeake Bay, and sail to Oran, Algeria. An ATC land plane would fly him from Oran to Tunis, where he would remain overnight; then fly on to Cairo. We arranged an alternative route just in case: the *Iowa* would take him to Dakar, and from there he would fly over the African jungle to Cairo.

In an ATC C-54 plane piloted by Captain Ed Corrigan I flew from New York to Cuba to Trinidad to Belém, Brazil, to Dakar, French West Africa, then to Marrakech, Morocco. Secretary of State Hull was to return from Moscow over this route, and I met him when we landed at Marrakech.

I met most of the politicians, statesmen, diplomats, and leading warriors of my generation while I was attached to the White House, and none appealed to me more than the squeaky-voiced, courtly, yet adamant, hillbilly Judge from Tennessee. From what I read I take it the old Judge was a great Secretary of State; from what I saw, I know the old gentleman was a great man.

To insure secrecy, Hull waited for me at the airport in an otherwise empty car. When I climbed into the automobile with him his grim, yet kindly, face was wreathed in smiles. "Stalin don't want to do much travelin' of any kind," the Secretary told me, triumphantly, "but I got him to go far as Teheran to meet with the President." I told Hull that the Boss had instructed me to set up any arrangements that Hull had seen fit to conclude. "Well, it's Teheran then," said Hull. "Good luck, Mike. I'll tell the President I saw you."

I climbed back into the plane and we flew to Oran, via Algiers. At Oran I worked out the security arrangements with Navy and Army, governing the arrival of the Boss at Mers el Kabir

near Oran, his transfer from the Mers el Kabir dock to La Senia Airport, and the flight to Tunis.

When my work was completed at Tunis, I flew to Cairo. The Mena district at the foot of the Gizeh Pyramids was the most logical site in Cairo for the conference. We requisitioned the Mena Hotel and several near-by villas. Alexander C. Kirk, American Ambassador in Egypt, offered his beautiful villa located on a canal near the base of the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx. It was there the President stayed during the Cairo visits.

Prime Minister Churchill stayed at the Casey villa, located a half mile from the Kirk villa.

We had a barbed wire entanglement erected surrounding the Mena district and posted the compound with American and British troops. The native servants were replaced by American and British mess sergeants and attendants. Sight-seeing guides and their camels at the Pyramids temporarily were put out of business. The air raid defense system was reinforced with anti-aircraft batteries and fighter planes. Reconnaissance photos showed the near-by island of Crete densely covered with German aircraft, so General Ralph Royce ordered heavy bombings of Crete before and during the time the President was in Cairo. Generally, we effected the same security arrangements as we had at Casablanca.

Cairo was filled with Axis spies and the price of a life was even cheaper than at Casablanca. A sixty-dollar fine was the general punishment meted out by the courts for killing a native.

For ten dollars one could hire a professional agitator who would provide one thousand natives to create a frenzied demonstration for or against anything or anybody. The price increased

in exact proportion to the number of demonstrators wanted. For twenty dollars you could hire two thousand native hecklers.

When I arrived in Cairo, native heads were being bashed in by the hundreds in front of the British and French Embassies in the riots associated with the Axis-agitated uprisings in Lebanon. The city was seething with unrest. There were four unemployed Kings in Cairo at the time and one employed one, Farouk of Egypt.

I made a secret quick trip to Teheran and Basra and then made a cursory inspection of the airfields and the city of Teheran. It was cursory because I didn't want to contact the Russians or the British until I had seen the President on his arrival at Oran. I knew I would have ample time while he was at Cairo to effect arrangements at Teheran.

I flew back to Oran to await the Boss. Three days before he was due in Oran, I got a midnight phone call from General Eisenhower's headquarters in Algiers. Colonel Frank C. McCarthy, General Marshall's secretary, was on the other end of the line. Frank was extremely perturbed about something, exactly what he dared not tell me over a phone. I would have to come to Algiers, immediately!

There was a violent storm raging in Oran and there was no possibility of flying. Fifteen minutes after I had finished talking to McCarthy, I persuaded George Durno, who was again handling "baggage," to join me in the wild four-hundred-mile dash to Algiers. It was a miserable ride and we were both very happy to enter Algiers at daybreak.

McCarthy was right, as usual, in insisting I come to Algiers. Churchill had raised quite a furore around Eisenhower's head-

quarters by sending Ike a message saying he wanted the scene of the conference changed from Cairo to Malta. It seemed a bit late for the change, and I could see no reason for it. I attributed it to one of the Prime Minister's fits of whimsy or something. I relayed the message on to the U.S.S. *Iowa*, adding that I would carry out my original instructions unless I heard to the contrary directly from the Boss. I heard, all right. And fast. "No change in my plans as to Cairo. Repeat no change in my plans as to Cairo. Hull told me he talked to you." We so informed Churchill, and Winston arrived in Cairo on time.

I flew back to Oran to await the Boss and ran into further complications. The Germans were using a new weapon, the glide torpedo. These torpedoes, when dropped into the sea, were magnetically attracted to Allied ships and at the moment were raising havoc with the shipping at the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, which, of course, was right on the course of the U.S.S. *Iowa*, now only two days away from the Rock.

A message was immediately sent to the *Iowa*, warning her to be prepared to change course to the alternate port, Dakar. The message had cleared about an hour when we got reports of a strong concentration of German submarines off Dakar. Now there was little choice. Dakar meant subs, Oran meant glide torpedoes. And it looked very much as if somebody knew something.

Admiral Hewitt threw everything he could into the Straits of Gibraltar, and we decided to try to bull the *Iowa* through there. Hewitt's aircraft sank one German sub and cleared the area of all Nazi activity.

The *Iowa* anchored near Oran at daybreak, November 20, after she had come through the straits at night, blacked out, but

aided by powerful searchlights with which the Spanish neatly silhouetted her for the convenience of any passing German sub or plane.

I boarded the *Iowa* at 8:00 A.M. and found the agents aboard in a worse nervous condition than I ever was. They hadn't liked the transfer of the President from the tiny *Potomac* to the huge *Iowa*; nor had they been very pleased when, in mid-ocean, Captain McCrea practically turned the *Iowa* on her ear to avoid a torpedo that had been set off accidentally by one of the escorting destroyers. Navy men were agreed that the torpedo's path would have sent it smashing into the *Iowa* directly under the President's cabin had not McCrea made the proper turn when his equipment warned him a torpedo was loose.

FDR looked very well after his sea voyage and was anxious to get on with the work. The Secret Service men were in for another painful moment as we lifted the Boss into a motor whaleboat and it was lowered into the water.

We disembarked quietly at the Mers el Kabir boat landing. As we came in, the Boss saw the huge French battleship *Richelieu*, which had recently joined the Allied fleet for action against Nazis and Fascists. It was a good omen, the sight of a French battleship prepared to fight at our side, because it was concrete evidence of the success of the last African conference.



Diplomacy à la Russe

THE Boss was bubbling as I lifted him into an armored car on the dock and we started on the fifty-mile trip to La Senia Airport. We sped along, winding our way over the steep roads until we reached the airport. Off in an isolated corner of the field sat a warmed-up C-54 waiting to take us on to Tunis.

Major Otis Bryan flew us the 653 miles in less than three and a half hours. We had a fighter escort from take-off to landing, which wasn't surprising in view of our passenger list. In addition to the President, it included General Eisenhower, Admiral William D. Leahy, Harry Hopkins, Admiral McIntire, Major General "Pa" Watson, Vice-Admiral Wilson Brown, Lieutenant Bill Rigdon, the Boss's personal secretary on this trip, and Agents Fredericks, Spaman, and Reilly. Any Luftwaffe pilot who knocked off that plane would have very little trouble getting himself a week-end pass to Berlin.

Elliott and young Franklin were waiting for their Dad on an apron off in a distant corner of El Aouina Field near Tunis. The President greeted them like any father meeting warrior sons so far from home. He looked in great awe at the remains of countless German six-motor transport planes that were strewn along the runways, charred reminders of the recent Battle of

Tunis. He had another reminder of the bloody days that were not long departed when he arrived at his villa, the White House, in ancient Carthage. Only a few months before it had been the home of the crack Nazi general, Rommel. FDR could see Cape Bon, the last stronghold of the once terrifying Rommel legions.

That afternoon Elliott Roosevelt was a proud youngster who looked like he'd burst his buttons any minute as his old man inspected the Northwest African Reconnaissance Wing, which was Elliott's command. There were more eminent britches busting that evening when Sergeant Robert Hopkins came in from the front to join his father and, incidentally, to act as official photographer for the party. The Sarge had a little rank to sweat out at dinner. Among his companions were Eisenhower, General Tooe Spaatz, Air Chief Marshal Arthur Tedder, and Admiral Leahy.

The next day the Boss spent almost four hours touring the battlefields at Medjez el Bab and Tebourba. General Eisenhower conducted the tour, explaining to the Boss how bitter the fighting had been before the Allies climaxed the Battle of Africa with breakthroughs, first Medjez el Bab, then Tebourba. The President saw a lot of things on that trip. He saw how the precision bombing had practically eliminated the port area of Tunis but left the remainder of the area virtually untouched; he saw operational airfields, tank traps, and tank barriers; dozens of burned-out German and American tanks, mine fields that were still uncleared, and the bloody battleground known as Hill 609. He also saw even more poignant signs of war. There was first an American cemetery, and near the end of the tour a flight of fifty-one medium bombers droned overhead, returning from a mission across the Mediterranean. Some of the V formations

were not complete as the boys came home, indicating that they had left companions on the other side.

I wondered if the President thought of the things he had seen as he said good-by to young Franklin that night. Franklin's ship, the U.S.S. *Myrant*, had suffered bomb damage at Palermo and was undergoing repairs at Gibraltar. Franklin, by the way, won himself a Purple Heart at Palermo when he was wounded rescuing a sailor in his crew. Not even the routine announcement was made by the Navy. It seems presidents' sons have full privileges of collecting everything that goes with war, except glory. On the other hand very few sons get a chance to see their fathers on foreign soil in wartime, so I guess those things even themselves out.

To eliminate all but a little fighter escort we flew on to Cairo at night. After we were airborne and out of contact with the ground because of radio silence, the Boss told me he wanted to fly along the Nile and over the Pyramids. He asked me to awaken him when we reached the southernmost Pyramids. I called the President shortly after 7:00 A.M. He was thrilled by the monuments, the Sphinx, and the Nile. Otis Bryan circled the plane constantly to give the Boss a good view. Of the Pyramids FDR said, "Man's desire to be remembered is colossal."

Our unreportable sight-seeing jaunt set the Cairo air headquarters on its ear. A fighter escort had been dispatched to meet us at dawn south of Cairo, and when we pulled into that city, sans escort and two hours late, you could hear ulcers popping and the brass sizzling all over headquarters.

The President was staying at United States Ambassador Kirk's villa, and we were there shortly after ten on the morning of November 22. At 2:00 P.M. that day, the conference grind started.

Prime Minister Churchill arrived then and shortly after came Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang, who had arrived from Chungking the night before.

I had guarded Madame Chiang for six months and writhed as I watched her clap her hands for servants in America. That may be the custom in China, but she must have learned it wasn't the custom here while she was learning the English she speaks so beautifully. However, the Madame was being charming—and she certainly can be—at the conference and acted as her husband's interpreter throughout five busy days.

A. Y. Vyshinsky, the Russian First Assistant Commissar for Foreign Affairs, called on the President. Vyshinsky informed the President that Marshal Stalin was now willing to leave his troops, although evidently he didn't want to leave them very far. Joe would meet with the President and Churchill in Teheran, as Hull had said.

When Vyshinsky left, the President informed me that the Marshal had extended an invitation for the President to stay at the Russian Legation in Teheran, and that Prime Minister Churchill had also invited the President to the British Legation. The President said he would like to live at the American Legation because he "wished to be more independent than a guest could hope to be."

The Boss told me that Admiral McIntire, his physician, wanted us to fly from Cairo to Basra, Iraq, some four hundred miles south of Teheran, and then go by train to Teheran. The country to the west and south of Teheran is terribly mountainous, and Admiral Mac did not want to subject some members of the party to the rigors of high altitude flying. The President was not one of these members. Admiral Mac had been told he would have

to fly at sixteen thousand feet to cross the mountains between Cairo and Teheran, which, we learned, was untrue.

Vyshinsky had seen the President at 10:00 A.M. Major Bryan, the President's pilot, and Agents Rowley, Deckard, and I took off from Cairo at 11:30 A.M. for Teheran. Bryan flew at less than six thousand feet over the entire route.

Teheran, Iran, is located at the foot of the Elburz Mountains near the boundary between Russia and Iran. We landed at Gale Morghe Airport, a Russian Army field, which was covered with American-made aircraft, recently painted with the huge red star of Russia. There I met Colonel General Artikov, my opposite number and head of the NKVD, the Russian Secret Police.

This was my first meeting with the Russians on their home field. Russians are nothing I care to dismiss in a sentence, but I found them suspicious, yet completely without guile; grim, yet devoted to parties and gaiety; frank beyond the point of rudeness, yet as sensitive as so many prima donnas. In other words, I understand them no better than most Americans do.

An NKVD official told me a story that epitomizes what I think is Russia and Russians. We were talking about the President's arrival at the Gale Morghe Airfield. I was checking on whether or not there was an airways beam the Boss's plane could follow to the field. Our conversation drifted off into the flying idiosyncrasies of pilots in general, particularly the Russian pilots, who have so many that even the Russians think they are somewhat odd.

He agreed that to fly with a Russian pilot and live was to lose all fear of death. They never warm up their motors, but fly off as you would start your automobile. They think that it is the rankest cowardice to use more than one-third of the runway,

landing or taking off. And as for using radio beams for navigation—that is for girls and old women. The Russian aviator follows his course by flying so low he can see railroad signs, hedge-hopping over trees and bridges as he whizzes along.

My friend went on to tell me about a Russian pilot who had picked up an American Lend-Lease plane at Gale Morghe. He set off for Moscow in the craft, which was a B-25. The pilot flew his normal course and as he went along he decided to check his position, so he buzzed a railroad station. He really buzzed it, because he hit a passing railroad train and crashed. He destroyed the plane completely but walked away unhurt—two standard operations for Russian pilots.

It was a pyrrhic victory for the pilot, however, because the Russians were so desperately in need of American planes that there was an automatic court-martial and death penalty for cracking one up. Things looked very bad for the pilot, who was in for the court-martial charged with negligence and faced with death. He built his defense on the fact that he had been buzzing that particular railroad station at the same time for months and never before had there been a train around. The court listened, ordered a thorough investigation, and found the pilot was right. The train was off schedule by three hours, owing to the engineer's negligence. So they shot the engineer and freed the pilot.

When the NKVD man had finished his tale of justice in Russia I'm afraid my face betrayed the bewilderment I felt. My friend tried to simplify things for me. "You know," he said, "pilots are scarce in my country, but engineers are plentiful."

Many of the buildings in Teheran are as modern as those in Rockefeller Center, but plumbing facilities are practically non-

existent. The only buildings in Teheran supplied with running water are the American, British, and Russian Legations and Major General D. H. Connolly's headquarters. This water was piped by Connolly's troops from the mountains to the Legations. Everyone else in Teheran obtained drinking water by scooping it from a stream that runs along the street gutter. This stream also serves as the city's sewage disposal system. Typhus lice abound in great number, and typhoid fever takes a terrific toll of lives.

I inspected the American, Russian, and British Legations. The American Legation is located on the outskirts of the city, about four miles from the British and Russian Legations. The latter two are in the center of Teheran and are surrounded by high walls. They are separated only by a narrow street. I completed the security arrangements for the President to stay at the American Legation and posted a heavy guard of MP's from General Connolly's command around and in the walled Legation.

Then I flew back to Basra on the Persian Gulf to make an inspection of the facilities there. The railroad spirals four hundred miles between Basra and Teheran, the tracks reaching an elevation of eight thousand feet at some points as they wind crazily along the crest of the mountains. The ferocious Bedouin mountain tribes living along the railroad periodically made raids, killed the American MP's assigned to protect the railroad, removed sections of the rails, and wrecked the trains.

I looked over the Shah of Persia's royal train, which we planned for the President's use if he insisted on going via rail from Basra to Teheran. The railroad between Basra and Teheran was constructed in various stages by Germans, Swedes, and

British competing for the friendship of the old Shah of Persia. The railroad was built as his plaything. His train consisted of four private cars. All fittings in the cars were gold plated, and the dining car table service was made of solid gold. The interior of the cars was beautifully constructed. The train was certainly the finest typhus-laden piece of traveling equipment in the world.

Once a year the old Shah gathered up his harem, loaded them on his train, and railroaded from Teheran to Basra for a *soirée* on the Persian Gulf. This was the only use he made of the railroad.

While I was inspecting the Russian Legation, General Artikov, of the NKVD, informed me the Germans had dropped parachutists in the Russian-occupied area near Teheran the day before my arrival. They had not caught any of the Germans, who, they suspected, were hiding in the mountains. This was bad news.

In a few days Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin would be in Teheran. The German parachutists could have been dropped for one of only two reasons: either to assassinate the Allied leaders or to sabotage the railroad between Basra and Teheran. This railroad was the life line for Russian Lend-Lease supplies shipped to the Persian Gulf from the United States.

We extended the protected area around the Legations and doubled the guards. Russian, British, and American Secret Service agents and intelligence officers combed Teheran trying to locate the parachutists. Fritz Meier, a top German spy, was caught in the dragnet. After some painful persuasion Fritz admitted he expected the parachutists to contact him. I assigned agents to work with the Russians to wait for the contact. While

I was flying back to Cairo, Molotov informed Averell Harriman, our Ambassador to Russia, that the NKVD men had apprehended the first of the parachutists.

At Cairo I laid out what I had learned in Teheran and Basra for the President and Admiral McIntire. I wanted the President to fly direct from Cairo to Teheran and did not want him to stop at Basra and entrain there for Teheran because of typhus lice and Nazi paratroopers. Major Bryan was sure he could fly from Cairo to Teheran without ever topping six thousand feet. When I outlined the problem Admiral Mac said "Okay" and so did the President.

The conference continued in Cairo, the President taking time out to make a sight-seeing tour of the Pyramids and the Sphinx. King Farouk of Egypt cracked up an American jeep he was driving and was hospitalized during FDR's stay in Cairo.

Marshal Stalin sent a message to the Boss. Joe would arrive in Teheran on November 27.

A communiqué on the Cairo conference was given the press. It was to be simultaneously released after the President and Churchill had finished at Teheran. The British and Chinese promised faithfully to abide by the release date. Subsequently, the British broke their agreement as they had at the Atlantic Charter meeting. The Reuters correspondent at Lisbon was permitted to break the story to the world ahead of the agreed release date. Again a considerate American press was left holding the bag.

The President left his villa and motored through a thick fog to Cairo West Airport on November 27. We arrived at the airport at 6:35 A.M. and immediately boarded his plane. We were unable to take off for Teheran until 7:07 A.M., when the fog

lifted. Major Bryan flew the President over the Suez Canal near Ismailia, circled over Jerusalem and Bagdad, crossed the Tigris River and flew along the Basra-Teheran Railroad, then from Ramadan to Teheran. Bryan kept his word, never going above six thousand feet, although it meant he had to snake that big plane through an awful lot of mountain passes.

The President enjoyed the trip and we arrived without incident at the Gale Morghe at 3:00 P.M. and went immediately with a heavy military escort to the American Legation on the outskirts of town. Stalin was already in Teheran, and the Boss invited him out for dinner, but he sent word that he was much too tired to accept.

As I have said, the Germans had dropped paratroopers around Teheran. Now my friends of the NKVD told me that they had captured some of the parachutists. The NKVD chief said that thirty-eight Nazis had been dropped around Teheran.

For some reason I asked, "Are you sure it was thirty-eight?"

"Very sure," answered the Russian. "We examined the men we caught most thoroughly."

The way he said it made me happy I had not been present when the Nazis were questioned. The examination had disclosed that there were at least six German paratroopers loose in the vicinity with a radio transmitter. Both the Russians and the English were pressing hard for the President to move from the isolated American Legation to either the British or the Russian Embassy, which were side by side in the heart of town and were both heavily walled. Stalin sent a personal message requesting the transfer. I was in complete agreement and told the President. I pointed out that Stalin and Churchill would be subjected to unnecessary danger when they came out to visit him and also

that the Russian NKVD men felt FDR was risking not only his life but theirs by living outside the town. As I put it, if anything happened to the President of the United States, we in the Secret Service would be deeply embarrassed, but the Russian Secret Service men would be dead before nightfall.

"Do you care which Embassy I move to?" the Boss asked me.

"Not much difference, sir."

"All right. It's the Russian, then. When do we move?"

That conversation took place the morning after we got to Teheran, and that afternoon we made the move. It was a problem. I had no stomach for sending him through the crowded streets of Teheran. It would have been a tough enough job normally, but with six Nazi paratroopers around somewhere it was a real headache. We could line his entire route with soldiers, but half a dozen fanatics with the courage to jump from airplanes could probably figure out some way to get in a shot. And it was logical to assume that, with Nazi 'chutists shooting, one shot would be plenty.

Nevertheless we lined the entire route with soldiers, shoulder to shoulder. We set up the standard cavalcade with the gun-laden jeeps fore and aft, and it traveled slowly along the streets guarded by soldiers. As soon as the cavalcade left the American Legation, we bundled the President into another car, put a jeep in front of him, and went tearing through the ancient side streets of Teheran, while the dummy cavalcade wended its way slowly through the main streets with Agent Bob Holmes accepting the cheers of the local citizens and I hope the curses of a few bewildered parachute jumpers from Germany.

The Boss, as always, was vastly amused by the dummy caval-

cade trick and the other cops-and-robbers stuff. I was glad it amused him, because it did not amuse me much.

The Russians made the Boss very comfortable, but some of the things they did weren't any too comforting to a Secret Service agent. All of us were wryly amused by the servants in our part of the Russian Embassy. Everywhere you went you would see a brute of a man in a lackey's white coat busily polishing immaculate glass or dusting dustless furniture. As their arms swung to dust or polish, the clear, cold outline of a Luger automatic could be seen on every hip. They were NKVD boys, of course. In fact, there were about three thousand on hand for the meeting. We were somewhat outnumbered. The Scotland Yard men with Churchill were also outweighed.

The Boss was resting in his bedroom when I told him Stalin was on his way over. "I'll talk to him in the sitting room, Mike. Stall him a second while I get ready," he told me.

No stalling was necessary, because FDR was sitting there waiting when the Russian strong man arrived. Seeing him for the first time was indeed a shock. He came into the room, well guarded, I might add, with a most engaging grin on his face. He walked toward the Boss very slowly. Later I was to learn he always walked most deliberately. Stalin sort of ambled across the room toward Roosevelt, grinning, and reached down to shake FDR's hand for the first time. As they shook hands, the Boss grinned too and said, "It's good to see you, Marshal," and the Marshal burst into a very gay laugh. Joe may or may not be a great many things, but he is certainly not dour. In fact, he laughed almost as much as the Boss.

I think the Boss liked him on sight, and I also feel that the

happy first impressions were completely mutual. Stalin was a very small man, indeed, but there was something about him that made him look awfully big. He and the Boss got down to the baffling business of carrying on a conversation through interpreters while the NKVD boys and I exchanged long, rude stares. While the two biggest men in the world talked of the destinies of millions, their personal bodyguards played a very silly game of trying to stare each other down. It resulted in a draw.

The Boss gave a banquet that night for Stalin and Churchill. Our Filipino cooks ran off a small-sized miracle, building ranges in a few hours and serving a first-class spread for the bigwigs. I was happy to see our own Filipino boys working on our own food in our own kitchen. You get that way in the Secret Service after a while.

Everybody at the banquet had a fine time. The Boss was the host and he had been well briefed on Russian hospitality customs and demands, so the bourbon flowed like vodka and FDR was every bit as canny as the Marshal in the business of handling the endless stream of toasts. And, of course, His Britannic Majesty's First Minister could easily drink toast for toast with any given battalion of Russians.

The Boss broke up the party early on Russian standards. Churchill and Stalin accompanied him to the door. When the President left I saw Churchill say something to Stalin. When the interpreter had passed it on, Stalin answered and Winston burst out so loudly and angrily it was quite easy for everybody to hear him. Facing Stalin, and waving a finger, Churchill said, "But you won't let me get up to your front and I want to get there!"

Stalin smiled very calmly through the outburst and its in-

terpretation, then still grinning, he answered. His answer was, "Maybe it can be arranged sometime, Mr. Prime Minister. Perhaps when you have a front that I can visit, too. Good night."

I don't think the fact that Churchill never got to the Russian front until the Russian front got to Churchill surprised anybody in that room that night. Particularly Churchill.

I was in no position to judge whether or not the conference was a diplomatic success, but it was certainly a fourteen-carat wow socially.

First, the President gave the dinner which Stalin climaxed with a brief and pointed exchange with Churchill relative to the then nonexistent second front. On the second night Stalin was host, and no American above the rank of Congressman or corporal was overlooked in the toasts. On the third evening the British Legation marked Churchill's sixty-ninth birthday with a party which the Prime Minister stole by dancing a gay and abandoned hornpipe. I think in the course of this story I have made it quite clear that, if the P. M. danced on his sixty-ninth birthday, it was because he felt like dancing, not because alcohol was asserting any undue influence. They just don't make that much alcohol.

The Big Three worked hard during the day, despite the heavy food and alcohol consumption that is part of diplomacy à la Russe. As a gesture to the Boss, all the meetings were held in the United States portion of the Russian Embassy.

On Wednesday, December 1, Stalin, FDR, and Churchill signed a paper guaranteeing Iran's freedom, and that evening the Boss bade the Marshal farewell and moved to Camp Amirabad, an American Army installation near by, to spend his last night in Iran. It was a rough night for all of us, because Major

General E. M. "Pa" Watson, the Boss's very close friend and military aide, had a heart attack. When we got home we were to find that the story of "Pa's" attack had preceded us with slight variations which indicated that it was FDR who had been felled. He wasn't.

"Pa" was able to go on with the party to Cairo on December 2 for several days more of conferring between FDR, Churchill, and their staffs.

The six German paratroopers who escaped the roundup were captured three months later. They were living with a Bedouin tribe in the mountains and were executed by the Russians.

Back in Cairo, I watched Roosevelt and Churchill engage in a bout of diplomatic wooing that made them look like two swains after the same girl. The "girl" was Ismet Inonu, President General of Turkey. Ismet's Turkey had been flirting with all sides for a while, but she had evidently decided that her German beau left something to be desired in the way of a future. Now her heart belonged to the Allies, but there was some question about which Ally. Ismet agreed to come to Cairo, and there and then developed a mad race between FDR and the Prime Minister for the honor of escorting the Belle of the Dardanelles. Both swains sent huge transport planes, instead of flowers. To make it impressive, each sent his own private aircraft. Major John Boettiger, FDR's son-in-law, was the Boss's representative, and Churchill sent an aide. The planes went racing off to Turkey almost simultaneously, and when both returned, Ismet stepped out of an American C-54 on Boettiger's arm. Major Boettiger explained his triumph succinctly. "I kidnaped the old boy," he said. He probably did, too.

About this time FDR got an idea. He sent for me and told me

calmly, "Mike, I want to go to Naples. I want to go up to the front and visit the boys." General Eisenhower and General Marshall were in the room at the time, obviously summoned, as I had been, to hear that piece of bad news. The fighting around Naples at the time was rugged.

Eisenhower and Marshall momentarily took me off the spot by stating very flatly that they could transport him to Naples, but that they would do it only if he made it an out-and-out order and that they further disclaimed any responsibility for his safety in that area. As they talked, quietly but firmly, I knew they were in for stormy weather. So was I. The Boss was determined to go to the front lines, and his face showed he had no sympathy for the objections of his generals. I knew that this was the thing I had always dreaded—the day when I would say, "Mr. President, I will not permit you to go." I knew well that that would be the end of Reilly, because somewhere in the Service was an agent who would permit him to go. By law he couldn't go until the acquiescent agent was found, but that wouldn't take long. So I had my choice. I knew I couldn't really keep him from going into the front lines if he wanted to go, but I also knew that he had no right there and that I would be violating not only my Secret Service oath but my own conscience if I took him into so dangerous a spot simply because he had a whim. That perennial old Irish "to hell with him" attitude was dancing around my brain, but I thought I'd give the problem a battle before taking the easy way out.

The generals had laid down their ultimatum, which was no ultimatum at all. The Boss listened bleakly, turned to me, and said, "Mike, I'm going!"

"Mr. President, what good will you accomplish going into

the front lines?" I asked. It was quite a question for an Irish cop to ask the President of the United States, and the President of the United States received it with a look that said plainly he thought it was quite a question for a cop to ask a president. By this time Admiral Leahy was in the room and listening quietly. I continued, "Mr. President, if you go up to the front who are you going to see? The boys are in foxholes. You can't see them there and, if they come out where you can see them, they will be killed. You might be, too."

"Mike's right," Leahy said quietly. The Boss blinked.

"No four-motored planes can get into Naples," I continued. "I refuse to permit you to fly in a two-motored plane. The Germans have just dropped a block-buster on the harbor at Bari. They got most of the shipping there, even a hospital ship. They are fighting quite a war up there, and I think your presence would hurt a lot more than it would help. For one thing, you'd draw fire and there's plenty of that without you."

"You're all a bunch of old maids," the President said with a wry grin. I knew then I had won my battle if I could retire to my normal place of just a bodyguard and the high-ranking officials would move in and sweet-talk the Boss into a graceful exit from his adamant position. He was ripe for the dissuading, but I could do no more, and if some general or admiral didn't quickly get the Boss off on something else, the President would be left in the position where he would have to say either "I'm going" or "I'm not going." If it came down to that, FDR would say only one thing—"I'm going!" But the brass moved in and got the conversation off on something or other and I withdrew.

As I went about my work, I hoped no untoward words were being said about the front lines of Italy to the Boss. He had de-

cided that we were right and would accept that decision unless his pride was pricked by a chance remark. He sent for me in a couple of hours and I answered his summons with what might be called deep interest. "I want to visit Malta and Sicily before we leave for home," he told me quietly.

"Yes, Mr. President, I'll get going right away."

I flew to Tunis and arranged for the President to stay overnight again at the White House there. Then I flew to Malta, completed plans there for FDR to present a plaque to the people of that heroic island; then to Sicily, where I arranged for him to inspect troops and decorate several war heroes; then to Marra-kech, where he was to stay overnight at the Taylor villa. I returned to Tunis to meet the President, who was flying from Cairo.

On December 8, we took off from Tunis. As we saw the island and started losing altitude, I was summoned to the cockpit by Major Bryan.

"Mike," he said, "we got a little trouble here. The flaps won't go down."

"What does that mean?" I gulped.

"In its simplest form, flaps are attachments to the wings that are used as brakes. As we land, we let the flaps out and they slow the plane down."

"Can't you land without 'em?" I asked.

"Yes, but about twice as fast as I should land, and if we have a bad landing or blow a tire, we've had it. With flaps slowing us down a bad landing means a shaking up or a wingover usually. But if anything goes wrong at the speed we'll be traveling when we hit the ground, it's curtains. We wouldn't have a chance."

"Shall I tell 'em back there?" I asked.

"And how. You tell the President to tighten his seat belt and lean against something solid. And you stay near him, although I don't know what you can do if this landing isn't good."

I went back and told the Boss, while the co-pilot told the others in the plane. The President listened to me, took a couple of hitches in his seat belt, which he wore all the time because his legs offered no support when the plane bounced, and got himself set for whatever was coming. I had been feeling pretty sorry for Reilly up to then, but I suddenly realized as I sat down beside FDR that I could crawl out of a wreck. I had a chance. Somebody would have to drag him out.

Bryan had told the Malta tower what was wrong and, as he started down, I could see ambulances and fire trucks taking positions along the runway. As we neared the ground, the earth which seemed almost stationary from eight thousand feet began rushing by the window. The Boss watched and I watched. It seemed hours before we heard the whistle of rubber against concrete and we could feel the tremendous momentum built up by tons of airplane traveling at one hundred and fifty miles an hour. If it was going to happen, it would be now. A badly filled bomb crater or a blown tire would send the plane smashing and bouncing along the runway end over end, stopping in a twisted and flaming mass of aluminum and us. The buildings and people were whizzing by without form, just a blur. Then we felt the brakes come down slowly as Bryan decided it was safe to slow up the craft. We had made it. The Boss just shook his head as he unfastened his seat belt.

When we got out of the plane the pilots on the field were at the moment more impressed by Bryan than they were by his

distinguished passengers, which was all right with the distinguished passengers because they felt the same way about it.

It was at Malta that the President told me he wanted to talk to Eisenhower's chief of staff, Major General Walter Bedell Smith. I sent one of the boys for Smith. When he did come, I went to greet him and found him in a towering rage.

"After all, Mike," he said, "I'm chief of staff and if you want to see me why don't you come to *me*?"

"I don't want to see you, sir, your Commander-in-Chief wants to see you."

His speed compared favorably with anything I've seen at Pimlico in recent years.

We flew on to Sicily after the President had presented a plaque to the people of Malta. When we got down to Sicily I saw my old friend, General George S. Patton, who, since I had last worried with him at Casablanca, had had the bad judgment to slap a soldier. At that moment George was a very hot potato, politically.

As Patton walked by me on his way to the President's jeep, he grinned sheepishly and said out of the corner of his mouth, "Hiya, Mike?"

"Fine, how are you?"

He winced slightly in a silent motion that indicated he was in a little trouble and marched on toward FDR. He looked like a man who had done something he should not have done but was all clear with his own conscience. He obviously did not know what to expect from his Commander-in-Chief as he moved toward him, prepared for anything and expecting the worst.

When it came Patton's turn, he put out his hand to shake the

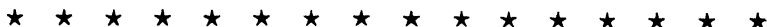
Boss's and then started to move on, obviously not wanting to embarrass the President. FDR grabbed him, grabbed his hand again and shook it for several moments in the warm greeting he reserved for his close friends. He and Patton talked amicably and the General left. He walked by me, looking straight ahead, his face a blank.

I watched Patton as he sought out a secluded part of the area. Everybody was watching Roosevelt, and, as Secret Service men are not supposed to do that, I could see Patton quite clearly out of the corner of my eye. He found a secluded spot, looked around to make certain he was not being watched, and then burst out sobbing. He wiped his eyes, and, cocky as ever, he strutted back to take his place in the jeep with his Commander-in-Chief who was also his friend.

We flew back to Tunis, then on to Dakar, where the President on December 9 boarded the French destroyer *La Gazelle*, which transferred him to the *Iowa* for the trip home. The transfer to the *Iowa*, incidentally, gave us all heart failure as we watched our precious charge swing gaily from the *Gazelle* to the *Iowa* in a bos'n's chair.

We advance agents had been working and worrying and traveling around the clock since November 2, and we were exhausted when we boarded the ship. Captain McCrea never left his bridge while the President was aboard, and he insisted I take his cabin for the trip home. I slept the sleep of the exhausted, if not the just.

The President had left Washington on November 11 and arrived back at the White House on December 17 after traveling by land, sea, and air 17,442 miles. I had traveled 41,216 miles.



Fourth Campaign

AFTER THE RETURN from Teheran the Boss set a killing pace for himself, and I'm afraid that cliché is more accurate in this case than in most. He had a lot of work at the White House and 1944 was on the horizon. That was the year of Normandy landings; of visits to the Aleutians and Hawaii. And it was also the year when he had to go before the people and fight for a fourth term or retire.

I have done very little mind reading in this book, but I will venture some now. I think the Boss wanted a fourth term for two reasons. First, he was in a war. Second, he felt he would make a better commander-in-chief than anybody available. If there's arrogance in that I'm afraid very few men get to be President of the United States without having an inordinate amount of self-confidence. It's just like being a good song and dance man in that respect.

Without a war, or the threat of war, I don't think he would have run even the third time. I am not mind reading now; he was awfully fond of Hyde Park and Warm Springs and had a great yen to write memoirs and possibly a column.

Things were tense around the White House. There was an exhausting stream of diplomats, warriors, and politicians taking up his time. The casualty lists were doing him no good, and the

critics who were sniping at him through his sons' war records were scoring bull's-eyes on his heart every time, although his boys were all doing beautifully. Two of them used pull, to be sure. Otherwise they could never have gotten into the service, being, as they were, physically unfit.

Shangri-La came in handy as '44 wore on. I managed to make a slight faux pas up there one afternoon when the Boss was posing for pictures and a photographer asked him to read a book. He nodded, so I reached up into his bookshelves and dragged down the first thing that came to hand. The Boss opened it to pose for the cameraman, and I was somewhat embarrassed when it turned out to be *McKinley's Assassination*. FDR made his slight contribution to the security of D-Day by going up to Shangri-La, where he sweated out the radio, just like the rest of us, for several hours.

When Normandy seemed reasonably safe FDR immediately turned to the problem of the Pacific, which meant that in July, Lieutenant Colonel Hank Meyer was flying me to Honolulu to survey that area in advance of a trip the Boss planned for a meeting with MacArthur and Nimitz.

The Boss crossed the country by train, stopping briefly for a conference with Democratic Chairman Bob Hannegan in Chicago, where the Democratic Convention was meeting. He continued on to San Diego, where he made the speech accepting his fourth presidential nomination from his train. He immediately boarded the U.S.S. *Baltimore* for the trip to Honolulu.

I was in Honolulu making arrangements for his meetings with Nimitz and MacArthur, which, of course, came under the heading of top secret. It was the worst kept secret I have ever known, and I lived in horror waiting for the Boss in Hawaii.

Each morning when I awoke I expected to see somebody writing in the sky, "Welcome, Franklin D. Roosevelt." There was a serious need for first-class security on this jaunt as so much of it was through waters easily accessible to Japanese submarines.

When the talks with Nimitz and MacArthur were done the Boss prepared to sail for the Aleutians and Alaska aboard the *Baltimore*. The day he left I outlined preparations that had been made for his visit at Adak, Dutch Harbor, and Kodiak. I told him I was flying to these places to recheck arrangements and then I would go on to Seattle, where he was to board the train for Washington. I asked if he had any instructions.

"The politicians want me to conduct the coming campaign as Commander-in-Chief rather than as Democratic candidate for President," he told me. "I don't feel the same way about it." I agreed with the politicians, but for a different reason. They had votes on their minds, I had security on mine. There was no "off-the-record" traveling for a Democratic candidate, while there was for a commander-in-chief. However, he didn't ask me what I thought, and not even the Secret Service can tell a president how to campaign. It was clear the Boss wanted to do his traveling back on the record. His next question proved it. "Mike," he asked, "is there a baseball park in Seattle?" I told him that the Seattle Club had quite a stadium for its Pacific Coast League games. "Fine. Make arrangements for me to speak at the ball park upon my arrival at Seattle," he said.

I wasn't happy about this development. You can't make speeches at a ball park without some advance publicity, and the advance publicity would have to be spread while the Boss was traveling in waters hiding Jap subs.

I was thinking that one over as we took off from Hickam

Field the night after the President departed from Honolulu aboard the *Baltimore*. It was a rough night and the plane played hide-and-seek with thunderheads for hours. I was listening to the radio, thinking of Jap subs and ball parks, when the announcer dismissed my reverie by saying, "Colonel Edmund W. Starling, former Chief of the White House Secret Service, died today in St. Luke's Hospital in New York City." It was sad news. The taciturn old Colonel had been a strict boss, but a completely fair one. If I had learned anything, he taught it to me.

These glum thoughts stopped when I heard Colonel Meyer contacting Kodiak and identifying himself in code. When he landed the commanding officer himself was there with a question. "Where the hell did you fellows come from?" he bellowed.

"Hickam Field, sir," answered Hank.

"You can't do that."

"Sir?"

"You can't do that. It's never been done before." I hadn't realized that Colonel Meyer was on a record-setting spree that night.

Fala traveled with the President, taking up no room, eating little food, ruining all security, and generally acting like Fala. The U.S.S. *Baltimore* was Fala's home while FDR was in Hawaii because of local quarantine laws which the Boss would not permit to be broken. Fala stayed aboard when the Boss went on to the Aleutians. The *Baltimore* is one of the world's bigger ships, and FDR was to return to the States from Alaska via the Inland Waterway, which was too foggy and narrow to make it a safe route for the *Baltimore*. So the Boss transferred from the large cruiser to the smaller destroyer, U.S.S. *Cummings*, at Auk Bay. They were tied up side by side and the President walked from

the *Baltimore* to the *Cummings* accompanied by a dog, and that dog was Fala. To be sure, the *Cummings* was sent to Auk Bay to pick up Fala, but she also picked up the President of the United States, an Admiral named Leahy, and another named McIntire and all their staffs.

I flew on down to Seattle to worry about the ball park. I inspected it and the University of Washington Stadium. I also gave the Bremerton Navy Yard a thorough shadow, because I had suddenly gotten an idea. I called Steve Early in Washington, told him the Boss was going on the record and he (Steve) better get a crowd out to the ball park on August 12. Steve, in his own indescribable and inimitable manner, very promptly went through the roof. When he came down he was screaming that he had allowed only three press association men and one radio man to accompany the Boss for reasons of security, thus wounding dozens of other reporters and their papers, and now the Boss was making a joke of it all by going back on the record at the first opportunity. Also the Japs would know he was Seattle bound, and if they had any information of his previous movements they would certainly have a covey of subs waiting for him. I expected Steve to ask at any second, "What's the matter, doesn't the Boss know there's a war on?"

Then, twirling a theoretical Machiavellian mustache, I told Steve that maybe the Boss could be persuaded to speak "off the record" to the workers at the Bremerton Navy Yard as Commander-in-Chief. Steve said he would call back. Next day came the call, instructing me to wire the Boss that he (Steve), Harry Hopkins, Sam Rosenman, and every member of the Democratic National Committee were dead set against the ball park. I sent the message, adding my own strong protest against the ball park

plan on security grounds and suggesting Bremerton Navy Yard. The answer was, "All right. You win. I will speak at the Navy Yard. Have Anna meet me."

I went aboard to meet him when the *Cummings* cleared the Seattle submarine nets. I told him I had made dual arrangements for him to address the Bremerton workers. He could speak from a stand on the pier or from the deck of the destroyer. He was all for the latter.

Fifteen minutes before broadcast time the *Cummings* was tied up. Almost thirty thousand people who had just gotten off duty were gathered on the docks. You may remember that whenever you heard a broadcast of a presidential speech before a crowd, FDR was always greeted with a tremendous ovation. That was no accident, because we worked in close co-operation with the radio people, and the President would not appear until they had almost finished their brief introductory remarks. Consequently, the introductions were invariably interrupted by a huge ovation as the crowd got its first sight of the President "on cue," to use the radio people's own phrase for it. The President was fully aware of the effectiveness of this technique and co-operated completely. But for some reason he insisted upon going on the deck of the *Cummings* fifteen minutes before his Bremerton broadcast started. The crowd, as always, went wild, cheering for ten minutes as he waved and smiled. He got tired of waving, and they got tired of cheering, so there was complete silence when he started his speech. He had lost the value of the dramatic entrance and the speech he made was, I think, the poorest in his life. The text, most of it ad libbed, was dull and wandering and, for some reason, even the magnificent Roosevelt delivery was missing.

We were home August 17, after 13,912 miles of travel, much of it in areas vulnerable to Jap attack by sub or aircraft.

With an election campaign before him, the Boss was tired, dreadfully tired. He wanted to get away for a rest and some fishing, and he accepted Barney Baruch's invitation to take over Barney's place at Hob Caw, South Carolina. At Hob Caw I managed to mastermind a little project that gave me an unwelcome opportunity to hear FDR do the bitterest job of swearing I ever heard from his lips. The Boss rarely swore, and then his cuss words were limited to the mildest of expletives, but at Hob Caw I succeeded in bringing out the best that was in him. It wasn't what he said, but the way he said it that was so startling.

Each of the three press associations sent a reporter along to Hob Caw, but the Boss barred them from the estate and they had to live in near-by Georgetown, South Carolina. I was sitting around in town chinning with these reporters one afternoon when they went to work on me.

"Come on, Mike," one said, "stop trying to kid us. We know the Boss is not here. He's out in Chicago in a hospital. He's dying."

"You're nuts," I told him, "he's up at Baruch's fishing. And having lousy luck."

"Hooey," said another. "I just got a wire from my office. Our Boston man knows that FDR has had a serious heart attack and is under Dr. Leahy's care right now up in Boston."

The Boss's so-called illnesses and heart attacks were a source of great unhappiness to him. He thought the stories had been printed for political purposes and were outrageous lies, which worried his family and weakened his position in dealing with some of the rugged characters with whom he had to dicker at

home and abroad. Right now—and FDR needs no help today from anyone, particularly the likes of me—I will swear on everything I love or believe that the Boss never had a heart attack and that he was never seriously ill in the ten years that I worked at his side until the day of his death.

Knowing how the Boss felt about these stories and realizing that these were three honest reporters who really believed he was in a hospital somewhere, I decided to forestall any newspaper junk that would upset FDR on this desperately needed vacation. So I said to the reporters, “Will you believe he’s here if you see him yourselves?”

“Sure.”

“Will your bosses believe it and keep quiet if you tell them these wires they are shooting down here are sheer bunk?”

“Yes.”

“Okay,” I said, “be ready at ten tomorrow and you’ll see him.”

They were picked up at ten and taken to the estate. I knew the President would pass a certain spot at eleven, so I parked the car under some trees at the side of the road and waited. Sure enough, he went by on time and the reporters saw him.

“He looks tired,” one said.

“He is. That’s why I brought you guys out here. He’s tired all right, but he’s not in any Boston or Chicago hospital. Tell that to your bosses.”

Like 99 per cent of the hundreds of newspapermen I know, they were honest men, and each of them showed me the wire he was sending to his office.

Later the President sent for me. “Mike,” he asked, “didn’t you have some newspapermen with you this morning?”

"Yes, sir."

"Did Mr. Baruch know you brought them on his estate?"

"No, Mr. President."

"What were they out here for?" he asked mildly enough.

Then I made a slight mistake. I told the President. Told him of the rumors they were getting about him dying in Boston or Chicago and why I had brought them out to see for themselves. As I talked I knew I had pulled a boner. FDR's lips grew thin, his chin came jutting out, and his eyes glittered. But I couldn't stop and I just went on and finished the tale. He looked at me steadily for a second and picked up a magazine. As he opened the magazine he dismissed me with:

"Mike, those newspapermen are a bunch of God-damned ghouls."

The presidential drive of '44 was on, and I must say for Mr. Dewey, he managed to remove quickly any reluctance the Boss had to campaign. But there could be no off-the-record campaign trips. No more could I use an Army plane to survey towns he was to visit. He ceased being Commander-in-Chief and became Democratic candidate for the presidency, and if some German agent was willing to do the unsporting thing and take advantage of the lack of secrecy surrounding FDR's movement it was just too bad. Or just politics.

New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston were our stops in the '44 campaign. I don't think we would have made even those if Mr. Dewey had not gotten the Boss's Dutch temper up. He did not like Thomas very much.

No matter where we traveled, one car in the eight or ten that comprised the presidential special was an awe-inspiring mass

of wires, tubes, decoding machines, and other twentieth-century apparatus which kept the Boss in constant touch with Army, Navy, and State Department headquarters in Washington.

FDR hated his braces. Not because of the pain—he was well used to pain—but because he never could trust them. He slipped entering his auto in Quebec in 1943, and I was lucky enough to catch him and swing him into the car in such a way that it appeared that nothing untoward had happened. From that day his fear and distrust of braces amounted to a phobia, and to the great relief of all of us he decided to make public appearances without them. The first was the Teamsters' Union Dinner in Washington, where he made his speech sitting down. Here he denied the Fala story, pointing out that his enemies were not content with criticizing his family but were after his dog too. He said that he and his family were unimpressed, but that "Fala's Scotch blood boiled" at stories of such extravagance.

We saw the famous Roosevelt luck regarding weather fail dismally at New York. He made a speech for his good friend Senator Robert Wagner in Ebbets Field, in Brooklyn, and because the press had been needling him about his physical condition he insisted upon climbing into his braces before he left the train so that he could stand before the Ebbets Field crowd to speak. The citizens of Brooklyn showed considerably more wisdom than did the Boss, because they stayed away from Ebbets Field in droves, content to hear his words in the comfortable dryness of their homes.

The Boss had also insisted upon traveling over the rain-soaked route in an open car. He was drenched when he got to Ebbets Field, and when he finished talking we immediately removed him to a Coast Guard motor pool around the corner where he

was given a rubdown and dry clothes. He climbed back into the open car and was soaked all over again by the time he arrived at Mrs. Roosevelt's apartment in Washington Square, where he rested before his big speech that night at the Waldorf-Astoria.

The '44 campaign was comparatively quiet. We got a scare going through the Bronx when I looked up and saw somebody throw something from a window. It was a bull's-eye, and as it came to the car I knocked it down. It turned out to be a well-wrapped ham sandwich. At Chicago Mayor Kelly turned out a crowd that scared the daylights out of all of us; and it was in this campaign that a Boston politician riding in the cavalcade decided his position in the train of autos was not commensurate with his position in Boston and ordered his driver to move up behind FDR, and it became our painful duty to ease the interloping automobile off the road.



On the Vodka Trail Again

ON JANUARY 20, 1945, FDR was sworn in for the fourth time as President of the United States. Dog catchers have taken office with more pomp and ceremony than marked the 1945 inauguration. It was held on the South Portico of the White House, rather than at the Capitol, the traditional scene of American inauguration ceremonies. FDR's inaugural speech was the briefest in the history of our nation. You got the impression that he was too busy for ceremony or even tradition. He could spare no time—or strength—from the task at hand.

Early in January the Boss told me he was to meet once again with Stalin and Churchill. This time at Yalta, on the Crimean Peninsula, which juts into the Black Sea. He also wanted to stop off at Malta for a conference with Churchill, and he would like to see ibn-Saud, the King of Saudi Arabia, and Haile Selassie, the Ethiopian ruler.

Things were not going too well for our troops on both the German and Italian fronts; the Russians had finally gotten their long-awaited counter-offensive under way, and it was massacring the Wehrmacht; the war in the Pacific was going well, although in China, Chiang's hostilities were confined to fighting Communists and his outstanding victory had been getting Vinegar Joe Stilwell fired. Despite this, there was a feeling that all we

needed to finish off the Japs was a little Russian participation. In other words, FDR, Churchill, and Stalin had something to talk about.

Uncle Joe agreed that there was need for such a conference but again he was sticking close to home base. He refused flatly to meet in the Mediterranean, saying, "I must maintain absolute control over my armies." Whoever was controlling his armies was doing quite a job at the moment, so his refusal to go any farther from Moscow than Yalta left two-thirds of the Big Three no alternative. Later Churchill attempted to heave a monkey wrench into the meeting before it came off.

The President was to leave Washington by train and board a heavy cruiser, the U.S.S. *Quincy*, at the Army's secret Port of Embarkation at Norfolk, Virginia, then speed to Malta. Depending on conditions after I surveyed Malta and Yalta, he was either to sail or fly from Malta to Yalta.

In a C-54 piloted by Major Ed Coates and Dick Mitchell, I took off from Washington in advance of the President with eight agents. We flew to Malta via Bermuda, the Azores, Casablanca, and Naples.

At Naples an Army Air Force expert gave me a fill-in on Yalta. He started off his discourse on this heartening note: "I don't know much about Yalta. Nobody around here does. The Russkies won't let anybody near the place. The closest airfield to Yalta is at Saki, about two hundred miles away. There are no communication facilities of any kind at Yalta. The route to Saki from Malta or Casablanca is over the Dardanelles islands, which are still in German possession and lousy with anti-aircraft guns. However, there is a narrow route via Istanbul and Athens which is reasonably safe, provided the Turks don't get an idea that this

is one of the days to protect their neutrality and shoot you down, or bad weather doesn't force you off course to the west, which places you right in the shooting area on the Eastern front." I thanked him for his information, somewhat wearily I fear.

The U.S.S. *Catoctin* was at Naples and I arranged for the installation of ramps and other paraphernalia for the Boss's comfort. We planned to house the President aboard the *Catoctin* if facilities ashore were unsatisfactory. In any event she would be a supply ship and the communication center for the American party.

I flew on to Malta and set up arrangements for the Boss to disembark there from the U.S.S. *Quincy*. I also set up a thirty-mile tour around the island for him to get the kink out of his legs before he returned to ship or boarded a plane at Luqa, the RAF base on the island.

Then I took off for Yalta. Over the Black Sea we ran afoul some frightful winter weather. A big ATC plane, loaded with radio gear, took off a half hour after us and when it ran into the same storm the pilot tried to avoid it by flying over Crete, where the Germans almost blew his tail away. We stayed on course, driving right into the storm, and we were soon a sick and green lot, bouncing and creaking all over the black skies. First we went to fifteen thousand feet to escape the weather, but we began icing there and dropped rapidly to about two thousand. We were still icing and it was a frightened gang of Secret Service men and Army Air Forces personnel who stared into the stormy night. Finally Ed Coates, the pilot, came back, his face very bleak.

"We ain't gonna make it, boys. I think we'll have to ditch this thing. Anyhow, put on your parachutes."

"What the hell good will parachutes do in the Black Sea? It's ten degrees below zero down there," one of the boys said, his voice two octaves higher than normal.

Coates shrugged and went back to wrestling with the ice-laden plane. We just sat there as frightened and white as any of us will ever be. As the plane bounced and whined we looked at one another, and found no comfort in that. Evidently we all got to thinking about our past sins, and some of us thought being Secret Service men could easily be numbered among those sins. As in most organizations, many of us felt that our big boss, Chief Frank J. Wilson, did not like us and would love to transfer us to Timbuktu or, better yet, get rid of us entirely. Anyhow, one of us who must remain nameless was evidently giving Wilson's alleged hatred for us some thought, because he smashed the frightful tension by saying:

"Well, boys, Wilson's certainly gonna hit the jackpot tonight."

The plane lurched crazily, but all of us Secret Service men roared with laughter while the Army boys, who never heard of Wilson, looked at us, obviously convinced that the strain had been too much for us, collectively and simultaneously. For the next hour we sat there huddled in fright, but every once in a while one of us would burst out laughing, thinking about our colleague's wonderful crack. I wish I could give him the credit he deserves for helping us all through a harrowing experience, but he is still in the Secret Service, and proper little government employees are not supposed to take the name of their boss in vain, even when it looks like the chips are about to be cashed.

The Germans had recently departed Yalta, leaving very little behind. Among the innumerable pieces of wanton destruction

were any and all airports near that town, so we had to set down at Saki, two hundred miles from Yalta. When we broke through the ice and storm over the Black Sea without having to take to our parachutes we were glad to see even what was called an airport at Saki. Those of us who could struggle to a window saw hundreds of Russian women shoveling snow off the solitary metal strip runway that comprised the airport. We circled around until they had finished and came in to land.

Getting our feet on land came as such a distinct surprise to so many of us that it was fully six minutes before I could tell my old pal, Artikov, the NKVD chief, that Saki was absolutely and finally and unequivocally out as a landing place for FDR. It was no airport, it was a cow pasture, etc., etc., etc.

"How will you get him to Yalta?" asked Artikov.

"We'll bring him in by ship. Across the Black Sea."

"You can't," said Artikov.

"Why?"

"Mines."

"How many?"

"Who knows? The Germans put them there. They didn't leave a map."

With that little problem to think over we started on the long automobile ride to Yalta. After about three hours, the NKVD chief stopped our caravan and we entered a large inn. We were obviously expected, and that meant a Russian party, and Russian parties meant trouble. So I gathered my Secret Service agents around me for a conference.

"Here we go, boys," I told them. "They've got one of their parties cooked up, and that means gallons and gallons of that

rubbing alcohol they call vodka. It's going to be rough, but for a lot of diplomatic reasons we have to go through with it. If any single one of you thinks he's had enough, get out. We don't want any drunken Americans in this thing. They call it a party, but it's a contest."

The festivities began, the food was superb, and the vodka flowed like vodka in Russia. We toasted Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill, Artikov, Reilly, the men who manufactured jeeps, the pretty waitress with the blue eyes, Eisenhower, Zhukov, Paulette Goddard, and an NKVD man who fell down a flight of stairs. It was bottoms up every time, and they had us outnumbered forty to nine.

It did not take long to separate the men from the children. The early Russian casualties were heavy, and I was frankly wondering what was keeping our boys up. I was also wondering what was keeping me up. It must have been sheer patriotism.

One of our Detail touched me on the elbow and when his tap reached my brain thirty seconds later I saw him nod toward one of our party. There, indeed, was a new undiscovered color, roughly resembling green. I got the study-in-green's eye and waved him out of the game with my head. He pulled himself together and departed with dignity and charm.

They had suffered some twenty-three casualties by now and we had lost one, but they still had seventeen men on the front line to our eight. Artikov decided to make a speech, which was the kind of speech anybody makes under such conditions. But he finished it off with, "Now, Mike Reilly, you make a speech. Tell us if there is anything we can do for you."

The translator was stunned as I answered. "You have been

very kind, very hospitable to us Americans so far from home. But our hearts long for one thing. We are unused to drinking from such small glasses. Have you no larger ones available?"

The gauntlet was thrown, and I must confess the Russians gave us a polite round of applause as the larger glasses were fetched. Things grew dim and hazy, but I still remember with pride how the party ended with the dawn. We stood there, eight Americans, a thin and wavering line, while across from us stood one, lone Russian. Artikov, himself. We had won, but the Russians had not been swept from the field.

It was a painful victory, particularly the next day, and the sight of Yalta did nothing to ease the pain. Only three buildings still stood. The Germans had blown up everything of any size, and the reason the three buildings were left was that they had been promised by Hitler to three of his generals. The palace of Czar Nicholas II was one of these. It had been set aside for Von Rundstedt. When I inspected it I found that while Von Rundstedt had been left a palace he was evidently expected to bring his own plumbing. It had all been removed, along with beds, kitchen utensils, and a few windows.

When I pointed out to the NKVD that I felt Mr. Roosevelt would be roughing it a little more than was absolutely essential they shrugged and said, "We'll take care of it." They did, too, although they had to bring all the tubs, stoves, beds, and plumbing in the Hotel Metropole down from Moscow. The Boss was as comfortable at Yalta as he would have been in the White House.

Yalta was depressing for a number of reasons, none previously mentioned. As a human being, I was upset by a city that had been ground to rubble and which was filled only with children

and old men and old women. The young men were fighting or dead, and the young women were off in German slave pens. As a Secret Service agent, I was depressed because at Yalta I had absolutely no means of communication, and I certainly had a lot I wanted to communicate. Also, I had arranged the construction of ramps and other things essential to presidential travel on the communications ship, U.S.S. *Catoclin*, only to have the Russians bluntly refuse to permit her to enter the harbor of Yalta because of mines. And there was the little matter of "The Shadow."

The NKVD had assigned a wonderful little guy to dog my footsteps, and when an NKVD man shadows you, you have really been shadowed. We all called the little Russian detective "The Shadow," and he was personally so charming that none of the agents had any desire to push him out a window as they had pushed other gentlemen who had been assigned to trailing me.

Despite my fondness for my Shadow, I had a deep desire to shake him and get back to Cairo without taking him or letting him know where I was going so he could have me picked up for further scrutiny upon my arrival in Cairo. I had to travel seven hours by auto from Yalta to Saki to get a plane to Egypt, and to make life simple for The Shadow and myself I invited him to accompany me and another agent.

As we toiled the endless and dreary miles to Saki, I introduced The Shadow to the "vodka of the Americas"—bourbon. The experiment was a complete success, and The Shadow retired for a much needed rest at Saki while I flew off to Cairo. I left the Secret Service agent with The Shadow with instructions to keep him happy. He was still happy as a lark when I

returned three days later, although he does not know to this day that I was ever gone.

In Cairo I reported the lack of communications and the situation at the airport, and the fact that the *Catoctin* could not enter Yalta. Competent Air Force advice was that the airstrip at Saki was safe enough; communications would be supplied; and the *Catoctin* would put in at near-by Sevastopol with the food and water I wanted for the presidential party. But there was a problem. The Russian antiaircraft gunners had been shooting at, and occasionally hitting, American planes. Nothing vicious, of course. Just a matter of being a little trigger-happy, which is an occupational ill with all armies.

I flew back to Saki with that disturbing information, picked up my Shadow, and returned to Yalta. At Yalta I flagged down Artikov and told him FDR could not fly into Yalta, with a lot of friendly, but trigger-happy, Russian antiaircraft installations along the route. Had he any ideas? He had none.

I got back in our plane and flew to Naples, where I laid my problem before General Ira Eaker, of the Air Force. Eaker was as glum as I was, pointing out that he did not know the position of Russian antiaircraft batteries and therefore the Air Force could not possibly give us a route that would be sure to avoid them.

But the General had one idea. The Russians were obviously not unfriendly, it was simply a matter of their not recognizing our planes and assuming them to be enemy. If we could put an American Air Force noncommissioned officer with every Russian battery along a predetermined route——?

I flew back to Yalta, knowing full well the Russian reluctance

to tell anybody where they had any installations. I laid the proposition before Artikov. He listened gravely and said, "No."

Just as gravely I said, "No Roosevelt, then."

He said, "I'll have to see Stalin himself about it."

When he returned a day later he was obviously amazed. "Stalin says 'absolutely,'" Artikov told me. "I have brought along Colonel So-and-so, and he is prepared to show you our entire antiaircraft setup, and you may put an American soldier with each battery." I quickly got an American Air Force colonel flown in and he and his Russian counterpart worked out the plan that saw an American sergeant in charge of every Russian battery along the President's route to Saki.

I flew back to Malta to await the President and found Colonel Hank Meyer and Lieutenant Colonel Otis Bryan there in proud possession of the plane that had been specially built for presidential use. The trip to Yalta would be the first time the Boss had flown in it. It was always carefully guarded wherever it was, and the fliers and ground crewmen began to refer to it as a "sacred cow." In time it was called that by all Air Force men, and today the "Sacred Cow" insignia is blazoned on its nose.

It began to look like a jinx conference for the British while I was waiting at Malta. A big British transport plane en route to Saki was shot down by the Russians. Bad weather closed in around Malta as a British York flying from England searched vainly for the tiny island. The plane was loaded with members of Churchill's staff, plus two Scotland Yard men and a full crew. It crashed into the sea one hundred miles from Malta and all aboard were killed.

At twenty minutes past ten on the night of January 22, two

days after inauguration, the presidential special slid out of the Bureau of Engraving and headed for Norfolk. Aboard, in addition to the President, were Fleet Admiral Leahy, Justice James F. Byrnes, Steve Early, plus Vice-Admiral Brown and Major General Watson, the naval and military aides. Also aboard were his daughter Anna, his good friend politico Ed Flynn, and, of course, Doc McIntire. Anna was to act as his secretary.

The *Quincy* was moored beside the shed where the President's train stopped, and she was soon moving out to sea where she was picked up by an escort of one cruiser, the U.S.S. *Springfield*, and three destroyers, the *Satterlee*, *Tilliman*, and *Herndon*.

The peace and quiet aboard the *Quincy* were shattered when she caught a radio message to the President sent from London by Churchill. The message said, "If we had spent ten years in our research we could not have found a worse place in the world than Yalta. It is good only for typhus and deadly lice who thrive in those parts. [Reilly's note: I always wondered if Winnie was being medicinal or personal in that last sentence.] The mountain drive [Saki to Yalta] is frightening and at times impassable. Signed: Churchill."

The message was relayed to me at Malta without comment. I answered, "Conditions not as frightening as Churchill reports and have been adequately corrected by Russians. American Navy Medical Officers have sterilized buildings." I have often wondered just what Churchill was trying to do with that message. He knew it was Yalta or nothing for Uncle Joe. British intelligence men are the equal of any in the world, so the Prime Minister also knew what was going on in Yalta. And I know one thing for certain. All the typhus lice in the world wouldn't keep His Majesty's First Minister from going anywhere he

thought his presence would contribute to preventing the liquidation of the Empire.

Evidently the Boss took my word that life at Yalta wouldn't be too primitive because soon Malta began to groan under a spectacular load of brass, all bound for Yalta. Churchill arrived and with him British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden. Our Harry Hopkins showed up, and so did the British and American Chiefs of Staff and their aides. Ninety huge aircraft, all four-motor jobs, were dispersed all over the Malta airfields, prepared to carry the conferees on to the single airstrip at Saki.

On January 31, the *Quincy*, with the Boss aboard, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar. Franco had evidently picked a winner, because this time his searchlights were dimmed and the *Quincy* was spared the treatment given the *Iowa*. The *Quincy* tied up at Berth 9 in Grand Harbor, Valetta, Malta, on the morning of February 2, and I went aboard immediately to report to the Boss on arrangements at Yalta.

All through that night huge American C-54's and British Yorks roared off Malta's runways at ten-minute intervals as approximately seven hundred American and British military and diplomatic leaders left for Yalta. The Boss made his first flight in the "Sacred Cow" that night, leaving at exactly 3:30 A.M. He had retired in his private room aboard the plane shortly after eleven and fallen asleep almost immediately. Aboard the plane were Admirals Leahy, McIntire, and Brown, Anna Boettiger, General Watson, Commander Howard Bruenn, the heart specialist, and myself.

We hit bumpy weather at 4:30 A.M. and I heard a noise in the Boss's compartment. I opened the outer door to investigate and found him sleeping peacefully, despite the racket of an inner

door that was slamming back and forth. At daybreak we were over Athens, Greece. It was a lovely picture, made even lovelier as a flight of American fighter planes swooped out of the clouds to escort us on to Saki.

The Boss remained aboard his plane at Saki until Churchill arrived twenty minutes later. Stalin had not arrived in the Crimea, so V. M. Molotov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, greeted FDR as the "Sacred Cow's" elevator touched the ground. The Prime Minister joined the President and Molotov.

Anna Boettiger and I rode with the President on the long drive to Yalta. During the night the road had been cleared of a heavy snowfall by hundreds of Russian women. The rolling countryside was littered with burned-out tanks, gutted buildings, and destroyed German freight trains that had been abandoned and burned by the Nazis in their retreat from the Crimea.

NKVD men and Russian soldiers guarded the road to Yalta. Some of the Russian troops were so tiny that their ancient Springfield's were bigger than the warriors who carried them. On closer inspection these fierce soldiers proved to be girls still in their teens, but nevertheless fighting components of the Red Army.

The Boss's Filipino mess attendants had been flown on to Saki the day before, and when he arrived at Livadia Palace they had things shipshape. The President looked the place over and said, "I can't understand Winston's concern. This place has all the comforts of home."

There was an added comfort. The Russians had hospitably assigned what seemed like a platoon of very competent butlers and waiters. They had evidently checked their guns at the door because, unlike at Teheran, they were not armed. Nevertheless they were all large-eared NKVD men, so I thanked them politely,

told them our Filipino boys would make the Boss comfortable, and gave them the gate.

In the course of checking on things around Livadia Palace, I stuck my nose into several peasant huts to see what was going on. I always got a cordial greeting and an invitation to a glass of tea. I was struck by the fact that every house, no matter how poverty-ridden, had a radio. It was always on the wall and almost always hung in the identical place in each home. They were odd-looking radios to these American eyes, as they had no knobs or dialing apparatus of any kind. It seemed that they were built to receive only one frequency, which was that of the powerful Moscow government-controlled station. Obviously no foreign propagandists were going to poison the minds of the peasantry with capitalistic lies.

Many of the peasants wore false teeth, of which they were immensely proud. These teeth were made of steel and resembled shiny nails. Colonel Frank C. McCarthy, General Marshall's right hand man, gave a stick of gum to one of the peasants, who promptly impaled it, wrapper, tinfoil, and all, on her steel bridge-work. Frank solved the problem by yelling the one Russian word I had taught every single member of the party. The word was "stoy" and it means "stop."

I had good reason for impressing everybody with the meaning of "stoy." I gave my lecture on "stoy" at Malta because I had seen the orders to the NKVD, and those orders were as explicit as any orders I was ever to see. The NKVD boys were told to challenge anybody they thought should be challenged with "stoy." A loud "stoy," but only one "stoy." If the challenged party did not "stoy," the sentry was to promptly shoot him dead. If the sentry were silly enough to say "stoy" twice he, the sentry,

would be shot dead. I told everybody to come to a full and immediate halt when they heard the word and show credentials. It must have been a pretty good lecture, because there was a lot of "stoying" around the place, but no shooting.

When it became obvious that the Russians wouldn't permit the *Catoctin* beyond Sevastopol because of mines the United States Signal Corps ran up a small-sized miracle for us and strung land lines from Livadia Palace all the way to Sevastopol and the *Catoctin*. The *Catoctin's* two-way, high speed radio circuit kept the Boss in constant touch with home.

Churchill was installed in Vorontsov Villa, about thirteen miles from the Boss, and on February 4, a Sunday, Uncle Joe arrived by train and moved into Koreiz Villa, about six miles from Livadia. FDR, Churchill, and Stalin had aged perceptibly in fourteen months. The Big Three were weary. The Crimean Conference started the day of Uncle Joe's arrival, and, if you want to see why we brought an exhausted President home, the complete schedule of what went on at Yalta is attached as item "B" in the appendix.

After the formal adjournment the Boss presented Stalin with eight Legion of Merit decorations for delivery to as many Russian heroes. He also had gifts for the Russian NKVD men. Then he bade Stalin good-by and set off immediately for Sevastopol by auto. He drove over the battlefield where the Light Brigade had made its charge in the Crimean War. At Sevastopol he got a picture of what the Nazis could do when they set about destroying a city. Of thousands of buildings, the Germans left only six when they evacuated the city. The party immediately boarded the *Catoctin*, where the Boss was to spend the night. Before

retiring, everybody devoured a Texas steak, a welcome change from eight days of Russian food.

So far the British had managed by accident or design to scoop the American newsmen on every conference. Steve Early stayed behind at Yalta to see what could be done about that situation, and whatever it was he did it worked beautifully, because the story broke exactly as scheduled and the communiqué was released simultaneously in Washington, Moscow, and London.



Colonels and Kings

THE Boss had a little further business to transact in exotic parts of the world with exotic people before heading home, so, as he wound up the Yalta Conference, I climbed into a plane and flew to Deversoir, near Ismailia, Egypt. I'm sure everybody knows that Deversoir and Ismailia are hard by Great Bitter Lake, which is a part of the Suez Canal.

Sitting in Great Bitter Lake was the U.S.S. *Quincy*, which was guarded by two Italian battleships. It was a touching picture, but I had no time to enjoy it because the Boss would be flying in from the Crimea very soon. He planned separate conferences aboard the *Quincy* with ibn-Saud, the King of Saudi Arabia, who owned a lot of oil and had some distressing ideas about Palestine; Emperor Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, Conquering Lion of Judah and Elect of God, who had nothing but trouble; and King Farouk of Egypt, a gay young blade who had missed out on the last trip because he smashed himself up in an American jeep.

My survey disclosed there was a German prison camp near by, where remnants of Rommel's Afrika Korps were imprisoned. I asked a British colonel, in charge of the area, if he would request the commanding officer of the prison camp to come down

so I could inform him of the presidential visit and ask him to keep his guards on the alert during the Boss's stay.

"Ridiculous, old boy, ridiculous," the Colonel told me. "After all, that chap up at the prison camp is top hole. Absolutely fine. No point in bothering him. Nobody ever escapes. Really a first-class soldier, you know."

I didn't know, but I couldn't make the Colonel send for his subordinate, so I sent an agent, Bob Holmes, up to the prison camp to ask for the extra co-operation. Bob met the camp commander, who listened gravely and said, "Good thing you came up, old boy. Six of the blighters escaped last night."

The "Sacred Cow" landed on Deversoir field on the afternoon of February 12. The President was lowered in his elevator and we motored to the near-by Suez Canal Company boat dock. There I lifted him into a motor whaleboat and we cruised to the *Quincy's* anchorage in Great Bitter Lake. The boat was hoisted to the deck of the *Quincy*. I lifted the President from the motor boat to his wheel chair on the deck of the cruiser and breathed a happy sigh. He was now comparatively safe. We were ready for the royal visitors.

Our first King, Farouk of Egypt, appeared the next day. I went to meet him at the airport and escorted him back to the *Quincy*. The King went aboard at noon for lunch and remained over three hours. During their conversations, the President urged the King to raise more long-staple cotton in Egypt, pointing out that a great market for it existed in the United States. The President also predicted that thousands of American tourists would fly to Egypt and visit the Pyramids and the Nile after the war. The President presented a Douglas two-motored transport plane to the King.

When I started King Farouk on his way back to Cairo, I stood by at the airport for Emperor Haile Selassie. The Emperor claims direct descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and is a member of the Amhara tribe that has ruled Ethiopia's masses for centuries.

The Emperor went aboard the *Quincy* at 5:30 P.M. and remained until 8:00 P.M. The President had tea with Selassie and told him that, now the airplane brought Ethiopia closer to the rest of the world, he hoped our two countries would get to know each other better. I wondered if the quiet little fellow was remembering some of the contributions Italian aircraft had made to his country's lot. The Emperor presented the President with a gold cigarette case and a gold globe. FDR gave Haile four command and reconnaissance cars.

The next day, February 14, the U.S.S. *Murphy* hove into sight, completing as strange a voyage as was ever undertaken by any United States destroyer. The *Murphy* had traveled eight hundred miles and, if her captain and crew were talking to themselves and staring blank-eyed into space, it was no wonder.

The *Murphy* had put in to Jidda to pick up His Majesty 'Abd-al-'Aziz ibn-'Abd-al-Rahmān al-Faisal ibn-Su'ūd, King of Saudi Arabia. Before going aboard, His Majesty suggested a few minor alterations in the *Murphy's* make-up. He wanted awnings put up on this trim destroyer's fo'c'sle. He sent the awnings aboard with a lot of expensive rugs that were to be scattered over the decks. Huge earthenware jugs of water from the Holy Wells of Mecca were also carried past the pop-eyed watch officer of the *Murphy*. Finally, there remained but one more addition to the *Murphy's* oriental reconstruction. This addition consisted of a herd of sheep which were driven aboard

and pastured aft on the fantail. They were to grace His Majesty's table. The *Murphy's* crew spent the entire voyage in useless efforts to keep their breakfasts down, as a result of the grazing ground and slaughterhouse on the fantail. When the morning meal had been consumed the boys would come topside for a smoke, to be greeted by a bleating sheep having its throat cut.

When the rugs, the awnings and the sheep were aboard, ibn-Saud came on, accompanied by forty-seven assorted relatives, guardians, retainers, and slaves. The names and extraordinary duties of some of his court follow:

His Majesty, 'Abd-al-'Azīz ibn-'Abd-al-Rahmān al-Faisal ibn-Su 'ūd, King of Saudi Arabia

His Royal Highness, Mohammed al Saud (son of the King)

His Royal Highness, Emir al Saud (brother of the King)

His Royal Highness, Emir Mansour al Saud (son of the King)

Shaikh Abdullah Sulayman, Minister of Finance

Shaikh Yusuf Yassin, Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs

Shaikh Hafiz Wahba, Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain

Shaikh Bashir Saadawi, Privy Counsellor

Doctor Rashad Faroun, King's Physician

Majid Ibn Kathaila, Astrologer and fortuneteller

Abdul Rahman Djuez, Imam (chaplain who leads palace prayers)

Brigadier Sa'id Gaudet (Commander of the King's Guards), Aide-de-Camp

Captain Mohammed al Thieb (Adjutant of the Guards), Assistant Aide-de-Camp

Sulayman Bey al Hamid (Assistant to Minister of Finance, his uncle)

Mohammed Abdul Djither (Chief Communications and Radio Officer)

Mahsoul Effendi (Radio Supervisor of the Nejd)

Sa'id Abdul Djither (Communications Assistant)

Abdullah al Tuwagry (Communications Assistant)

Mutlag Ibn Zaid (Palace representative of the Mutayr tribe)

Chassab Ibn Mandil (Palace representative of the Beni Khalid tribe)

Abdullah bil Kheir (Interpreter, and monitor of English broadcasts)

Sirag Dhahran (Official Food-Taster and Caterer)

Amin al abdul Aziz (Chamberlain and Chief Valet)

Abdullah al Hadrami (Royal Purse Bearer)

Abdullah Ibn Abdul Wahid (Chief Server of Ceremonial Coffee)

Abdul Rahman Ibn Abdul Wahid (Second Server of the coffee)

10 Guards

3 Valets, one for each royal prince

9 miscellaneous slaves: cooks, porters, scullions

The ten royal protectors were a dandy little collection of gentlemen you wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley. Each represented one of the ten major Arab tribes, and he had earned his position at the King's side by annihilating all challengers in sword-play contests staged by his tribal chieftain. It seemed an over strenuous and somewhat dangerous form of Civil Service examination to me.

The King grandly waved away the quarters offered aboard the *Murphy*. He spread a few thousand dollars' worth of rugs around under the awnings on the fo'c'sle and slept outdoors.

For warmth, there were plenty of charcoal bucket fires going all the time. With the charcoal buckets blazing forward and the sheep baaing on the stern, the *Murphy* looked and sounded like a Wyoming ranch, complete with the campfires that tenors sing so much about.

Every day the Royal Chaplain would appear on the bridge for a brief conference with the navigation officer. The navigation officer would take a bearing on Mecca for good old Abdul and the holy man would return to his countrymen, face them toward Mecca, and lead them in evening prayers to Allah.

If modern science would help a man seek his God, it could also help a king keep his throne. Every half hour of the day and night Mohammed Abdul Djither, the Royal Communications Officer, would sit down in the radio room and send a message off to ibn-Saud's Prime Minister in Mecca. The message was "O.K.?" Mecca would answer "O.K." without the question mark and sign off. Thus did ibn-Saud make sure nobody was making any efforts to dethrone him during his first absence from Arabia.

The care, feeding, and treatment of ibn-Saud were something that took a lot of thought and work. Ibn had an awful lot of wives, but he was horrified at the sight of a woman. The President's daughter, Anna Boettiger, was aboard the *Quincy*, so she had to be shipped off to Cairo before ibn-Saud arrived on the *Murphy*. The President explained the problem to her and added, "By the way, those women he does see, he confiscates." Anna left.

Smoking and liquor were also taboo, and his Mohammedan religion made feeding Ibn something to fret about. However, orders were issued against smoking in his presence and the correct foods were acquired.

When the *Murphy* came into sight, the President was sitting

in his wheel chair and I was at his side. The *Murphy* looked like no destroyer in the history of the United States Navy has ever looked, with awnings stretched all over her decks and the decks strewn with rich rugs, plus, of course, the herd of sheep browsing on the fantail. Ibn-Saud sat on deck in full regalia, surrounded by his court. His Secret Service men made no secret of their profession. They carried long curving swords and stubby, businesslike machine guns.

The Boss couldn't see it, so I said, "Mr. President, you must see this. It's sensational."

The Boss wheeled himself across the deck, and hiding behind a stanchion, he watched the *Murphy* and her gay crew approach. It was a strange picture: The President of the United States hiding behind a stanchion, peeking at something, like a small boy sneaking a look at a ball game through a knot-hole. The Boss kept murmuring, "This is fascinating. Absolutely fascinating."

Ibn-Saud came aboard, limping badly. He was a huge man, well over seventy years of age and badly crippled. His vision was greatly impaired by cataracts, but in his flowing black robes and red and black turban with gold head ropes he was certainly the most impressive foreign statesman I have ever seen. Everybody was very careful not to smoke in his presence as he lunched with FDR. His bodyguards would not move from his shoulder unless I moved from FDR's. I compromised the issue by moving out of the room for a cigarette, the Arabian guards promptly joining me. I don't know whether they wanted to watch me or, like so many of their countrymen, sneak a smoke.

I don't think the meeting was a diplomatic success. The Boss and the giant Arabian argued the problem of Palestine, and

ibn-Saud could not agree with him. They parted very amicably, but when ibn-Saud was back on the *Murphy* the Boss lit a cigarette and waved to the Arabian monarch.

Steve Early, FDR's press secretary, was horrified. "Tell the Boss he's smoking," Steve stage-whispered at me. FDR continued smoking and waving, and Steve repeated, "Mike, tell him he's smoking."

I leaned down and said, "Mr. President, you're smoking."

"Mike, I'm aware of that," he answered, taking another puff and waving at ibn-Saud.

Ibn-Saud gave the President two leather cases containing four complete Arabian wardrobes for himself and two sets of Arabian harem attire for Mrs. Roosevelt and Anna Boettiger. FDR presented the King with a Douglas two-motor transport plane.

The Boss gave the crippled King his own wheel chair, which overjoyed ibn-Saud. Chief Petty Officer Arthur Prettyman, the President's valet, watched that ceremony with no joy whatsoever. Arthur didn't know we carried a spare wheel chair. Admiral McIntire presented the King's doctor with a supply of penicillin. The King was greatly interested in the gift because of its success in treating venereal disease. That was a subject in which 98 per cent of his subjects had a deep personal interest.

Anna Boettiger had disguised herself during her sight-seeing trip to Cairo and her identity went undiscovered. She returned to the *Quincy* when she knew Ibn had left. We lifted anchor and got under way for Alexandria, Egypt, via the Suez Canal and Port Said. After having dealt with British, Russians, Arabs, Egyptians, and Ethiopians for two weeks, the President that night attended a motion picture entitled *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*.

The President had sent a message to General de Gaulle, Provisional President of France, inviting him to come to Algiers for a talk. At Algiers, Jefferson Caffery, U. S. Ambassador to France, came aboard to tell the President that De Gaulle, after receiving the invitation, had sent for him and enumerated a list of weak reasons why he couldn't leave Paris. The Ambassador further reported that he reminded French Foreign Minister Georges Bidault that De Gaulle had recently said he would like to see the President. Bidault replied, "Yes, I know he did. I have been doing everything to make him go, but you know how stubborn he is, and he has changed his mind and won't go."

Then the Boss headed home aboard the *Quincy*. It was a tragic voyage, for on the way, on February 20, his close friend and military aide, "Pa" Watson, died. He lost a lot when he lost "Pa," whose endless stream of good humor was a perpetual buffer in grim days and whose official contributions as military aide were considerably more important than was generally realized.

At 6:20 P.M. on February 27, 1945, the *Quincy* moored to the dock at the Army Port of Embarkation at Newport News, Virginia. The President disembarked and watched the remains of his friend "Pa" being placed aboard the special train. He arrived in Washington at 6:00 A.M. the next day. He was a sad and tired man when he entered the White House that morning after traveling 13,842 miles.



The Last Trip

IN MARCH of 1945 the news from Europe was good. So good, that the Boss felt he could spare the time for a quick trip to Warm Springs. None of us had the slightest doubt that he needed such a trip, and needed it badly, but none of us had any premonition of the tragic thing that lay before us.

The President looked bad when he came aboard his special train at the Bureau of Engraving siding on March 29. He was drawn and gray and ten pounds under normal weight. The loss of weight delighted him as he was extremely sensitive to the scales, because, like any of us, he disliked carrying a paunch. Besides, added weight meant more pain whenever he was in braces.

All of us were glad he had chosen Warm Springs, rather than Hyde Park. Hyde Park was no place for rest because it was much too accessible and the Boss usually found himself surrounded by visitors who had come from New York or Washington or Europe on matters of great import.

We had all seen the Boss come aboard trains bound for Warm Springs looking tired and ill. But when those same trains brought him back to Washington he was always tan and strong and raring to go. There were relaxing small parties in cottages at the Foundation where the Boss would nurse a drink for three or four hours while he and the patients and the newspapermen and

other visitors told stories and laughed. In the afternoons he could drive his car over the nine-hole golf course, heckling some gallant, if unskilled, foursome. At night he'd work or paste up stamps or struggle manfully to remove three or four dollars from some of his poker-playing cronies.

Warm Springs had saved his life once, and I always felt he looked upon it as a miraculous source of strength and health. Certainly it had never failed to wipe out colds, sinus attacks, nerves, or just plain out-and-out mental and physical exhaustion. So when the train moved across the Potomac Bridge and headed south, it wasn't a matter of our hoping the trip would help the Boss; we just naturally assumed it would.

He went to bed early, with his usual admonition, "Now don't let that engineer set any speed records. Tell him to take it easy." Speeding trains were his pet hate, particularly at night when speed made sleep more difficult for him because he got no leverage from his legs in a bouncing bed.

When we disembarked at Warm Springs, I got my first inkling that things might not go too well. It was no premonition of death, because I never believed he'd die, until he did. In fact, I never believed it when my ears told me he was going and when his friends and doctors were convinced his time had come. But I knew something was wrong when I lifted him into his automobile at the station. Something was very wrong.

The business of transferring the President into a car was usually pretty simple despite his 180 pounds and his complete inability to use his legs. He depended entirely upon his hands and arms and shoulders. Usually he'd turn his back to the automobile and one of the Detail would lift him. He'd reach backward until his hands had secured a firm grip on each side of the car door, and then he'd

actually surge out of your arms into the car and onto the jump seat. Then he'd reach back once more and pull himself to the rear seat of the car. He did this with such speed and grace that literally thousands who had seen him at ball games, rallies, and inaugurations never suspected his condition.

I've always felt that a reasonably strong fifteen-year-old boy could have handled the job of getting the President from the ground into a car. But it took every bit of strength I could muster to make the transfer that evening at Warm Springs. He was absolutely dead weight. So the job of lifting him, which was complicated by my complete surprise at his condition, was quite a task. He didn't seem to notice it, however. I passed the word on to the Detail that the Boss was "heavy," and I told it to Lieutenant Commander Howard Bruenn, the heart specialist whom Admiral Mac had sent along.

It worried me a great deal, for in ten years of lifting the Boss I had found him dead weight only once before, in 1937, at Dry Tortugas. At that time he was quite ill from a dental infection. So ill, in fact, that we had to cut the trip short and rush back to Washington for treatment.

For almost two weeks the pleasant Warm Springs routine was normal, although the Boss spent more time at his desk than usual. He did sit in on a few quiet parties with his good friends, the Warm Springs patients, and he got in plenty of automobile riding.

He was not putting on the pounds he needed and he continued to be less spry in leaving and entering his car, although the dead weight of the first night was missing. The news from the European front was magnificent, and our men were closing in on the actual borders of Japan. That cheered him and his gray

face was extremely animated most of the time. The patients, who had not seen him for several months, were even more aware of how badly he looked than those of us who saw him daily.

On April 11 he said he wanted to take a ride with his cousins, Miss Margaret Suckley and Miss Laura Delano. Miss Suckley is an inveterate picture taker, and as he climbed into the car she asked agent Jim Beary to snap another. It was the last ever to be taken of him.

The day was perfect for driving. The Secret Service car was behind the President's automobile. Near La Grange, Georgia, we came upon a bridge which bore a sign: "Load limit, 4,000 pounds." I honked the horn of the Detail car and the President's auto stopped.

"I'm sorry, Mr. President," I told him when I came alongside his car, "but your auto has a lot of steel armoring in it and weighs 7,500 pounds. This bridge can only take about half that."

"Okay, Mike, we'll turn around."

Miss Suckley seemed disappointed. She turned to the President and said, "Oh, Franklin, don't you think if we go real fast we could get across?"

The Boss did a sort of double take at her and burst into a roar of laughter. Almost choking, he said, "Margaret, I don't think Mike would approve of your suggestion." I wouldn't, of course, but now I'm awfully glad she made it, because I'm pretty sure that was the last time the Boss laughed on this earth. That is, laughed the way he so loved to—a hearty yell, his head thrown way back and his eyes closed tightly.

There was nothing about the morning of April 12, 1945, that was unique. There were no signs or portents, and I've never

heard any of the party say he knew or felt something was going to happen. It was just another spring Thursday in Georgia.

I saw Doc Bruenn about ten-thirty or so that morning, and he told me that the President had complained of a slight headache, but that neither the doctor nor the Boss thought it was in any way unusual or dangerous. Certainly, the President had no fears or premonitions, because it was his nature to relay any symptoms to his doctor immediately. The Boss had spent too many years with pain and doctors ever to feel hesitant in calling for medical assistance when he felt it would comfort or aid him. He was no hypochondriac, but he was a good and intelligent patient.

The day before him was an easy one, to be climaxed in the early evening with a barbecue which the Detail and the White House staff had arranged for his amusement. We'd all agreed that he needed some amusement, so we had chipped in two and a half dollars each to get some food and refreshments and a little hillbilly music, all of which we knew he enjoyed immensely. We had told him a little white lie to the effect that the Mayor of Warm Springs was giving the party. He wouldn't have approved our spending our own money, but all of us felt two and a half was a cheap price for a few laughs for this weary old man we all admired and respected and many of us loved.

Bruenn had seen the Boss in bed about nine, when he mentioned the headache. He arose at 10:30, and Bill Hassett had some laundry to dry, which meant that he had some legislation for the Boss's signature. Custom forbids blotting the President's signature, so Hassett would spread the signed bills all over the room while the ink dried. The President always referred to new legislation as "Hassett's laundry." I asked Bill to tell the Boss I

was taking off for San Francisco to arrange for his appearance before the UN there and to find out if FDR wanted to stay at the Fairmont Hotel or on his train, and how long he wanted to remain in the city. His answer was that he would stop in San Francisco for only six hours and stay aboard his train most of the time, but that I was to see him for final instructions just before the barbecue.

At noon, the President had an appointment to pose for Mrs. Elizabeth Shoumatoff, who had previously painted a very good portrait of him in his famous navy cape. Mrs. Shoumatoff was the so-called mystery woman with the intriguing Russian name. We'd known her long and well. She was prompt and the Boss was right on the minute.

He posed for an hour and did not collapse while posing, as I have read so often. Lunch was served at 1:00 P.M., also quite punctually, and Mrs. Shoumatoff joined the Boss and the Misses Suckley and Delano at the card table which was set up before FDR's seat on the couch.

Joe Espencilla, the Filipino houseboy, had set the table for the first course when the Boss said, "I have a terrific headache," and slumped forward on the table. Miss Suckley screamed, and Joe and Arthur Prettyman ran the few steps from the kitchen to find the President unconscious. They immediately lifted him and carried him the fifteen feet to his bedroom, which adjoined the dining room.

Mrs. Shoumatoff in the meantime had gone outside for aid. Jim Beary was Agent-in-Charge at the Little White House and Mrs. Shoumatoff ran to him, saying, "Please call a doctor." She didn't tell Jim why, but he immediately phoned headquarters at Carver Cottage, where Guy Spaman, my assistant, got the call.

I had told Guy that Doc Bruenn and I were going to skip lunch and spend the time swimming in the pool.

Spaman didn't know who needed a doctor, but he lost no time trying to find out. He jumped in a Secret Service car and came tearing down to the pool, a distance of more than two miles.

Bruenn had just finished his swim and was resting, still soaking wet, when Spaman arrived. He told the doctor he was wanted at the Little White House. Bruenn started off to dress and, when I saw him move rather rapidly after talking to Spaman, I dropped out of the water polo game the Detail men and some of the patients were playing. I was anxious to find out what was up, but I was also anxious not to alarm the Foundation patients, who were all over the place. Spaman said to me, "They want Bruenn up at the Little White House."

"Who is it?" I asked him.

Guy shrugged, but we both figured something had happened. If somebody cut a finger or had a stomach-ache the call would undoubtedly have been for Commander George Fox, a former pharmacist's mate in the Navy, and for many years the President's masseur and semi-official custodian of all our headaches, bellyaches, and hangovers.

I was still anxious not to give the Foundation people any inkling that the Boss might be ill, so I asked Spaman to take Bruenn up and then come right back for me. If Bruenn and I went tearing off together it would certainly start a little guessing.

As Spaman drove toward the Little White House he heard Agent Beary on the short-wave set calling for Agent Charley Fredericks. That was the tip-off that the Boss was probably ill, because Charley was the man we used most to handle the Boss when he needed aid. The Boss was very fond of him.

Spaman dropped Bruenn at the White House, where Beary said to him, "It's the Boss." Spaman came tearing back for me. I had sauntered away from the pool and started walking toward the Little White House. Spaman picked me up a half mile or so from the pool, and we immediately went after Commander Fox.

When we all arrived at the Little White House I could see the Boss stretched out on his bed. He was in pajamas by now, and Bruenn was working over him. It was now about one-thirty, and the President had been unconscious for almost half an hour. Bruenn came out for a second, and as he walked toward the phone he said to me, "Mike, this is very serious."

Bruenn called Admiral McIntire in Washington. He told me after the call that Admiral Mac was immediately calling Dr. James E. Paullin, a heart specialist in Atlanta, seventy-six miles from Warm Springs. Paullin had previously examined the Boss. I immediately sent agents out to patrol the major highways from Atlanta to pick up the Doc and speed him on. This proved a futile gesture indeed, because Paullin, a veteran of many a wild night's ride through the Georgia countryside, knew all the back roads and short cuts. He must have known them pretty well, because despite an antiquated auto he made the seventy-six miles in ninety minutes.

In the meantime, I called Hassett and the Boss's confidential secretary Grace Tully. Hassett was talking to newspapermen when my call reached him, but no reporter got any clue from Bill's face as he listened to the bad news.

It was a stricken and tense little crowd that sat, or paced, in the small room outside the Boss's bedroom. Grace Tully sat quietly in a corner, frightened but dry-eyed. Hassett was frightened and distraught. And there I was. All of us came under the

heading of employees, I know, but all of us felt we had a friend in a tight spot. We all watched the open bedroom door and we all heard the small, tired noises that were coming out of that bedroom. Hassett and Grace and I spoke in whispers of "the Boss," but none of us, I know, ever thought of him in the literal sense of that word. He was our friend.

Bill and Doc Bruenn were sure he couldn't make it. I don't know what Grace was thinking, but I never for a single solitary second thought he'd die. I knew he was down, but I knew he'd come up. I'd seen him in many a tough spot before, and he'd yet to lose.

I felt even more confident when Dr. Paullin came in. He moved right into the room where Bruenn and Fox were working over the Boss. I saw him examine the President and speak briefly to Bruenn.

Bruenn came out of the room and shook his head. Hassett's face looked even sadder. I just looked at them and thought, "Now there's a couple of guys who are going to be awful wrong in a little while." The Boss had fooled a lot of people before, and I knew he'd fool Doc Bruenn and Bill.

Bruenn called Admiral Mac again, and as he was talking to him I heard Fox yell, "Bruenn . . . Doc Bruenn . . . Come here, quick." Bruenn told Admiral Mac to hold on and hurried into the Boss's room. He came out in a moment. He said nothing. Just lowered his head and shook it. Then I knew I had been wrong and Doc and Bill had been right. Bruenn walked to the phone and told Admiral Mac. Grace and Bill and I looked at one another. We are all Catholics, so I suppose we were all saying the same prayer to ourselves. The room was quiet; only Bruenn's voice, low and indistinct, was heard coming in from the hall-

way. The sad silence reigned there in the room until from a corner came a terrifying howl. It was little Fala. Forgotten for hours, The Informer had lain quietly in the corner. Now he was barking madly as we all stared at him. Still screaming, the little black Scottie took off in full run, crashed head on into a screen door, and smashed it open. Out he went, running and barking hysterically until he reached the top of a near-by hill. He stiffened his legs and stood there yowling until he was exhausted. Then he hauled himself quietly back into the house, a sad little mutt.

I looked at Fala and thought I knew just how he felt. Then I walked into the kitchen to collect the remnants of FDR's breakfast and took them to a Foundation chemist to be analyzed. He found nothing, but a Secret Service man must check all credentials. Even Death's.

Appendix A

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AIR RAID PROTECTION SETUP FOR WHITE HOUSE, SHANGRI-LA, HYDE PARK, AND DURING TRAIN TRAVEL

The air raid alert system we set up in co-operation with Army and Navy was designed to protect FDR anywhere in the United States.

When a spotter or watcher, either civilian or military, saw a plane he or she was unable to identify any place from Greenland to the Straits of Magellan (this included the West Indies and other offshore points in the Atlantic Sea Frontier) the information was radioed immediately to the Army Air Forces at Mitchel Field, New York.

At the White House, the Secret Service and the Army Signal Corps maintained a twenty-four-hour watch on an intricate telephone land line and on a frequency modulation radio communication system which was in direct two-way contact from the White House air raid shelter and three isolated points in Washington to the following:

- A. Mitchel Field, New York
- B. Bolling Field, Washington
- C. The home, office, and automobiles of the Supervising Agent, Assistant Supervising Agent, and the Agents-in-Charge of the White House Secret Service
- D. The Secret Service field offices throughout the United States
- E. All mobile units of the Secret Service
- F. The President's train
- G. Shangri-La
- H. The President's room at Hyde Park, New York

- i. Temporary units, installed wherever the President might be in residence
- j. U. S. Army, Fort Myer, Virginia
- k. U. S. Army Engineers, Fort Belvoir, Virginia
- l. Stewart Field, Newburgh, New York
- m. District of Columbia Police Department
- n. District of Columbia Fire Department
- o. The officers of Civilian Defense

When an air raid alert was received at Mitchel Field it was evaluated and then the information was immediately conveyed by radio and land line to the Secret Service Communication system. This information was immediately relayed to the Supervising Agent of the White House Secret Service, or his immediate subordinates, who if he or they deemed it advisable (and we took no chance) ordered the presidential air raid defense plan put into effect. This was rigidly rehearsed once a week and consisted of:

PRESIDENTIAL AIR RAID DEFENSE PLAN:

I. At the White House:

- a. The metropolitan police were alerted by radio and blocked off all but emergency traffic within four city blocks of the White House.
- b. A battalion of infantry from Fort Myer reported to the White House and took up strategic positions, including heavy machine gun placements and armored units, which encompassed the area about the White House. Their function was to defend the White House against axis parachutists or organized heavy fifth-column invasion.
- c. A battalion of U. S. Army Engineers reported to the area just south of the White House. They were well equipped with heavy bulldozers and all other necessary paraphernalia for the evacuation of people caught in demolished buildings, or damage control of disrupted gas and water mains, electrical systems, etc., at the White House and near-by government and civilian buildings. Attached to the Engineers was an inner unit of the Chemical Warfare Service whose equipment and personnel were always sta-

tioned at the White House. The function of this unit was to take precautionary measures against chemical warfare, gases, incendiary bombs, and other forms of chemical warfare.

- d. The District of Columbia Fire Department sent four fire trucks, which entered the White House grounds, to prevent the total destruction of the White House in case of fire from incendiary or other causes and thereby combat the basic purpose of such a raid, which was the disruption of American morale by destroying the seat of our government.
- e. All Secret Service personnel in the Washington area were continually alerted to remove the President, depending on his actual location at the time of the raid, to:
 - (1) The White House air raid shelter.
 - (2) The Treasury vaults.
 - (3) One of ten secret buildings in the suburban area of Washington and near-by Maryland.
 - (4) To an Army bomber alerted at an isolated airfield, to transport the President to the interior of the United States. This would have been difficult, as the President frequently told me he would not leave the Washington area regardless of how tough it got. If it came to an issue between the Boss and Reilly common sense and the law made my duty clear.
- f. The White House uniformed police:
 - (1) with reserve Secret Service agents maintained rigid surveillance of the identity of persons entering the White House grounds;
 - (2) escorted the White House staff and White House correspondents, excepting those who had air raid defense posts, to positions of safety;
 - (3) maintained their usual security posts within the White House grounds and assisted the military units wherever possible.
- g. The Office of Civilian Defense, which received reports from its hundreds of patriotic volunteer workers and kept the Secret Service constantly informed of any unusual activities within the city.

II. While the President was en route aboard his train:

- A. The Secret Service received notification of a potential air raid via radio from Mitchel Field and/or the Secret Service district through which the President was traveling.
- B. On receipt of a legitimate air raid alert, the Supervising Agent of the White House Secret Service ordered the railroad conductor to (1) sidetrack the train into the nearest railroad siding; (2) if no siding was immediately available to stop the train at the nearest point that safe railroad operations would permit.
- C. The President's armored automobiles, which were always carried in a special railroad car attached to the train, were unloaded.
- D. The President was to be placed in his automobile and secretly whisked out of the dangerous railroad zone to the comparative safety of any isolated farm house, if in the country, or to any suitable suburban home, if in a city, and far distant from any military or industrial objectives.

III. When the President was in residence at Hyde Park, New York:

- A. On receipt of an air raid alert from Mitchel Field or Stewart Field the President was to be removed to an air raid trench in the near-by woods.
- B. Secretly spirited entirely away by car from the area of his home when it appeared safe to do so and then flown to a safer area.
- C. The Military Police stationed and in training at Hyde Park were constantly alerted to combat parachutists and fifth columnists.
- D. A fighter and interceptor squadron in training at Stewart Field was constantly alerted to enforce adherence to the restricted air area, which roughly extended from Poughkeepsie to Rhinebeck, New York.

IV. Shangri-La:

- A. Shangri-La was obtained for the express purpose of having a secure isolated place for the President in the event of constant air raids.
- B. The buildings at Shangri-La were located near the top of a fifteen-hundred-foot mountain which looked geologically like any other of many similar mountains in the area. The buildings, because of foliage and camouflage, were invisible from the air.

- c. The area was almost impregnable to assault by any organized group because of the natural terrain and the diligent Marine guard on duty there.
- d. In the event of an actual air raid on the area the President was to be removed from his cottage to a near-by slit trench until the raid was over.

Appendix B



THE DAY-TO-DAY SCHEDULE OF THE YALTA CONFERENCE

Sunday, February 4:

11:00 A.M. The President conferred with Stettinius, Harriman, Admiral Leahy, General Marshall, Admiral King, General Kuter, General McFarland, H. Freeman Matthews, Director of Office of European Affairs, State Department, Alger Hiss, Special Assistant to the Secretary of State, and Charles E. Bohlen, translator, Special Assistant to the Secretary of State. The conference was held in the grand ballroom of Livadia.

4:15 P.M. Marshal Stalin and Molotov called at Livadia and conferred with the President in his study. Bohlen and Mr. Pavlov, Stalin's interpreter, were also present.

4:30 P.M. The President conferred with Harry Hopkins, Matthews, and Bohlen in his study.

5:10 P.M. The First Formal Meeting of the Crimea Conference was convened in the grand ballroom of Livadia. Present:

FOR THE U. S. A.

The President
Mr. Stettinius
Admiral Leahy
General Marshall
Admiral King
Mr. Harriman
General Deane
General Kuter
General McFarland

FOR GREAT BRITAIN

The Prime Minister
Mr. Eden
Field Marshal Brooke
Air Marshal Portal
Field Marshal Alexander
Admiral Cunningham
General Ismay
Major Birse

FOR THE U. S. S. R.

Marshal Stalin
Commissar Molotov
Admiral Kuznetsov
Colonel General Antonov
Air Marshal Khudiakov
Mr. Vyshinsky
Mr. Maisky
Mr. Gromyko
Mr. Pavlov
Mr. Gusev

7:50 P.M. This meeting adjourned.

8:30 P.M. The President was host at dinner at Livadia to the Prime Minister, Marshal Stalin, Stettinius, Eden, Molotov, Harriman, Archibald Clark-Kerr, Gromyko, Vyshinsky, Justice Byrnes, Major Birse, Bohlen, and Pavlov. The menu included: Vodka, five different kinds of wine, fresh caviar, bread, butter, consommé, sturgeon with tomatoes, beef and macaroni, sweet cake, tea, coffee, and fruit.

Monday, February 5:

7:30 A.M. A Joint Chiefs of Staff courier arrived at Livadia with White House mail. This mail had been dispatched from Washington on January 31. The President worked on it when free from conferences.

8:00 A.M. A Joint Chiefs of Staff courier departed Livadia with mail for the White House.

1:00 P.M. The President had lunch at Livadia with the members of his immediate party.

2:30 P.M. The President conferred with Hopkins, Matthews, and Bohlen in his study. This conference lasted until 4:00 P.M.

4:00 P.M. The Second Formal Meeting of the Crimea Conference was convened at Livadia. Present were:

FOR THE U. S. A.

The President
Mr. Stettinius
Admiral Leahy
Mr. Hopkins
Mr. Harriman
Mr. Matthews
Mr. Bohlen

FOR GREAT BRITAIN

The Prime Minister
Mr. Eden
Mr. Cadogan
Mr. Clark-Kerr
Mr. Bridges
Mr. Dixon
Major Birse

FOR THE U. S. S. R.

Marshal Stalin
Mr. Molotov
Mr. Vyshinsky
Mr. Maisky
Mr. Gusev
Mr. Gromyko
Mr. Pavlov

The meeting adjourned at 7:45 P.M.

8:30 P.M. Dinner at Livadia: The President, General Marshall, Admiral King, Harriman, Miss Harriman, Stettinius, Admiral Leahy, Admiral McIntire, Justice Byrnes, Mrs. Boettiger, Admiral Brown, and Steve Early.

Tuesday, February 6:

8:00 A.M. A Joint Chiefs of Staff courier departed Livadia for Washington with White House mail.

1:00 P.M. Luncheon at Livadia: The President, the Prime Minister, Cadogan, Justice Byrnes, Hopkins, and Harriman. Discussions continued after lunch until 3:00 P.M.

4:15 P.M. The Third Formal Meeting of the Crimea Conference was convened at Livadia. Present were:

FOR THE U. S. A.

The President
Mr. Stettinius
Admiral Leahy
Mr. Hopkins
Justice Byrnes
Mr. Harriman
Mr. Matthews
Mr. Hiss
Mr. Bohlen

FOR GREAT BRITAIN

The Prime Minister
Mr. Eden
Mr. Cadogan
Mr. Clark-Kerr
Mr. Jebb
Mr. Bridges
Mr. Wilson
Mr. Dixon
Major Birse

FOR THE U. S. S. R.

Marshal Stalin
Mr. Molotov
Mr. Vyshinsky
Mr. Maisky
Mr. Gusev
Mr. Gromyko
Mr. Pavlov

The following preliminary statement concerning the conferences was agreed on at today's meeting for release at 4:30 P.M. (Washington time), February 7.

"The President of the United States, the Premier of the Soviet Union and the Prime Minister, accompanied by their Chiefs of Staff, the three Foreign Secretaries and other advisers, are now meeting in the Black Sea area.

"Their purpose is to concert plans for completing the defeat of the common enemy and for building, with their allies, firm foundations for a lasting peace. Meetings are proceeding continuously.

"The conference began with military discussions. The present situation on all the European fronts has been reviewed and the fullest information interchanged. There is complete agreement for joint military operations in the final phase of the war against Nazi Germany. The military staffs of the three governments are now engaged in working out jointly the detailed plans.

"Discussions of problems involved in establishing a secure peace have also begun. These discussions will cover joint plans for the occupation and control of Germany, the political and economic problems of liberated Europe and proposals for the earliest possible establishment of a permanent international organization to maintain peace.

"A communiqué will be issued at the conclusion of the conference."

7:00 P.M. A Joint Chiefs of Staff courier arrived from Washington with White House mail.

8:30 P.M. Dinner at Livadia: The President, Mrs. Boettiger, Justice Byrnes, Admiral Leahy, Harriman, Miss Harriman, Early, and Flynn.

Wednesday, February 7:

1:00 P.M. Lunch at Livadia: The President, Mrs. Boettiger, Flynn, and General Watson.

4:10 P.M. The Fourth Formal Meeting of the Crimea Conference was convened at Livadia. Present were:

FOR THE U. S. A.

The President
Mr. Stettinius
Admiral Leahy
Mr. Hopkins
Justice Byrnes
Mr. Harriman
Mr. Matthews
Mr. Hiss
Mr. Bohlen

FOR GREAT BRITAIN

The Prime Minister
Mr. Eden
Mr. Cadogan
Mr. Clark-Kerr
Mr. Jebb
Mr. Bridges
Mr. Wilson
Mr. Dixon
Major Birse

FOR THE U. S. S. R.

Marshal Stalin
Mr. Molotov
Mr. Vyshinsky
Mr. Maisky
Mr. Gusev
Mr. Gromyko
Mr. Pavlov

This meeting adjourned at 8:00 P.M.

8:30 P.M. Dinner at Livadia: The President, Mrs. Boettiger, Harriman, Miss Harriman, Justice Byrnes, Admiral Leahy, and Stettinius.

Thursday, February 8:

12 noon. The President conferred with Hopkins, Harriman, Justice Byrnes, and Bohlen. The conference was held in the President's study.

The British and American Combined Chiefs of Staff met in the grand ballroom at Livadia. Neither the President nor the Prime Minister attended this meeting.

1:00 P.M. The President and Mrs. Boettiger had lunch in his study.

3:00 P.M. The President signed an Executive Order authorizing the Secretary of War to take over and operate the plants and facilities of the Detroit Edison Company of Detroit, Michigan.

3:45 P.M. Marshal Stalin, Molotov, Harriman, Bohlen, and Pavlov conferred with the President in the President's study.

4:15 P.M. The Fifth Formal Meeting of the Crimea Conference was convened in the grand ballroom of Livadia. Present were:

FOR THE U. S. A.	FOR GREAT BRITAIN	FOR THE U. S. S. R.
The President	The Prime Minister	Marshal Stalin
Mr. Stettinius	Mr. Eden	Mr. Molotov
Admiral Leahy	Mr. Cadogan	Mr. Vyshinsky
Mr. Hopkins	Mr. Clark-Kerr	Mr. Maisky
Justice Byrnes	Mr. Jebb	Mr. Gromyko
Mr. Harriman	Mr. Bridges	Mr. Gusev
Mr. Matthews	Mr. Wilson	Mr. Pavlov
Mr. Bohlen	Mr. Dixon	
Mr. Hiss	Major Birse	

The meeting adjourned at 7:40 P.M.

8:30 P.M. The President and members of his party left Livadia by motor for Koreiz Villa to dine as guests of Marshal Stalin. The complete guest list was:

RUSSIA	UNITED STATES	GREAT BRITAIN
Marshal Stalin	The President	The Prime Minister
Mr. Molotov	Mr. Stettinius	Mr. Eden
Mr. Vyshinsky	Admiral Leahy	Field Marshal Brooke
Mr. Beria	Justice Byrnes	Air Marshal Portal
Admiral Kuznetsov	Mr. Harriman	Admiral Cunningham
General Antonov	Mr. Flynn	Mr. Cadogan
Air Marshal Khudiakov	Mrs. Boettiger	Field Marshal Alexander
Mr. Gusev	Miss Harriman	Mr. Clark-Kerr
Mr. Gromyko	Mr. Bohlen	General Ismay
Mr. Maisky		Mrs. Oliver
Mr. Pavlov		Major Birse

Friday, February 9:

12:30 P.M. The President attended a plenary meeting of the Combined Chiefs of Staff at Livadia. Present were:

FOR THE U. S. A.	FOR GREAT BRITAIN
The President	The Prime Minister
Admiral Leahy	Field Marshal Brooke
General Marshall	Air Marshal Portal
Admiral King	General Ismay
General Kuter	Admiral Cunningham
General McFarland	Brigadier Cornwall-Jones

- 1:30 P.M. Lunch at Livadia: The President, the Prime Minister, Mrs. Boettiger, Mrs. Oliver, Harriman, Miss Harriman, Admiral Leahy, and Justice Byrnes.
- 4:00 P.M. The President, the Prime Minister, Marshal Stalin, and members of the American, British, and Soviet Delegations met in the courtyard of Livadia, where they sat for still and motion pictures.
- 4:15 P.M. The Sixth Formal Meeting of the Crimea Conference was convened in the grand ballroom of Livadia. Present:

FOR THE U. S. A.

The President
Mr. Stettinius
Admiral Leahy
Mr. Hopkins
Justice Byrnes
Mr. Harriman
Mr. Matthews
Mr. Hiss
Mr. Bohlen

FOR GREAT BRITAIN

The Prime Minister
Mr. Eden
Mr. Cadogan
Mr. Clark-Kerr
Mr. Jebb
Mr. Bridges
Mr. Wilson
Mr. Dixon
Major Birse

FOR THE U. S. S. R.

Marshal Stalin
Mr. Molotov
Mr. Vyshinsky
Mr. Maisky
Mr. Gusev
Mr. Gromyko
Mr. Pavlov

The meeting adjourned at 7:50 P.M.

- 7:30 P.M. Lt. (jg) W. K. Kloock, USNR, White House courier, arrived at Livadia with mail from Washington.
- 8:30 P.M. Dinner at Livadia: The President, Mrs. Boettiger, Major General John E. Hull, Major General Kuter, Admiral Leahy, and Vice-Admiral C. M. Cooke.

Saturday, February 10:

- 8:00 A.M. White House mail was dispatched to Washington via a Joint Chiefs of Staff courier who left Livadia this morning.
- 1:30 P.M. Lunch at Livadia: The President, Mrs. Boettiger, Miss Harriman, Admiral Leahy, Justice Byrnes, and Admiral Brown.
- 3:00 P.M. Justice Byrnes left Livadia to return to Washington. He traveled by air in company with the Joint Chiefs of Staff party.
- 4:00 P.M. The President presented specially engraved Fourth-Term Inaugural Medallions to the Prime Minister, Marshal Stalin, Eden, and Molotov.
- 4:30 P.M. Marshal Stalin and Harriman conferred with the President. The conference was held in the President's study. Bohlen was also present.

4:50 P.M. The Seventh Formal Meeting of the Crimea Conference was convened at Livadia. Present:

FOR THE U. S. A.

The President
Mr. Stettinius
Admiral Leahy
Mr. Hopkins
Mr. Harriman
Mr. Matthews
Mr. Bohlen
Mr. Hiss
Mr. Foote

FOR GREAT BRITAIN

The Prime Minister
Mr. Eden
Mr. Cadogan
Mr. Clark-Kerr
Mr. Jebb
Mr. Bridges
Mr. Wilson
Major Birse

FOR THE U. S. S. R.

Marshal Stalin
Mr. Molotov
Mr. Vyshinsky
Mr. Maisky
Mr. Gusev
Mr. Gromyko
Mr. Pavlov

The meeting adjourned at 8:00 P.M.

8:30 P.M. The President, Stettinius, and Bohlen left Livadia for the British Headquarters (Vorontsov Villa), where they dined with the Prime Minister. Eden, Major Birse, Marshal Stalin, Molotov, and Pavlov were their guests.

Sunday, February 11:

11:30 P.M. The President, accompanied by Mrs. Boettiger, took a jeep ride through the grounds and gardens of Livadia. Before he returned to his quarters he also inspected the U. S. naval seaman guard which was drawn up outside the palace at the time.

12 noon. The Eighth Formal Meeting of the Crimea Conference was convened in the grand ballroom of Livadia. Present:

FOR THE U. S. A.

The President
Mr. Stettinius
Admiral Leahy
Mr. Hopkins
Mr. Harriman
Mr. Matthews
Mr. Bohlen
Mr. Hiss
Mr. Foote

FOR GREAT BRITAIN

The Prime Minister
Mr. Eden
Mr. Cadogan
Mr. Clark-Kerr
Mr. Jebb
Mr. Bridges
Mr. Wilson
Major Birse
Mr. Dixon

FOR THE U. S. S. R.

Marshal Stalin
Mr. Molotov
Mr. Vyshinsky
Mr. Maisky
Mr. Gusev
Mr. Gromyko
Mr. Pavlov

The conference recessed at 12:50 P.M.

1:00 P.M. The President was host at luncheon at Livadia to the Prime Minister, Marshal Stalin, Stettinius, Eden, Molotov, Harriman, Clark-Kerr, Cadogan, Major Birse, Bohlen, and Pavlov. Conference discussions continued at the lunch table until 3:45 P.M., when the Conference was formally adjourned.

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